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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

I.

THE historian of the future, reviewing an epoch preëminent in so many respects, will find the nineteenth century not, at least, far behind its predecessors in the odd character of its cults. He will be, moreover, surprised to learn that one of the most bizarre of these, though compelled by nature to make its way without the assistance of logic, actually grew — slowly but surely — until it had, in a few years' time, attained a size to be accounted for, if not an influence to be reckoned with; and that this eminently illogical proceeding took place without the appearance of anything that could be called a serious answer to the challenges made, — even from the profession most directly attacked. For the criticisms of Christian Science, though numerous and in many cases just, have been, I think, far from satisfactory. And for this reason: that they have attacked superficial defects without due regard to underlying principles. Probably no characteristic of the Christian Science Bible, for example, is so obvious as its inconsistencies; certainly no book, making any claim to scientific consideration, so abounds in manifest contradictions. And yet we have not disposed of the question when we have pointed these out. Mrs. Eddy offers us a theory of knowledge and of evil; and her inconsistencies in elaboration affect the truth of neither the one nor the other. Jibes, too, make a somewhat poor substitute

for logic, — if reasoned conviction be, indeed, your aim; for it is easy to ridicule where you cannot cope, and a very small genius may be a very large jester.

Nor does the charge of fanaticism do away with all need of debate; for Truth has, in more than one instance, been done high service by this enthusiasm run riot. Jeopardizing accuracy in an epigram, we may say that history hibernates between honest fanatics. But for them, indeed, the world's thankless chores would fare but ill. Without under-estimating the value of a conservative position in both the theoretical and the practical concerns of life, or for a moment suggesting that any other position could, in the long run, surpass it in the majestic front it offers to fickleness of thought and action, it is important to remember that the people of one idea — the "dare-to-do-right" men of the juvenile books — have done, unattractive as their lack of mental equilibrium may be, some big things in the world. The really intellectual men of an age are, for the most part, conservative men; and often they are conservative to the extreme of prejudice. Anything iconoclastic risks being for them, *ipso facto*, beyond the pale of legitimate belief. Yet we must not forget how often in history the thoughtful and conservative men of a century have accepted and taught ideas which the conservative and thoughtful men of preceding years had dallied with only to scoff at them. Any striking work must expect striking opposition. Indeed, those

who wish to be effective in the world have, among the first and most discouraging obstacles they meet, the wooden men who hover on the safe edge of every conflict, their arms laden with wet blankets, finding the delight of their life in smothering enthusiasms. A long history has taught us that to condemn as a fanatic may be to canonize, — provided, always, the enthusiast qualify for sainthood by his absolute sincerity.

Nor, again, is it any sure sign of falsity that Christian Science has been an intellectual failure. Mrs. Eddy has, to be sure, failed to make a strong brief for a confessedly weak case. She has elaborated a system which will be most readily accepted by those who are usually found at the other end of tangents. Yet truth *may* live in spite, not because, of its intellectual support. Indeed, many of the thought-movements which subsequent history has stamped as genuine advances of the truth have had at the outset to contend with the culture and refinement of their day, and to find their champions in the crude, the unlettered, sometimes even the coarse stratum of society. Luther, with his monk's training and one deep conviction, gave a new direction to history; while Erasmus, the aristocrat of scholars, refusing to soil his mind with theological squabbles, busied his more brilliant talents with the fine subtleties of thought, leaving the dark age to get its light as best it could. The humility of intellect and the insolence of intellect are phrases with a meaning in history. An emphasis of the moral reason and a relative neglect of the pure reason are no sure signs of weakness; and the logician has sometimes to follow the visionary.

In a word, then, it is the duty of the critic of Christian Science to detect some weakness in its basal principles. That duty neglected, he has accomplished nothing final, though he attack its obvious inconsistencies with never so logical an accuracy, or its fanaticism with never so

keen a humor, or its intellectual weakness with never so fine a scorn.

To gain anything like a clear idea of just what Mrs. Eddy intends the teaching of Christian Science to be is a most difficult matter; for it is never easy to analyze into a systematic grouping of principles, a maze of disconnected and contradictory statements. Mrs. Eddy's book is absolutely inorganic, — what Lamb would call *βιβλίον ἄβιβλίον*: a sequence of sentences characterized by chronic non-sequaciousness. It knows nothing of outline, and is innocent of development. Yet certain points are made clear, even if not consistently adhered to. To begin negatively, — and this is an all-important point, because misunderstanding of the facts has resulted in the popular misconception to the contrary, — Christian Science is not fundamentally a system of therapeutics, any more than it is fundamentally a system of salvation. Sin and Sickness are, by its dictum, in the same category; and the transference of emphasis from Evil in general to Sickness in particular, is an incident in the history, rather than an essential in the theory, of Christian Science. The transition from philosophy to therapeutics is, of course, simple enough if you start with a certain kind of philosophy. Here is Mrs. Eddy's logic: Instances of the deceitful testimony of the sense-organs are common; therefore we can never trust what they tell us of the world without. But their testimony of that world being that it is existent, and that testimony being always false, the external world does not exist. Therefore, matter in general does not exist, and the conditions of matter must be illusions. Disease is a condition of matter, and is, therefore, an illusion; and the cure for it is the removal of the illusion. Therapeutics, evidently, is only secondary; and an attack in that direction, to be effective, must be aimed back at the philosophy. For Christian Sci-

ence *therapeutics* is the truth if Christian Science *philosophy* is the truth; indeed, if Mrs. Eddy's premises be correct, her conclusion is the only consistent one. Fundamentally, Christian Science is a philosophy of Evil based on a philosophy of Knowledge, and its cure of disease is only incidental, even though identified in the popular mind with the system itself.

The basal propositions upon which Christian Science may be wrought into a system, and at which any criticism of that system must be directed, are its teachings about God, Man, Knowledge, Matter, Evil, and Christianity. Briefly, they are these: —

1. *God*, the Ego, is All in All, the only Life, Substance, and Soul, the only Intelligence of the Universe. He is Mind and fills all space.

2. *Man* is the true image of God; he has no consciousness of material life or death; his material body is a mortal belief; he was, is, and ever shall be perfect.

3. *Knowledge*. Knowledge gained from the material senses is a tree whose fruits are sin, sickness, and death. The evidence of the senses is not to be accepted in the case of sickness any more than it is in the case of sin. The physical senses are simply beliefs of mortal mind.

4. *Matter* cannot be actual. God being all, matter is nothing.

5. *Evil*. (a) Sin. Error is unreal. All that God made is good; hence there is no evil. (b) Sickness. Health is not a condition of matter. Human mind produces organic disease as certainly as it produces hysteria. (c) Death is an illusion. (d) Cure. The cure for sin, sickness, and death — since all are illusions — is the destruction of the illusion.

6. *Christianity* is a demonstration of divine principle casting out error and healing the sick. Soul cannot sin nor being be lost. Scripture must be interpreted spiritually.

II.

There are four great highways of evidence which will lead, I think, — as all roads met at Rome, — to the essential unsoundness of Christian Science: though each may bring us to a different aspect of it. In the first place it defies the canons of history; and it may be shown, in addition, to be specious philosophy, superficial science, and a caricature on Christianity.

Christian Science comes to us claiming a revealed origin; and the presumption from the first is therefore against it. Men who have read history have learned to suspect such claims. They know that thousands like it have been made before; and they know, too, that few have stood off oblivion long enough even to get themselves discussed. They have come to recognize certain characteristics as proofs of speciousness; they have learned to demand as indispensable certain other distinguishing qualities. Simplicity, with a majestic mystery; humility, with a commanding dignity; when these are wanting — as they are most emphatically wanting in Science and Health — men with some knowledge of history have a right to be suspicious; and when shocked Christian Science replies, "The Hand that made me is Divine," the critic, with his textbook of the Past open, answers, "Your name is Legion." Claims to divinity must stand history's tests; when they fail to do so, history can do no more than stamp them specious. And it is about as likely that the Great Unknown, casting about for a medium for his sanitary pronouncement, should have singled out this bungling prophetess, as that the immortal spirits, dead and not yet born, should find no more profitable occupation than strumming banjos for the delight of mediums too spiritually constituted to engage in honest work.

But Christian Science takes its second fling at the canons of history in its attitude toward the future and its limitless

claims over it. For this naïve philosophy nothing is impossible. It is a catholicism — absolute and unailing. The mysteries of Life — the one mystery especially which has absolutely baffled every thinker who has attacked it (and that includes humanity) — are to Mrs. Eddy ridiculously plain. We are suspicious of omniscience, and we have a right to be. A few æons of disappointed hopes have taught us to smile at that word “Panacea.”

More unhistorical still, however, is the claim of Christian Science to be, not a development, but a flash of light from heaven. Truth hates haste, and history knows no short cuts. Most iconoclastic institutions have made their entrance into the world gradually, in the face of recognized difficulty; and, if analogies from nature be valid, it would seem that it is always thus with progressive processes. Indeed, so thoroughly have men come to realize this fact that “evolution” is a byword with the essayists; and whether the subject be “The Digestive Apparatus of the Oyster,” or “The Origin of Religion,” they are never tired of telling us that slow growth is the universal habit of the truth. Only in rare instances has any new truth been brought to light by a flash; the rule that history teaches is — a slow stumbling in the dark until the light is reached. The presumptive evidence, as the great laws of life working themselves out in history have made it of value to us, is against Christian Science. The system fails to align itself with the past. It fails emphatically to exhibit the premonitory symptoms of truth. And, apart from all other considerations, these are strong counts against it.

But, as a system of philosophy, — and as, essentially, a theory of matter and knowledge, — Christian Science is even more obviously unsatisfactory. The history of idealism in modern times, from Bishop Berkeley down through Leibnitz and Kant to Hegel, is one of the most fascinating chapters in the

story of thought. Moreover, the contest that raged so long and so fiercely as to the ultimate nature of knowledge resulted, at least, in establishing the value of the profound idea that is at the basis of a thoughtful idealism. The thinkers of this school felt, not of course for the first time, but perhaps more centrally and vividly than their predecessors, that we had possibly been too hasty in accepting as final the outer world as it impressed itself upon us. They suggested that we be cautious in regarding as real anything which could not be proven real. And, while they realized that our relation to the objective world — as mediated by senses which we must trust absolutely in their perceptions, though never allowing them to be final in their interpretations — was an unchangeable fact, they also realized that the traditional theory of matter and our relation to it was not necessarily the true one. The value of idealism became, of course, apparent; and men, as usual in history, began to be extreme. From doubting matter they came to deny it; and the fundamental weakness of idealism, cropping out even in its most thoughtful exponents, but painfully obvious in the extremists, was seen to be its failure to square with what we may call — indefinitely, it is true, but still intelligibly — common sense. To say that matter is non-existent means nothing, in the ordinary sense of those words; the only way in which it can be made to mean anything is by interpreting it, not as a statement about matter, but as an unusual definition of existence. And it was just this that the profounder idealists had in mind. It was not the annihilation of phenomenal existence, but the distinction of it from *real* existence which they insisted upon; so that on logical grounds they stand immeasurably above the gross philosophy which identifies lack of “existence” with nothingness. Yet, on grounds of common sense, even this position is a weak one. “The essence of anything,” said Spinoza

in his seventh axiom, "which can be conceived as non-existent does not imply existence." But the point is that matter cannot be so conceived. For matter is as existent as anything we know about. We can conceive of spirits as on a higher plane of existence because manifesting qualities which we, intuitively or empirically, if not arbitrarily, call higher; but the qualities which we ascribe to spirit are as much a matter of perception with us (though not, it is true, *directly* perceived by the physical senses) as the qualities which we ascribe to matter. So that, to discard the findings of perception is to annihilate not matter only, but spirit also, and to leave us with no world to explain. We must ask extreme idealists to define their terms. When they say that matter does not exist what do they mean? That it really fails to exhibit extension in space? Then there remains for them to explain the illusion, and they have only substituted one problem for another; beside which, they have denied to the one object we know which *seems* to exhibit extension in space that attribute without the manifestation of which by matter the whole conception of extension in space becomes unthinkable. Or do they mean that extension in space can be exhibited by an object which does not exist? Then they are merely defining existence in a new way, and species of existence must now be distinguished. What then do they take as a standard? Spiritual existence? This itself is a matter of perception, and there is nothing to show that it exhibits more stigmata of reality than material existence — whatever you may hypothecate about its immortality or self-consciousness, which are, after all, only added attributes to an already existent object. Or do they speak in terms of abstract existence? Then I answer that their statements mean nothing; for while abstract existence may be a dialectical entity, it is far more reasonable to suppose that an object, with which we are brought into actual relation

with every activity of the cells of our sense-organs, really *is*, than to imagine that existence is monopolized by a something the conception of which simply passes human understanding; unless we only hypothecate it as a basis for the actual world with which we have to do, and so make that world not final, but a manifestation of something more fundamental. But philosophy must be more than a "soulless play of concepts." It will not do merely to "play bricks with words" and imagine that we are doing a grown man's work. It is possible, I suppose, by way of analogy, to talk of dry water. But it is ridiculous; as it is always ridiculous for men to adopt the concepts of another universe than their own and apply them to present conditions. We mean nothing when we talk in terms of another existence. The world of matter and the world of spirit are the two worlds with which we have actually to do; and to talk of one of them as illusional is an attempt to view life with a perspective which only omniscience makes possible. "A dream which all dream together," said Kant, "and which all *must* dream, is not a dream, but reality." "That which is probable for all," said Aristotle, "is certain." And, practically, too, the theory is unsatisfactory. For, granted that external objects have no existence save as subjective ideas, how will that change my relation to them? I cannot destroy my sensations; and so long as I have sensations the illusion stays. While eyes and ears and hands remain the fashion, the world will exist for me; and my belief that it does not exist in itself, but only in my mind, can alter in no respect my practical attitude toward it. If subjective idealism means merely that matter and spirit manifest themselves in different ways, then it is a self-evident truth; if it means that all our knowledge is a knowledge of relations, and that the unconditioned is attainable by faith alone, then it is, if not the truth, at least defensible; but if it

means, on the other hand, that matter can be actually proven non-existent, then it is a philosophy which, though conceivably tenable for omniscience, is ridiculous and unpractical as a theory of life for finite man.¹

So much for idealism *per se*. The uncompromising idealism, however, which Mrs. Eddy offers us not only has these defects, but is guilty of a far more serious charge. It poses as an explanation, and is in reality a total evasion. To deny that matter exists, and assert that it is an illusion, is only another way of asserting its existence; you are freed by your suggestion from explaining the fact, but forced by it to explain the illusion. It is the old mistake of imagining that an escape from a problem is a solution. You are out of the frying-pan, it is true, but you are in the fire instead. Christian Science philosophy makes sensations and dreams analogous; but it is a fallacy to attempt to analogize two activities which not only are felt to be different in kind, but which bear a suggestive time relation to each other, and without the previous occurrence of one of which the other can never be shown to function. And this is the fact about sensations and dreams. I smell a rose, and that night I dream of what I have done. Both acts, says Mrs. Eddy, are dreams. Then, I answer, how do you account for my recognition of the two activities as different in kind? If *all* psychic phenomena are dreams, why do I recognize only certain psychic phenomena as dreams? To equate illusion and sensation is to balance inches with pounds; and it explains neither. The great ideal philosophers recognized this inadequacy; though it was Berkeley's weakness that he failed to recognize it clearly. Kant, Leibnitz, Fichte, and Hegel were idealists with a qualification; and this qualification was their

salvation. But Mrs. Eddy has strengthened her position in no such way. For the testimony of the senses is, to her, absolutely unacceptable: not because it fails to be final, but because it is essentially false. She quite ignores the fact that while, so long as we have no extrinsic standard, it may be impossible to demonstrate the reliability of the senses' reports, it is equally, and for the same reason, impossible to prove their unreliability. And matter, which idealism had warned us against accepting as known or knowable, Mrs. Eddy rejects, not as unproven, but as proven non-existent. In a word, she has jumped at a conclusion in a way that is pathognomonic of dilettanteism. From slight hints which Nature gives that, in certain details, the external world is not just as our senses report it, the wild hypothesis is, I will not say arrived at, but rushed at, that everything with which our senses have to do is a deep, base lie. She tells us that inasmuch as we cannot be sure that the external world does exist as we perceive it, we must be sure that it does not exist at all; whereas the conservative and rational theory, which the facts suggest, is that the report of the senses, so far from being rejected, is to be sincerely accepted: but always under the condition that the perceptions be subject to mental interpretation. "Do not conclude," says Browning, "that the child saw nothing in the sky because he assuredly did *not* see a flying horse there as he says."

While Christian Science, then, is so closely allied to this fundamental position of philosophy, it must not, for a moment, be supposed that it rises or falls with the rise or fall of idealism. The latter, in its healthy manifestations, is one of the profoundly true positions of modern thought, for it makes the valuable fundamental distinction be-

¹ For a recent statement, in more philosophical form, of the epistemology here advanced, see *Reality and Delusion*, by August Kirch-

mann. *American Journal of Psychology*, July-October, 1903.

tween conditioned and non-conditioned existence; but Christian Science ontology is not healthy ideal metaphysics, and the very best that can be said for it is that it wildly hypothecates what the extreme interpretation of idealism merely suggests. Transcendentally speaking, we can never show that matter either has or has not *real* existence. The weakness lies not in suggesting that it may not exist, — philosophers recognize that clearly enough, — but in asserting dogmatically that it *does* not exist; and Mrs. Eddy has taken the weakest portions of a weak philosophy, and, by subtracting its elements of strength, has made it weaker still.

Her treatment of Evil, too, — manifesting itself in the favorite trio: sin, sickness, and death, — is equally unsatisfactory from the philosopher's point of view. The explanation of each is its non-existence; the origin of the illusion is simply neglected. Here, for example, is a man from whom you have removed the heart. He is dead, according to our ignorant and loose use of the word. "No," says Mrs. Eddy, "that statement shows a subjective illusion." "Whence did this illusion arise?" I ask. "From custom," is the reply; "men have learned to associate the supposed absence of a non-existent heart with the illusion, death." "But," I say, "back in primitive times, before there were customs or majority opinions, before men had learned to connect the heart with life at all, what started the illusion, death?" And there is absolute and ridiculous silence. She has done nothing more, you see, than define death — and the same holds true of sickness — in an unusual way; but incapable of a large vision, and ignorant of the distinction between proximate and ultimate causes, she persuades herself that she has really explained the mystery.

Moreover, aside from all theoretical considerations, the practical solution of suffering which the heroes of life and

thought have given us, and have proven practicable by applying it to the sorrow and limitations and cruel obstacles in their own careers, has in it so much of nobility and bravery, so little of hypocrisy and willing blindness to facts, — rings, in a word, so true to the highest ideas and ideals of life, — that the discordant clang of this panacea grates on a discriminating taste. Blind John Milton, "bearing the mild yoke" in a life of high-minded and stimulating content; Stevenson refusing to allow medicine bottles and bloody handkerchiefs to color his view of things; martyrs and saints in high places and low, going cheerfully and usefully to work in a world whose ugliest facts are best known to them in some circumstances of their own lives, which are there to be triumphed over, but which, nevertheless, are there: does not this attitude appeal by its frankness and bravery and nobility where Christian Science disgusts by its insincerity and bravado and lack of refinement? "That he is unhappy," writes Epictetus, "is an addition which each one must make for himself;" significantly calling attention to the facts which must exist before our attitude can be added, and reminding us that the nature of the addition we make determines the character of our philosophy — whether of hope or despair — and the outcome of our living — whether in triumph or defeat.

The theology which Mrs. Eddy offers us is nothing more nor less than pantheism. It is true that she denies this accusation often and strenuously; but, as a matter of fact, no grosser statement of the pantheistic position has ever been made than when Mrs. Eddy attempts to eliminate matter by maintaining that if it existed and had real dimensions, God would by it be actually elbowed out because there would be no room for Him in space. The philosophical argument against pantheism is, of course, well enough known, and, it may be thought, admits of satisfactory answer. I wish

here only to point out the inconsistency of Mrs. Eddy's adoration of the Bible, on the one hand, and her absolute monism, on the other. The man who has finally accepted pantheism should, indeed, take his Bible from the philosophical shelf and treat it henceforth as mere literature. His thinking from that time on, if it is to be characterized by sincerity and brave honesty, must find some other foundation than the book of the Christians: for to attempt to insinuate pantheism in the Biblical philosophy is an experiment in dovetailing, the miserable results of which are among Mrs. Eddy's most obvious failures.

But if the system is heretical on the philosophical side, it is even more so as science. Nothing, I suppose, is more characteristic of the best science than accuracy of observation and carefulness in recording it; yet you will find Mrs. Eddy's method as loose in the latter respect as it is inconsistent in quoting and arguing from the evidence of the former. Having positively overthrown the senses' testimony, you might be surprised to find the Christian Scientist proving her cures from data obtained by those same senses; but that is because you do not understand the Divine Science. And to one used to the reports of experiments written with a carefulness of detail that makes accurate deduction possible, Mrs. Eddy's clinical records are somewhat startling. Let us take a few examples. In order to prove that man is neither young nor old a story is told of a woman, who, becoming insane and losing all account of time, *literally grew no older*. Now I am curious enough to ask whether a microscopical examination of her tissues actually showed no senile changes; also, if she died; and if so, how it was explained on the hypothesis that death is an illusion? A scientific observer would follow a case to the end. Again, we are frequently told of cures of "consumption" and of "organic dis-

ease," but I am impudent enough to ask, in the first place, how the healer knew what disease she had in charge; and, in the second place, what warrant she had for considering it cured. In view of the popular misconceptions on medical subjects and the similarity of Mrs. Eddy's claims to the conventional quackery, I must ask something more definite than mere lay assertions: bacteriological and pathological and clinical testimony, for example. For if ever there was debate in which appeal to demonstration could be final, the discussion about the cure of disease is that debate. Here is a novel treatment claiming definitely to accomplish certain things; and Medicine, herself somewhat familiar with the conditions of the case, says quite fairly and reasonably, "Well and good; but show us your results." And what has the answer been? Has the case been ingenuously submitted to competent judges? Has the slightest effort been made, by those who claim to have here a balm for every ill, to ascertain the facts and publish them for the conviction of the benighted world in which Mrs. Eddy has such a keen maternal interest? You may search the "literature" of the subject through, but you will find not a single complete clinical history, not the record of one careful examination, nothing, from hark away to kill, beyond the "I say so" of laymen and laywomen who could not tell a floating cartilage from a floating kidney, or a malarial parasite from a cobra de capello. For, though "yarbs" have cured their thousands, and simples their tens of thousands, you will still find men, like Judge Ewing of Boston, who ought to know something of the nature of evidence, throwing the whole weight of the Christian Science structure on similar and equally convincing testimony.

But to this deplorable inaccuracy is added a looseness of statement and of argument that is simply laughable. "Longevity is increasing," Mrs. Eddy tells us, "for the world feels the alterative

effect of Truth." Is this guessing or statistics? Does she seriously mean to tell us that since 1865, or thereabouts, the slight hold that Christian Science has had on the world has really lengthened life? Could statistics culled in a period covering only thirty-eight years really prove anything as to longevity and its cause? Has she any scientific understanding of the meaning of statistics and of the tremendous periods they must cover in order to be of value? "It is proverbial," we are told again, "that so long as you read medical works you will be sick;" and the expansion of a fallacy with a semblance of truth in it into such a lie as that is expected to appeal to hard-headed men! "The ear really hears not," Mrs. Eddy tells us in her typical dogmatic way; but such a glib statement is surely capable of demonstration, and if the demonstration has been wanting, it is fair to assume that the statement is prattle. Will she stuff her ears and tell me what I am saying? "Brain," we are told, "is the material stratum of the human mind, a mortal consolidation of material mentality and its suppositional activities;" and we are not surprised that a mind which can call that mess of words a definition—in face of the fact that all materiality has previously been denied—runs into argument after argument whose weakness and looseness are obvious to the slightest thought. Here are a few samples of such logic. The simple fact that the sun's apparent rotation is really due to the movement of the earth is made a proof of the unreliability of the senses' testimony. "Until this false testimony of the eye was rebuked by clearer views of the everlasting facts it deluded the judgment and induced false conclusions;" but, as a matter of fact, the testimony of the eye falsely interpreted, so far from being rebuked by clearer views, was set straight by that same eye-testimony, rightly interpreted. It was not the tes-

timony, but the meaning of it, that was at fault; and it is the most specious sort of logic which can argue away the value of the sense-organs by quoting conclusions based on the work done by those very organs. It is obvious enough that the brain is necessary back of the senses; but that does not eliminate the senses. For Copernicus, as for Ptolemy, the thing seen was a moving sun; Astronomy was reborn only when an old observation received a new and true interpretation.

Again, notice the absurd explanation of the action of drugs. "When the sick recover," we are told, "by the use of drugs, it is the law of general belief, culminating in individual faith, which heals; even if you take away the individual confidence in a drug . . . the chemist, . . . the doctor, and the nurse equip the medicine with their faith, and the majority of beliefs rules." Acetanilid, then, reduces temperature, by action on the heat-coördinating nerve centre, because the majority of men, or the patient himself, believe this to be the case. Well, the fact is that the majority of men have never heard of acetanilid, or the heat centre; that there was a time when practically no one had heard of the drug, and yet it had the very action that it now exhibits; that the explanation of its power, as due not essentially to an effect on metabolism but to an increase of heat-dissipation through a vaso-motor change, had to win its way to its present universal acceptance in the face of scientists' previous unanimous belief that the opposite was the case; that the drug itself, in spite of the majority opinion of those who know,—that it will always reduce fever,—sometimes fails to do so even when exhibited in maximal quantities; and that its action, so far from being dependent on the patient's belief, is observed in animals, which may reasonably be assumed to have no belief on the subject whatever! Again, Mrs. Eddy has loosely ignored origins. She neglects the fact that a ma-

jority opinion must start somewhere ; and she betrays a lamentable ignorance of the frequency, in the history of pharmacology, with which an established majority belief has been overthrown by the ideas of one man. Her explanation, besides, takes no account of the varying action of drugs when exhibited under varying conditions. Some of the antipyretics, for example, fail to reduce temperature when the connection between body and basal ganglia is broken ; yet there can be only one majority opinion at one time, and this is not affected by an operation on an unconscious dog's brain. If belief were the essence of therapeutics, patent medicine would, long ere this, have induced paradise : as a myriad dupes could testify.

But no less deplorable than her inaccuracy and speciousness is Mrs. Eddy's ignorance of elemental natural history, — an ignorance quite unimportant except for the fact that she has not only claimed, but actually usurped, the function of oracle to a large and growing clientele. When a finger is amputated we are told that the nerve is gone which we say had been the occasion of pain in the finger ; and referred pain after amputation is made to prove that sensation is independent of matter. This is inexcusable ignorance. The nerve is *not* gone ; and pain is, of course, just as possible, as it is possible for water to run through a hose with its nozzle wanting ; or, in Weir Mitchell's simile, as it is possible to ring a doorbell from any point along the wire as well as from the knob itself. The appearance of the horizon on the retina is cited as a proof of the falsity of sense testimony ; here sky and earth appear to meet when, as a matter of fact (we are told this as though it were a new idea), they do nothing of the kind. Well, Mrs. Eddy is apparently ignorant of the fact that the retina alone does not give us our idea of the outside world ; that a complicated system of fibres, known as the optic tract, and a part of the brain in the region of the calcarine fissure are

part and parcel of the visual apparatus. If apparent vision proves the sense-organ a liar, what about the sight of the mind without an organ of vision ? Does a blind man see truly ?

Unscientific, too, is the charlatanry with which the author of *Science and Health* appropriates for proof, as results of her system, cases in which that system has not been applied. It is a popular misconception that the therapeutics of Christian Science is identical with the therapeutics of Mental Science ; that both teach the annihilation of existent disease by the superior influence of spirit over existent matter. True mental therapeutics is, however, as a matter of fact, based on the theory that disease is a molecular disorder, and that the power of mind is curative by reason of its ability to bring order out of molecular chaos ; while obviously, Mrs. Eddy teaches nothing of the kind. "The remedy for disease," as she outlines it, "lies in probing the trouble to the bottom, in finding and casting out, by denial, the error of belief which produces a mortal disorder, and never honoring it with the title of law or yielding obedience to it ;" and yet in nearly every one of her reported cures such a procedure is conspicuous by its absence ! It is the boldest kind of appropriation to assume that a given cure is the result of a therapy which has not been applied in the case, but which has been replaced by methods of treatment whose power is perfectly well recognized. And appropriation is only a parlor name for theft.

But, again, Mrs. Eddy is unscientific in her attitude toward the Bible. This, she noisily claims, over and again, as her sole guide ; but when we press the matter home we find that the Bible means an allegory based on the Hebrew Scriptures, interpreted so as to accord with a special pleader's views, and mutilated till it supports them. It is a canon of scientific criticism that the right meaning of a passage is the meaning it would naturally

have conveyed to those for whom it was written. In this light read Mrs. Eddy's "Spiritual interpretation" of the Lord's Prayer, which (though I say nothing of the actual mutilation where, by altering the hortatory of the original Greek, the petition "Thy Kingdom come" is made to read "Thy kingdom *is* come," and is interpreted as a statement of a proposition of Christian Science) which, I say, were it not so blasphemous, would be as ridiculous as it is unscientific; and then place with it her interpretation of Simon's impetuous reply, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God" (by which he meant, she says, "The Messiah is what Thou hast declared — Christ, the divine idea of Truth and Life *which heals mentally*"); and, though you are ignorant of her ridiculous, fragmentary view of Genesis and of numerous other absurd interpretations which defy every principle of criticism, you have in these two quotations alone sufficient patents of quackery.

But the last item in the indictment is that Christian Science is fundamentally unchristian, — a charge made, not against one who has refused intellectual assent to a certain faith, in which case it would be a statement and no charge, but against one confessedly committed to the very tenets thus wantonly emasculated, in which case the question of honesty naturally arises. For Christianity certainly embodies *some* ideas, and you cannot, without hypocrisy, bow piously in the creed, and then go about denying in the voice of the street what you have just intoned. And central in the Christian theology stands the idea of the Atonement; for it is the one idea, to say nothing of the uniqueness of its Christian form, intimately incorporated in, and expressly developed by, Jewish ritualistic history, Psalms and Prophecy, Christ's own words, and the writings of apostles and fathers alike. To deny it may be to take a perfectly rational position; but of one thing there is no question: it is to take a thoroughly antichristian position.

I offer no theory of the Atonement; nor do I pretend here to defend the traditional theory. I make all reasonable allowance for the honest difference of opinion which has long existed on every side of the question, among those whose ideas we are bound to respect, as to the correct interpretation of the mystery. I ask for no hard-and-fast definition of a phenomenon which men can no more explain than comprehend. I plead neither for a vicarious, nor for a symbolic, nor for an idealistic interpretation. But I *do* say that, given a belief in the essential truth of the Bible, no one can dare honestly to call himself a Christian who does not regard Christ's death as sacrificial, whatever interpretation he may subsequently make of that word. And the point is that logically, whatever may be Mrs. Eddy's method of smoothing over this obvious defect, the whole idea of the Atonement, whether interpreted sacrificially or not, should be rejected by Christian Science; for, having annihilated sin as a fact in life, what need is there for a savior from sin? But it is characteristic of Mrs. Eddy to reject so much of a system of thought as flies counter to her hypotheses, and to accept enough to serve for a captious catch-call. Nazarene, not Christian, should she be called, — as Canon Liddon said of Martineau. The Resurrection, too, — which most Christian thinkers rationally regard as a central fact in Christian apologetics, — Mrs. Eddy will have none of. She does not deny the historical fact, — we might sympathize with her if she did. But she interprets the fact away. It is not, she tells us, a demonstration of Christ's divinity, but of man's divinity. Christ rose — that is, spirit overcame matter — in order to show that man may do the same. "Anybody can do that," is her Easter hymn; and it seems only a fair inference to draw that a system which rejects both Atonement and Resurrection does little less than masquerade when it poses as Christian.

But it is in her attitude toward the Scriptures that Mrs. Eddy is most brazenly unchristian. This shows itself, first, in literal contradiction ; for exegesis with her means acceptance of so much of the Bible as aligns itself with her hypotheses, and flat contradiction of the rest. Her pages bristle with assertions most strikingly opposed to the statements of the Book she loves so much, and the opposition extends, in many cases, to verbal gainsaying. But what are we to expect? We cannot ask literal consistency of one whose theory of interpretation allows her to accept as revealed truth two chapters and five verses of Genesis because so much of it answers her needs, and to reject as Error's Story the rest of the account, for the very acceptable reason that it fails to square with her ideas! The fact is, Mrs. Eddy's loving adoration of the Bible shrivels, under the light of investigation, to the crassest maudlin sentiment. She is innocent of exegesis. Eisegesis she has substituted for it, and she has done it clumsily.

It often happens, however, that heresy in spirit is more serious than crime against the letter: and Mrs. Eddy's is a case in point. Her philosophy is more blasphemous than her exegetical mutilation. The Bible has little or nothing to say as to the origin of evil; for the account of the Fall is, after all, not an explanation, but a description. But it has a great deal to say on man's attitude toward the problem. I suppose it says it nowhere more fully nor more clearly than in the Book of Job: the book which, Mr. Froude tells us, "will one day be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world." I take it that that book teaches essentially three things as to suffering: first, that it is really here; second, that God, if not its author, has, at least, an overseeing part in it; and third, that the solution consists, not in denial of the fact, but in one's attitude toward the fact. In one line — mag-

nificent and triumphant — the man of Uz outlined the attitude toward suffering which found favor with God. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him;" that was the optimism of Job. And the whole Bible teaches no other. From Genesis to Revelation the word is, Endure; and Christ himself never attempted to treat as anything less than fact the sorrow of the world, before his share of which even his own bravery almost flinched. There is nowhere the slightest Scriptural warrant for expecting immunity from pain. No rosy picture is anywhere drawn. The only solution of the problem from first to last is the old-fashioned trust of intelligent resignation. And the drama of Job, aligning itself with Scripture as a whole, teaches as plainly as drama can teach that faith is the only philosophy which can square with God's demands; that, as Mr. Froude puts it, "no clearer or purer faith is possible for man than that which Job achieved when he learned to feel that he could do without happiness, that it was no longer essential, that he could live on and still love God and cling to Him." This is the answer of the Hebrew poem to the world's great question: Be brave and trust; for "only to those who have learned to say 'We can do without happiness, it is not what we ask or desire,' is there no secret." But for Christian Science the opposite is the truth. With a flare of bravery that is nothing more than bravado, a foolish claim of certainty is substituted for a majestic and triumphant faith. Suffering is no longer a mystery and trust is impossible. The grim philosophy of Job, which has seldom failed in history to lead to the sturdy faith that makes men, is swept away at a blow; and in its place we have the effeminate bravery of a vulgar creed of certainty. Essentially it lacks nobility. If it had been regarded as truth from the first, history would have lost its chapter of heroes. It stands condemned by rational philosophy and

shamed by Christian faith ; and by its fundamental opposition to the Scriptural theory of the solution of the problem of evil, it brauds itself as criminally inconsistent. It is nothing less than blasphemy — and blasphemy of the most insidious kind — to distort the plain philosophy of the Bible, until it offers men the pathetic delusion that they are to escape completely the suffering, without a relatively large share of which no human being has been known to pass his threescore and ten. The essential unsoundness of practical Christian Science lies here : that a philosophy is proposed which assumes man made purposely for perfect happiness in this dispensation, — an assumption at once gratuitous if observation base philosophy, and groundless if Holy Writ be the standard. It is not, as Dr. Wace said in a very different connection, that things ought not to be so explained, but that they cannot be. Mrs. Eddy's opposition to the spirit of the Bible is even more fundamentally heretical than her contradictions of its letter ; and the evidence of infidelity to professed standards, corroborating the evidence of historical, philosophical, and scientific weakness, points to the fact, or, — if knowledge may never get higher than probability, — to the extremely well-founded probability that Christian Science is, at the best, a long, long way from the truth.

III.

The bald facts of life may be said to be the legitimate forbears of pessimism ; the possibilities of life the legitimate forbears of meliorism ; and rose-water optimism a bastard for which indifference, ignorance, or inexperience is responsible. Pessimism is here ; meliorism must be constructed. Material for it exists, no doubt ; but it is not obvious, does not obtrude like the other, — must, indeed, be sought for with diligence, and marshaled, even whipped, into line before any serviceable theory results. That the Evil of the world is a reality, that improve-

ment is a possibility, but that equation of facts with our highest desires is an extreme improbability : this is a creed to which, I suppose, the most wholesomely thoughtful among men would not hesitate to subscribe. "Panacea" and "Despair" are twin devil-words, which, despite their fascination, history has blotted from thoughtful language. Healthy-minded men, while they do not blind themselves by gazing straight at the sun, are broad enough, at the same time, not to turn backs to the sun and spend their lives with eyes on the shadows. Not to emphasize either the cloud or the lining, but to stand aside that we may see both, — this is the liberalism of culture. Evil is a fact ; but possibility of improvement is also a fact ; and the honest seeker after truth must not look so intently at the former as to be blind to the latter. Men who have known what it is to suffer and to see others suffer are cruel if they are not ever ready to accept any innovation that gives promise of amelioration. But such men, aware of the terrifying power of disease, and of the pathetically helpless attitude which medicine must take before so many of its manifestations, will turn with a sickening sense of disappointment and disgust, and a humiliating feeling of tricked credulity, from the boastful claims of Christian Science. Its ridiculous extremism, unsupported by dignity, breadth, or logic, marks it unmistakably as charlatanry. It ignores the past, as it defies the future. It makes limitless claims, substitutes assertion for proof, prefers the captious to the logical, abounds in contradiction, never hesitates to shift ground when the enemy's firing grows hot, answers unanswerable argument with suave evasion, contents itself with the most obviously superficial reasoning, appropriates as its own work what is manifestly the work of others : in a word, exhibits absolutely no points of strength, courage, or consistency, but preserves an unbroken monotony of fantastical word-play that, were it true,

would be as hopelessly unpractical as, being false, it is hopelessly unappealing. And when all is said and done, what does it offer suffering men? Why, this eminently satisfying advice: that to ignore obstacles is to overcome them; that to avoid the precipice we must close our eyes and be blind to it; that the darkness of night is to be illuminated by blowing out the stars! And what is the world with which we are sent back to a world of error and ignorance and sin and suffering? That God's service is the deadening of sensation; that a world of bravely struggling individuals must be transformed into a raft of logs: heroes and God's men being the most thoroughly anæsthetized among them!

And yet it is interesting to inquire whether the "genetic succession of ideas" may not be found to account for the presence in the world — not of Christian Science, for that certainly can be given no place in so distinguished an evolution, but — of the general mental movement of which it is but one, and that a pathological manifestation. And I think the people who are fond of the word "inevitable" might use it with some effect in this connection. It might, for instance, be found that a movement, no matter how exorbitant, which tended to restrain a popular mind now in extravagant ecstasy over a purely natural method could, where it touched thought at all, only improve it. For it ought not to be forgotten that the great problem as to the ultimate nature of matter and spirit is not yet really laid; nor assumed that it will ever be solved by a "wave of the critical hand." History has, it is true, shown the practical results of spiritual intoxication: volatilization of activity with nothing more virile than asceticism left. But it has also shown something of the other extreme, — prostitution of activity, degradation of purpose, and worship of license that come when a people has "sucked — got drunk — at the nipple of sense." And it may quite conceivably

be true that we need, both in our philosophy and in our life, a reminder of the mental problem, so busy are we with the concerns of the physical. For Science, — a loose enough word to be sure, but one suggesting pretty definitely the attitude of mind which inaccurate usage has associated with it, — having passed her non-age and reached her proverbially dangerous majority, begins to assume the precarious function of making the traditions; and mindful, perhaps, of the bullying to which she was subjected in youth, when the traditions had another source, she has in some instances begun to bully in turn. We have, for example, but the other day, seen a book — the reasoning of which was pronounced from a high source to be a disgrace to the philosophy of Germany — set the scientific world agape, and the pseudo-scientific herd hurrying along after it like hungry sheep, for no better reason than that the author spoke the tongue of science like a native, — the tongue from the vocabulary of which "authority" and its synonyms were once blotted with such gusto. It is quite easy, indeed, to forget the limits beyond which Roger Bacon long ago stated that scientific explanation had no right to go; and, rushing into metaphysics, to indulge in dogmatism far more sweeping than that which is criticised so keenly in the opponents.

But the simple fact remains that the question "Whence?" still goes unanswered save for the old-fashioned reply; and the chief objection to that rejoinder seems to be that it clashes, not with truth, but with the new traditions, — which is a sort of reversed echo from the past with a ring Science ought to recognize. And while we cannot complain if Science refuse to dally with that question, — indeed the point is that her sphere lies entirely this side of it, and has to do with that other question, "How?" — we are right in complaining if she presumes, with no more data than are now at hand, to answer it definitely with any other

word than the traditional one. Suggestive phenomena, too, keep crowding to the front with every advance in knowledge, which make it idle blandly to dismiss the metaphysical element in living activity.

In calling attention to this limitation of a purely natural method, it is by no means necessary, of course, to degrade criticism to tirade. It would be idle, as it would be unjust, to attempt to detract from the glory of the recent triumphs of Natural Science. The term, indeed, has been not so much developed as made anew. Old fields have been worked out and fresh ones opened. New hypotheses, new methods, and a new spirit, — what could these beget save an almost new world of thought? Instruments hitherto undreamed of for their delicacy and ingenuity, a technique almost fantastic in some of its refinements, an equipment made possible by the combination of growing interest and growing wealth, a spirit almost religious in its enthusiasm, fidelity, high ideals, and intolerance of defect, — these are some of the forces whose resultant we see in that array of facts and figures, laws and hypotheses, truths and guesses, which, massed together, we know as Science. And the questioner has known no bounds. Birth and death, hitherto restraints to inquiry, no longer block the way. Research refuses to confine her labors to the day of Life. She will prevent the morning; and far into the dark, when only the stars are burning, she will carry the query with a brave spirit, a triumphant hope, and what light from the day her ingenuity can devise. "But do not conclude from this," the mental philosophy might say, "that the whole problem has been cleared up." The "Topsy" theory of things — that they "just grewed" — has yet to prove itself the final theory; Feuerbach's definition of man ("Er ist was er isst") has not given quite the complete satisfaction once prophesied and hoped for; mental causation, as

Martineau said, has not been successfully reduced to physical by diluting it with duration; nor is there now any more reason than in Romanes's day for concluding that, when "a phenomenon has been explained by means of natural causation, it has thereupon ceased to be ascribable to God." It is, moreover, to put it mildly, hasty epistemology to echo the trite and tiresome monotone running through thought and literature to-day: "We know only what we see or feel or taste or hear or smell;" and any system, be it Christian Science or what not, which strikes a blow at this cheap sort of precipitate conclusion from quite inadequate data has, to that extent, struck for fairness, if not for the truth.

But such considerations as these lead us somewhat afield; for our most obvious task, in view of the popular identification of Christian Science with its therapeutics, is to determine whether this thought-deformity — whatever may be our criticism of its metaphysics — has really anything of value to offer orthodox medicine as regards either its theory or its practice. Now it must never be forgotten that the moment we make philosophical inquiry into the nature of disease we enter on a devious path leading through delicate metaphysical ground. The word itself hardly admits of exclusive definition; and, though you have as you think never so satisfactory a theory, you will be sore put to it to understand or explain intelligently many pathological phenomena lying in the twilight realm between perfect health and outspoken disease. You cannot draw sharp lines about disease by making it always depend on a pathological lesion, and so class those morbid phenomena, with apparently no such etiology, as illusory conditions. For that test is obviously impossible always to apply. Nor will it do to imagine that by introducing the word "neurasthenia" or "psychosis" the problem vanishes. For pain, one of the most constant and striking

manifestations of disease, is so obviously a subjective symptom that our diagnosis of it as "in the head" not only gives us no solution of the problem, but is a hair-fine distinction for the *patient*, whose testimony, after all, is the final witness as to the existence or non-existence of the condition in question. The problem of perception is, of course, elusive enough, attack it where you will; but when the question is of such a nature that the perceptive faculties of more than one individual may be called into court, we have, at least, the law of probability to guide us. So that if one man sees a golden cross in the sky and a hundred thousand cannot see it, the verdict can only be one way. "Illusory pain" cannot, however, be so easily dealt with; so that when Christian Science offers us a theory of disease which is manifestly not the true one, Medicine ought to remember that her own pathological theory of the thing, though perfectly satisfactory so far as it goes, ceases to be invulnerable where all natural reasoning begins to weaken, — at the mysterious blending of physical and "mental" conditions. As a matter of fact, technical terminology no more explains "illusional" pathological conditions unassociated with known lesions, than Christian Science explains ordinary organic disease. Virtually an orthodox physician yields to the Christian Science position when he talks of "appendicular hypochondriasis;" but these and similar perfectly legitimate descriptive words are disingenuously assumed to be at the same time explanatory in a far different sense. So long, however, as we cannot ourselves offer any explanation that is satisfactory, a bland dismissal of a theory of disease — which emphasizes, even if it exaggerates, the mental factors of pathological conditions — is unwarranted. For there are certainly clinical facts — like the curious phenomena of hysteria — far too suggestive to be waved away; and to attempt to cover our low-sound-

ing ignorance with high-sounding words is merely to substitute the pretentious Latin of the physician for the captious capitals of Mrs. Eddy, — without any gain in the logical appeal. For the problem is a real one. On this side, obvious physical facts; on that side, quite as apparent "mental" phenomena; between them, a mysterious link, the existence of which long ago ceased to be debatable. What sort of a theory is it which removes or lessens the mystery? Certainly not the one Mrs. Eddy has given us, — that to acknowledge the mental factors of disease or health is to make cancer a phantom. But when that is said the problem still looms, — looms large despite a scientific shrug, an imposing dialect, a condescending smile. How satisfactorily to comprehend the etiological importance of mental states in disease, and the relation of tissue changes to psychoses; how intelligently to apply to therapeutics the mental factor which present ignorance forces us to neglect altogether, or to treat as a mere plaything, — these are the problems which the "mental" movement is giving over to science for solution. Christian Science may have succeeded in calling more emphatic attention to a neglected group of phenomena; certainly it has failed satisfactorily to interpret them. But just as certainly, in spite of a tendency indifferently to shun the issue or to regard the question as a closed one, the last word is very far from having been said on this mysterious subject.

And all this theoretical consideration has a very practical bearing. For this much may at least be said: that, however great be the limitations in our theory, the relation of intelligence to disease is a clinical reality. In the large majority of patients (most typically, perhaps, in those afflicted with tumors) it is hard to conceive that this relation means anything at all: for there is not the slightest trustworthy evidence that the course of one of these has ever in a single instance

been affected by the mental state. In others, however, the "habit of mind" seems to be an important factor in determining the occurrence or issue of disease, — a proposition of no mystical nature if the well-established relation between "emotions" and physiological processes be kept in mind. And if this be true, as I think it is, the therapeutic deduction is obvious. Moreover, it is a deduction which a generation destined to a high-tension life (such as the coming generation will necessarily lead) would do well to write on the tablets of their hearts. It is not mysticism, but the statement of clinical inference, to call Descartes' motto — "*tâcher toujours à me vaincre*"¹ — good hygiene as well as good philosophy; and if the children of to-day, who are to-morrow's men, be taught to overcome that sort of selfishness which centres attention on one's own sensations, future health will have been potentially promoted by the relegation to history of that class who — "habit," with them, "tending toward disease" (as Burton said) — enter the large army of the neurasthenics, and worry themselves into their graves. For the striking fact is that people of high intelligence and of natural or studied composure actually offer a stronger front to disease, other things be-

ing equal, than their weaker brethren. If a cancer single them out they will, of course, go the one way, for all their "willing;" but with a properly schooled mind the man of an average constitution, decently cared for, may actually avoid that great class of diseases which, though their etiology is not yet clear, are certainly furthered, if not started, by an improper mental attitude. High-minded and intelligent indifference to small but annoying ailments beyond cavil increases effectiveness and makes for health.

The history of philosophy has grown up about three high aims of intellect. Theories of the Universe, theories of Knowledge, theories of Evil: these are the massive concept-systems which Aspiration has left pricking up into history, relieving the deeps of degeneration, and ribbing — as mountain ranges stand out from a continent — the dead flat of self-content. But Christian Science, exhibiting no constructive activity whatever, has certainly played no part in this creative work. No peak in the philosophical landscape reaches, after Mrs. Eddy's vaporings, one whit nearer heaven. The most charitable thing to be said is that attention has again been called to certain glaring defects and limitations in our much vaunted towers of Babel.

John W. Churchman.

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S SON.

It was the year of the coarse April that the Frenchwoman's son took to the woods. He had no reason, except that with the spring he had become abruptly aware that since his mother's death his house was intolerable, and that he could farm no longer on the small holding that had been hers. It was beyond him to

¹ "*Tâcher toujours plutôt à me vaincre que la fortune et à changer mes désirs que l'ordre du monde.*"

dig, and plant potatoes, and raise two lean pigs to be killed in the fall. He left Bear Cove without ostentation, and his absence found it indifferent; he had never been an ornament, nor precisely a reproach; but neither was he missed. The priest was the only soul in the parish who stood an instant at the shut door of the silent, forlorn house, and even he said nothing. As for his thoughts, they were more in tune with the ceaseless rain

than with the battering west wind that was driving the ice off the shore and lifting up the dull winter grass. But he had been too cold all winter, and too much given to fasting that the poor of his flock might eat, to have much of the spring in his blood. And the fact remained; the Frenchwoman's son was gone.

He had made inland of a rough, gray morning, and his method of traveling was the method of the otter, who never sleeps two nights in the same place; and for a fortnight he rioted in it. He sang to himself as he toiled over the wet, treeless barrens; laughed when he just got out with his life from the sucking soil of the Long Swamp, which was not a thoroughfare; was exultant when he came at last to the woods where the trees were a man's girth round. He had turned his back on the sea for good and all; on the gray swelter of the spring tides; on the winter-thickened waves that ran sullen, too cold to break; on the miserable village that dragged a living out of the bitter water and the sour, brackish land. He was free. He did not even mind the icy rain, nor the wicked gales that blew all that month, though down on the shore he had left they would have been another matter. He was where he belonged; and he accepted the rough weather as placidly as did the just come robins that sang all round him, no more at home than he. Things he had never known came to him spontaneously. He built and lit his fires of wet wood without any trouble to speak of, though he had scarcely made a fire out-of-doors in his life; and the camp that he began to build one morning by the head waters of the lonely Sou'west was done in a way which was not that of the shore settlements, nor of any shelter he had ever seen. But it had a form of its own, and it pleased him; also it shed water like a loon's back, and when he was inside it the roar and lash of the spring storms might be sounding like a mighty organ in the great hemlocks overhead, and the rain sluicing

on the open spaces, but he was in his house.

"It is," he said to himself thoughtfully, "a camp with long walls." The words pleased him, and sounded familiar; which was absurd, because in all his twenty years he had never heard of anything but shingled houses.

He had no plans about life; it was merely a thing that had been thoroughly distasteful, and was become an insistent, ever-present pleasure and excitement; and when one morning the sun at last came out clear and scorching he sat on a drying deadfall and basked in it, and smelt the spring out of the soggy ground. He never thought at all of Bear Cove, nor even of the priest; and he had been fond of the priest. His mother had been on curiously equal terms with the smooth-faced old man. She had never been a common woman, no matter what else she had been in the years she cast behind her when she arrived in the ugly little English-speaking settlement and bought Jim Miller's house.

"The Frenchwoman," the village called her, all but the priest; who, perhaps, was sorry for her, for he was kind to her and the boy, and unoffended by her wild moods and flinging tongue. But she had been dead for a year now, and there was no tombstone over her till Sandy Brine had time to cut one. Father Gillespie had not hurried him. There was in his mind a discrepancy between his answers to her dying instructions as to a truthful inscription over her grave, and those regarding her son. But the son had cut away the knot of both promises by his absolute unconsciousness that there was any to cut. Whereby he sat and whistled on his sunny perch, and mocked a song sparrow till it suddenly flew away. The boy sniffed the air quite as suddenly, and swung round his long legs till he faced the east.

An Indian was standing close beside him. He looked young, but it was not then the Frenchwoman's son could tell

an Indian's age. Anyhow, he was not thinking of it. He sat angry and very still; and the man greeted him eagerly with a long-drawn "Well?"

"What do you want?" he asked roughly. He had been thoroughly startled, for he had not heard a sound of footsteps. "Do you live here?"

"Want you." The man regarded him from under the thatch of stiff hair that stuck out from his hat. "Your name John — John Noel?" He said *Noo-el*, with the soft Indian *o*.

The boy stared. "Yes — But I don't use that name! *Ba'tiste*, I use."

"That all same," said the visitor blandly. "*Ba'tiste* your mother call you; your father John. You his son, so we come."

"Whose son?" snapped John *Ba'tiste*; he had never heard mention of his father, nor been particularly concerned about him.

The Indian took off his hat. "The Old Man's."

It was Greek to the hearer, to whom an old man was an old man; he never dreamed that the words and the act were a shibboleth of respect for an Indian esteemed next to a chief.

"What old man?" he asked contemptuously; the thing had nothing to do with him if his name were John ten times over.

"He tell me you come some day" — the question was placidly ignored — "so we come. Long time ago that — fifteen year — we don' know! But he say you come all same as him."

"You could n't know I was here!"

"We come see," quietly; "every year we come. Old Man my friend; he say, 'We die. You be good friend my son. Some time he come to the Sou'west, where he was born at. You be help to my son.'"

The listener got down from his log and spoke with rage. "I was born at *Miri-michi*; and I don't know who you are, but you never knew my father. He's

been dead for years, and he never needed Indians for friends. Where d'ye live? Because you'd better go back there."

The Indian turned away with an ugly dignity. "Old Man good man to me, he say you all same; very well. You say not so; very well too. We go."

"Oh, stop. Do you live round here? That's what I want to know." If he had neighbors he would tramp at once.

"No one live here. No Indian come but me." He waved his hand around him. "We come not one time more. Your house, your place," he observed finally; and the Frenchwoman's son affirmed it with an oath.

Yet his curiosity was awake in him, and he turned a volley of questions on his visitor; but the man walked away untouched by the demands fired at him. The Frenchwoman's son never knew what made him care, but he made a dash after him and held out his hand.

The Indian seized it, his whole face changing, till it was another man who smiled.

"We bring things," he cried; "flour, all what you say! You good friend; we give you this. Every year we bring it here, like Old Man say. He say: 'Good friend to you, you give it; bad friend, you go 'way!'" He fumbled in his coat and brought out a letter.

The Frenchwoman's son stared at it. Old, tattered, dirty, and written in characters and a language he did not know, it could not belong to him. But he took it. And then a lordly thought struck him.

"Come in and have something to eat." Houses still meant eating to him, and his house was his pride.

The Indian laughed. "We got plenty meat! We kill caribou two days back. You got plenty meat?"

"Yes." John *Ba'tiste* was savage again. It had seemed to him that he was doing great things by living alone in the wilderness, and here was a low person who considered it a storehouse.

"Well," he nodded offendedly, "good-by; if you don't want anything to eat!"

"Adiou," returned the man, and laughed again. He was gone into the bushes while the Frenchwoman's son stood staring stupidly, and wondering where he had heard people say adieu with that twist to it before, till suddenly there came back to him his mother's daily cry at him: "Will you speak like a pig and an outcast? Whistle your u, I tell you; shape your mouth! I will not have you 'adiou' like an outcast." It was funny, and he laughed. Through the laugh a voice came to him suddenly.

"Bineby you hungry; then we come," it remarked.

The Frenchwoman's son swore at it, and retired to his house. He glanced contemptuously at the extraordinary letter which was meant for somebody else, and was going to burn it; only his fire was out; and then he applied himself once more to the joys of doing nothing, and not caring what time it was; he had had to care in the village. Yet daylight of the next morning found him pulling the letter out of a crack in his wall, and staring at it. What if it were for him, after all? But the queer words were nothing that he could make out, and only made him angry; he put it away again, and was suddenly aware that he was lonely, and afraid; something had taken the heart out of him. He had no pleasure any more in his house, nor in his prowls over the country. He took to sitting at his door, beside a senseless anxiety. Every now and then he took out the crazy letter that was not meant for him, and all he got from it was a biting anger that he could not read the thing. It grew to be an obsession; he woke to it in the long mornings, could not eat for the memory of it lying in its chink; time and again tried to burn it, and never did. He let his food give out, because every day he meant to leave his camp and the letter in it; but he never started,

and he knew it was because he had taken a terror of meeting more men who should speak to him of his father. It was like sitting alone in the dark and fearing a dead man at his elbow, and about as sensible. If he had been in his white-washed house by the shore he would have sickened, but the woods he had loved kept him whole. They were kind to him, even while he was hardly conscious of them. The black birch twigs that he chewed, just to be chewing, took his bodily fever out of him; the nameless sweetness in the wind of midnight made him drowsy; a hundred things helped him even while he was careless of all but his own haunting misery, till one May morning he woke to find himself lying hungry at his door with a man between him and the sunshine.

It was the Indian back again, and a queer pain jolted the boy's heart, till he could not think of a word to say. He saw that the man carried a heavy load, and that there must be things to eat in it, but his real thought was that now he could get at that letter. He swayed on his feet as he stood up.

The man looked at him curiously. "We bring things," he said, "we cook; bimeby we talk. You call us Sabiel."

He flung down his pack, and the Frenchwoman's son sat and glared. He had not eaten fresh meat all that winter, — it was not an article of diet in Bear Cove, — and the smell of it made him forget even the letter. As he ate, the strong food went to his head like drink, till he sat happy in the sun, and, basking, lit his last fill of tobacco, or meant to. The match died in his fingers as he spilled half his pipeful in his palm and held it out to Sabiel, who shook his head.

"Bâpkusedumei!" said he, bringing out a dirty clay.

The Frenchwoman's son started. Somewhere, long and long ago, he had heard that word time and again. He swore to himself in French, and Sabiel smiled uncomprehendingly: —

"We say, we light our pipe!"

"I know that," snapped the boy, "though I don't see how you do;" and through his angry puzzle a queer phrase came to him. "Menuagai tamōwayau!" said he, very slowly and falteringly; and sat back lax and sick. The Indian had handed him a fig of tobacco, and gabbled something in a jargon of which at least two words were familiar even if he had not translated the last one as he pointed to the camp, — "pembtek, a house with long walls."

"What are you talking?" screeched the Frenchwoman's son; "what kind of language?"

"Indian," placidly. "Your father's talk."

"Indian! Do you mean my father was an Indian?" He hardly knew he said it, and he did not listen to the answer. He was seeing, as from a long way off, his mother making a fire on the ground; seeing himself, a little boy, playing with a burning stick, and an Indian man laughing where he sat beside him; and the man had been his father. He knew it as he knew he sat now cheek by jowl with another Indian and understood his tongue. "But my father was a Frenchman!" He found his voice without commanding it, and even in the making of the words, remembered they had never been said to him; he had only taken them for granted. But he kept on speaking. "I don't believe you."

Sabiel returned three slow sentences. They broke the defenses the boy was trying to make in his mind, because he knew them to be true; and the gist of them checked his heart. He was a half-breed; just a half-breed. He knew now why there had been days when his mother hated him, knew why the priest had set him down to books and the choir-singing as soon as he began to take to the wind-swept woods over the village. He had never been meant to know; and he saw how easy it had been to keep him ignorant. They never had Indians

round Bear Cove, never thought of them; his mother's French blood had been enough to carry a darker skin and eyes than his. Half of his soul rose up in a dreadful revolt, and half of it in a wilder exaltation of freedom. He sat and stammered questions at the man on the other side of the fire, and finally got out what was last in his mind as it had been first. The letter: he wanted it read to him.

When he had heard it his eyes were different. He got up and lit his pipe as if he had never thrown it away from him; and after a long time he spoke, with a laugh that was not a boy's laugh.

"While I choose to be a white man, I will be a white man!" he said, and cast away salvation; for in the woods he was one thing, and out of them another. He took the Indian letter he could not read for himself from where it lay on the ground, and threw it on the fire, and on top of it he tossed the red head handkerchief that had been his mother's. The old paper blazed, and the common silk smouldered writhingly, but he did not look at them; neither of the two should ever call to him any more. He would be a white man now, and make a new name for himself.

But he never did it, his world being a jealous world which did its own christening. There were not ten people who ever knew him as John Noel, and they were unimportant, chief among them being a despised squatter called Welsh, to whose retired abode he was in the habit of repairing when he was tired of being the white man whom his intimates addressed as Frenchy. As for his official name, it was no new one; though when it cropped up in a lawless country it stood for a hundred things. Well-off people shook at the mention of it, but to the poor and desolate it was another matter. When Sabeian the outlaw was finally caught and caged there were scores of prayers going up that the Frenchwoman's son might not be caught too. Sabeian had been the terror of two

counties, and, having the poor on his side, had robbed with impunity; there was not a man anxious for his capture but his victims and the sheriff, and every one but they knew he was only the tool of the Frenchwoman's son. If there were darker things they were only whispered of; the Frenchwoman's son had found a world full of friends by the simple process of placidly, and at once, cracking down on his enemies. There was always, or nearly always, a smack of righteous vengeance in his sins.

When McManus's mill was burned just as he was bringing down his season's cut, well-informed people did not consider it an accident, though not one of them said so; and the Frenchwoman's son was unostentatiously elsewhere on important business, so that the law did not seek him any more than public gossip named him. It was well for McManus that he had no insurance, or his friends would have said he fired his mill himself. As it was they smiled crookedly, and remarked that the attention drawn to the working of his lumber business was worse than the fire;—whereat he swore impotently, and cast about for vengeance, which was not forthcoming; and was so unpleasant to Fanny, his housekeeper, that she ran away of a dark night with his foreman, and he had to do his own cooking, which did not cool him. He began to talk of sending for his only daughter, who had been banished to her uncle Welsh's with the advent of Fanny; but it was a radical measure, and he put it off.

The Frenchwoman's son heard nothing of these last matters because he had gone out to Welsh's on the Long Swamp to make love to Welsh's niece.

In the northern woods the spring comes up in scarlet, leaf and shrub and blossom, with white drifts of Indian pear flower flung across a blood-red world. He had seen the red of it often enough, but it was the first year in his life he had noticed the white, or thought of the priest

at Secret Lake in connection with a woman; and he had known a few as tall as Welsh's niece, and not so ragged. In the intervals of his variegated life he had watched her growing up, cast off, half starved, and lonely, till his heart was soft within him.

Welsh was a kind man when he was not drunk, but his shack was too convenient a place to bestow an inconvenient child. In front of it stretched a lake, and close behind it the Long Swamp, which was not as pretty as it looked. It was not called a quicksand; but it was not crossed, even in winter. A few Indians had tried it. Persons having business afterwards on the other side went round; and there grew up about it an ugly tradition with an Indian name. It looked an innocently sleeping waste; but it had its times, which were not seasons, for waking. In the dead calm of an August noon the Frenchwoman's son had seen its bay bushes sway as with wind, bow, and spring backwards with the passage of things he could not see; had heard out of it the crying that might have been the crying of a hurt loon, or the frantic screech of a man who tries to keep death off him by shrieking to the living. To a stray trapper hearing it meant to wipe the sweat from his face, if he knew any Indian words. But the Frenchwoman's son was a white man determinedly, and had put away all fear of ghost-calling; it was merely a shamefaced care for the child that sent him to Welsh's to see her after an absence of a year. He found her a woman. Also absolutely and astoundingly beautiful in an old flannel shirt of Welsh's, and a skirt made of flour sacks.

At the sight of her he stood dumb for the first time in his pleasantly irresponsible life. Then, as she ran to him and put her hands on his, he was suddenly aware that the spring was scarlet, and the whiteness of the pear blossoms the whiteness of Mary McManus's face and throat above her unspeakable clothes. It

was not till he had spoken about the priest at Secret Lake that he kissed her.

He was not known by sight in that district, so that when he went to McManus and announced he was going to marry his daughter it was annoying to be shown the door — profanely. McManus's mill happened to burn down the night John Noel went back to his courting. His plans were not changed, merely hurried, but back at Welsh's by the Long Swamp they bade fair to be destroyed. Mary McManus had waked to the desire of clothes.

"But," said he, very tenderly and without laughter, "I will buy you clothes for the wedding. Your father says" — he had never lost his mother's shrug — "there will be no wedding; and he says other things, too."

"You saw Fanny!" She spoke without looking at him.

"Yes." For once his mind was slow.

"Then," very low, "I'll have a dress with roses on it; and a pair of shoes! I never had a pair of shoes since I come here."

"I can buy them." He smiled into her eyes, but they did not answer him.

"No; I'll make him! I'm his daughter; and Fanny has silk dresses."

The Frenchwoman's son sat down on the spring flowers, and looked across the nameless color of the Long Swamp.

"Then it will be a long time to the wedding," he said, softly considering, "when he takes you home and I have to steal you out of his house in the dark. It is spring now, and there are a great many things to do where I live — in spring! There is the loon to watch, — on her nest." Something in his slow voice flooded her slim throat scarlet.

"When I cook for you in your house you shall buy me clothes," she retorted passionately.

The Frenchwoman's son was not used to complex emotions. He sat silent, because he was provoked and grieved and proud of her all at once. He knew that

the sooner he and she were off to the priest and the Son'west the better, for many reasons. But she was extremely beautiful, and very white.

"You go 'way and get me some paper," she ordered suddenly, "and I'll send him in a letter." With his first word of love to her she had changed from the little girl who had openly adored him all her life at Welsh's to a woman who dominated him body and soul. "You learned me to write; I'll write to him."

"When we've been to the priest," he said calmly; and she flung round on him.

"I can't — in these," she sobbed. Her shame had caught her at her heart as she looked at her rags and her bare legs. "Why, there's people, and — I can't. And Welsh has n't any money, and I want a — cotton dress — with roses on it."

The Frenchwoman's son took her in a strong arm and comforted her with more confidence in himself than in McManus.

"You shall have the dress with roses on it. I will bring the paper and you shall write; but it will take two days. Will that do?"

"What's that?" she said, without answering. "Don't you hear some one calling?" She twisted away from him, and stood listening.

"No!" And on the heel of it he did hear. It was only the old cry he was used to disbelieving in that floated over the loneliness, and he laughed. "That? It's only a bird in the swamp! You've often heard it."

"Never that way. There," — every line of her was rigid, — "it's coming again! It — it sounds like as if it was calling me. I — oh, I'm afraid!"

"There's no harm in it. Why," — he moved to her serenely as he remembered, — "I went through the swamp once, when I was a boy. It's a very good way to go if you know the path."

"There's no path!"

"I know one;" and over his comfort-

able voice the call came close and mocking.

"Welsh says," she clutched him, whispering, "that 's lost people's ghosts; and they only call when they 're hungry! I — don't it sound like my name?" and he felt the fear in her.

"It 's only a bird," he said softly. "Do I look as if I were afraid of it? If it were your name I would be afraid."

McManus's daughter looked at him, and at five-and-twenty the Frenchwoman's son was a beautiful sight. There was no half-breed about him except the straight sling of his walk and the dark clearness of the cheek bent down to her; and there was that in his eyes that made her safe and happy and miserable all at once. If she had not caught sight of her own incredible skirt she would have clung to him, and begged him to take her away then and there. But she had remembered the cotton dress, and her father's money; and Fanny in silk. And perhaps the sudden terror that cut the quiet air was only a bird! What he said was gospel.

"There 's nothing you 'd be afraid of, except me!" she said, with the insolence of a woman to the man she adores. "Get me the paper an' a pencil."

It was Welsh who took in the letter, half from honest affection for his niece, and half for the chance of getting thoroughly drunk on some one else's whiskey. If he did it was not on McManus's. Mary was no diplomatist, especially in the written word.

"I take my pen in hand to tel you I am going to be married to mister Noel if you don't send me some mony to get a dress I wil come down to the vilage and tel how you tret me I wil come in Welsh's old shirt and the flower sak I hav for a petticoat that is al the dress I hav and show them Mary at Welsh's."

Perfectly sober, and a day before his time, the messenger returned, and sheepishly confronted his niece and Noel.

"He says," he announced sourly,

"that you 're to come home right to once, and he'll flour-sack you! — and his mill 's burnt down, and the talk is that the Frenchwoman's son done it. And Fanny's run off with Jake Perry, and you 're to go home to-morrow. And so I guess you two 'd better git married and gone, and tell him afterwards; for he won't give you nothing, and he 's wanting of you home."

"He can want," said McManus's daughter blackly. "Did n't he send me nothing?"

"Just that word, honey; and you ain't but seventeen; he can git you. I — I ain't a man to fight," with sudden shrillness, "and that letter made him dump me right out on the road!"

She stood up straight and looked at him. "I'll never go home, and I'll have my clothes; and I'm glad his mill 's burnt, and I love the Frenchwoman's son for doing it, and I'm glad Fanny's run away; and I hate dad," she said, as emotionless as though she repeated a lesson.

Noel looked sharply from Welsh to the girl. "What 's that about the Frenchwoman's son?"

"Some say it was him had a grudge again McManus. Labrador said so; he only said so; they don't know who done it. I ain't never seen the man, but he 's got a hard reputation, and Labrador thinks it was him. But when I wanted to know why, he soured on me; and he said he 'd kill me if I opened my mouth on it to McManus."

"He certainly would," returned Mr. Noel placidly; and having been hand in glove with Frank Labrador, perhaps he knew.

"The Frenchwoman's son ain't bad if Labrador likes him," said Mary unexpectedly. "I love him, anyhow!"

"Yes" — began Noel stupidly, and stopped. She did not know any more than Welsh did, and perhaps he had never realized it before. But it was time to get away from the Long Swamp and take his wife with him. "I am sorry

about that burning," he observed slowly. "It was a pity; and foolish. But he is not altogether a bad man, the Frenchwoman's son."

"Well, there's no handling McManus till he finds out who burnt his mill!" muttered Welsh. He was suddenly tired of the subject. "He ain't heard of the Frenchwoman's son, and he ain't likely to. You git away and git married, honey! Noel, he'll git you a dress."

Mary made no answer; the Frenchwoman's son saw there was no handling her, either. He stood and whistled a thoughtful tune, and she swung round on him.

"Who's the Frenchwoman's son?" she demanded.

"Just a man." He said it between two bars of the tune that covered his thoughts.

"Is he in the village?"

He shook his head.

"Can dad catch him?"

The whistle stopped abruptly in a scornful smile. "Not if he'd seen him fire the mill!"

"Do you think he did it?"

"Oh yes," carelessly. "But he had his reasons!" He looked at her with amusement. "He has never done things without his reasons."

"They say he's a hard-living man," Welsh objected casually.

"That's a lie," slowly. "And if he was he's done with it. And catch him!"—he laughed superbly. "When they can catch the screaming in the swamp!" He flung back at it with a free gesture of his head and shoulders, and McManus's daughter drew a breath and set her teeth on it. There could not be in all the world a man like him! She would go with him to the priest in a dress with roses on it, in spite of her father. She listened without objecting while he and Welsh arranged for the wedding in three days' time, but when she turned away to the house she sat thinking, instead of getting supper. Noel had departed to

interview the priest, and, incidentally, the proprietor of the only shop at Secret Lake. In three days he would be back for the wedding; and the dress with roses on it was no nearer. Nothing would take Welsh back to McManus, and she had no other messenger. But when in the white dawn Welsh arose and unexpectedly went fishing, his niece leaped from her bed and cast on her casual garments. Even as his back disappeared in the thin spring bushes she was down at the lake shore, and the last sound of his going was covered by another sound: the plunging rush of a canoe launched and sprung into with one and the same movement. Frank Labrador, coming up half an hour later on business of his own, saw the shack deserted except for the blue jays making faces at him from the roof-tree, and went half-heartedly away.

It was sunrise of the next day when the girl came back, to find the place still empty. She was tired, and she went to sleep, but once and again a horrible clamor in the swamp roused her till she went out to listen; when she came back for the second time she barred the door uneasily, and dressed herself. Her skin crept on her as she crouched down by the window and watched the empty glittering lake the long, silent morning, wishing impatiently that Welsh would come back; if she had had even a dog to speak to it would have lightened the senseless dread that was on her. And at the thought, leaning out and shading her eyes, she forgot it. A canoe had shot round the point and was at the landing. There was one man in it, — a dirty messenger with a parcel.

When she raced down and dragged it out of his hand she saw her shoes, her stockings, and her wedding gown. Her father had been as good as his word, though he had sent the things by a stranger, instead of by Labrador as she had asked him. With a low laugh she plumped down on her knees and fondled

the common print with roses on it; when she looked up to ask the man who had brought it if he wanted his dinner, he had gone away, and in the still air the rustling from the swamp was loud. For a moment her chill fear rushed back on her, but she would not heed it. She was back at the house, kneeling on the floor, feverishly putting the scissors into her wedding gown.

The Frenchwoman's son, coming unexpectedly to the door in the late afternoon, stood thunderstruck. Mary had sprung to her feet at the sight of him, transfigured; her face a pale flame, her eyes shining, her triumphant mouth scarlet. He let fall the things he had painfully procured for her as he stared.

"I got it!" she cried, and flung herself at him, her arms warm round his throat; "I made him. I've shoes and stockings and white cotton and a dress with roses on it. And it's nearly done, and I'll marry you to-morrow!"

"How did you get them?" He laughed because he was proud of her, and had never seen her so beautiful. "Tell me! How?"

"I went down," — simply, — "and waited at the portage, and sent a boy with notes on the paper you gave me. I asked him if he would give me the dress if I told him who fired his mill, and he sent back 'Yes.' So I told him it was the Frenchwoman's son, and he sent back to say 'it was cheap at a cotton gown, and he'd send it right away.' And he did. And you said he could n't catch the Frenchwoman's son!"

Life, color, and expression were all wiped off her listener's face.

"The Frenchwoman's son!" he repeated like a parrot. "But — and you told him?" His ready tongue had failed him.

"You said he could n't catch him, any more than the ghost-calling in the swamp." She stood back, a little anxious. "He — he can't, can he?"

"Not then! Now" — He took her

with both hands, and held her at his arms' length, and the feel of his hands frightened her, like the strangeness in his voice. "Did n't you know Labrador was here looking for me? That he found me last night, and told me a man from Sabeen's had seen me when I fooled over to speak to your father, and told him it was me you were going to marry; me, the Frenchwoman's son! And now" — The familiar shrug did not match the sound in his voice. "Well — I should have told you. But I could n't trust Welsh."

"You ain't French." She smiled disdainfully; but as she saw what was in his face her legs shook under her, and she shrieked at him, "Do you mean it? Did I do — that?"

"My mother was a Frenchwoman," he said heavily; he had no desire to swear, even to be angry with her; the thing had gone too deep. "But I've been coming here for so long I forgot you could n't know." He glanced through the open door to get the time from the westering sun, and saw, instead, that the young scarlet was gone from the world; it was old, green, usual, — and the thought made his voice rough. "Come, we'll get out of this!" If he left her behind he would lose her, and once at the head waters of the Sou'west, it would be a better man than McManus who should lay a claw on him. But his heart felt numb as he stooped to gather up the poor finery that had betrayed him.

As he bent, the girl's miserable eyes fell on the window.

"Keep down," she whispered thickly. "There's a boat! There's — it's dad, and another man!"

The Frenchwoman's son heard her without surprise. He did not even glance out, but as he stepped softly back into the shadow of the room he looked at her with a curious trick of the eyes that made them seem all pupil, and showed the whites above and below the irids.

"That is the sheriff," he said evenly,

"with your father. What would you like me to do? For I burned the mill because your father was cruel to you, and I disliked him." He kept his strange gaze on her, standing motionless.

McManus's daughter sobbed wordlessly as she sprang at him and ran him out the back door.

"There 's the swamp; you ain't afraid of it," — anguish and hate had killed her own terror of the place; "hide! What 's an old mill? Hide!"

"You 'd be afraid in it!" he said uneasily; and she laughed fiercely over her sobbing.

"That would n't make me stay. Hurry; stoop down!"

There was dead silence abroad now. Through it the two slipped safely across Welsh's inadequate clearing, into the thin green of its fringe of alders; and between them and the heavy screen of the swamp maples something moved. It was the man from Sabeen's, the dirty messenger of the morning; and the Frenchwoman's son cut off his shout in the middle. But the half cry had done it. McManus was hot foot round the house with the sheriff after him, and Noel was dragging the girl through the binding maples, down into the bay bushes that stretched breast-high between green abysses and runnels of fathomless black water. When they reached his path they could drop and lie hidden, for not a man would dare follow them; but for now they must be cat footed over the deadly green that spurted to their every step. There was cover enough, and he put her behind him, without daring to take his eyes from the quaking ground under his feet.

"Walk in my steps," he ordered, wondering if the next few yards would bear them; and his heart stopped as she screamed, —

"My dress — my dress with roses on it!" Even as he wheeled to clutch her she had broken away from him and was running, leaping helter-skelter back to the house, with no heed to the careful way she had come.

The Frenchwoman's son stood up straight in the afternoon light, his black head a clear mark against the young sun-filtered green of the thicket he was making for.

"Lie down!" he yelled, "lie down!"

He did not hear any answer. It was McManus who had fired, and the sheriff, who was half-hearted about the whole business, had been slow in knocking up his gun. Mary McManus had lain down in a very pretty patch of quaking grass. The Frenchwoman's son knew she was dead as she crumpled forwards, but he was a white man who had been going to marry a white girl. He went back for her. He was heedless of the sheriff's calling; he knew a path through the swamp, and he must carry her to it that he might bury her out in the clean ground of the Son'west. But the weight across his shoulder had somehow confused him; and the dead girl's hair kept brushing over his eyes, so that in the waving shadow of it he saw another shadow moving before him. To the dull anguish of his haste the very bushes were malignant; they kept him back, springing in his face with blow after blow, as though he followed too close a trail. But he was a white man, and he fought through them, making blindly for the sinking sun. It was on the edge of a bottomless black channel that he stumbled, and fell.

No sound came back out of the swamp; that which had been unquiet was perhaps fed; but in Welsh's house a light air crept through the open back door and fluttered the dress with roses on it that lay half made on the floor.

S. Carleton.

AN AMERICAN PRIMER.¹

[The American Primer is a challenge rather than a finished fight. Whitman shows in it what he was prepared to do rather than what he thought he had perfected. It was his original intention to enlarge these notes into a study which would in a sense inclose the theme and dignify it in the way it deserved. Whitman in his early career planned for all sorts of literary ventures which were not consummated. Whitman was undoubtedly convinced that he had a mission. This conviction never assumed fanatic forms. Whitman was the most catholic man who ever thought he had a mission. But he did regard himself as such a depository. Yet he never believed or contended that he possessed exclusive powers or an extraordinary divination. He felt that if the message with which he was entrusted did not get out through him it would get out through some other. But in his earlier career, after he tired of writing in the formal way and to the formal effect, — for he played the usual juvenile part in literary experiment, — he felt that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure publishers either for his detail work or for his books. He often asked himself, How am I to deliver my goods? He once decided that he would lecture. And he told me that when the idea of the American Primer originally came to him it was for a lecture. He wrote at this thing in the early fifties, — even as far along as 1856–57. And there is evidence that he made brief additions to it from time to time in the ten years that followed. But after 1855, when he succeeded in issuing the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, some of his old plans were abandoned, — this lecture scheme with others, — and certain new plans were formulated. The Primer was thenceforth, as a distinct project, held in abeyance. I remember that once in the late eighties he laughed and said to me, “I may yet bring the Primer out.” And when I laughed incredulously he added, “Well, I guess you are right to laugh: I suppose I never shall. And the best of the Primer stuff has no doubt leaked into my other work.” It is indeed true that Whitman gave expression to the substance of the Primer in one way or another. Even some of its sentences are utilized here and there in his prose and verse volumes. But the momentum gathered and brought to bear upon the subject in the manuscript now under view was nowhere else repeated. The Primer, therefore, has, as a part of Whitman’s serious literary product, a marked identity. Whitman said of it, “It was first intended for a lecture: then when I gave up the idea of lecturing it was intended for a book: now, as it stands, it is neither a lecture nor a book.” — HORACE TRAUBEL.]

MUCH is said of what is spiritual, and spirituality, in this, that, or the other, — in objects, expressions. For me, I see no object, no expression, no animal, no tree, no art, no book, but I see, from morning to night, and from night to morning, the spiritual. Bodies are all spiritual. All words are spiritual — nothing is more spiritual than words. Whence are they? Along how many thousands and tens of thousands of years have they come? — those eluding, fluid, beautiful, fleshless realities, Mother, Father, Water, Earth, Me, This, Soul, Tongue, House, Fire.

A great observation will detect sameness through all languages, however old, however new, however polished, however

rude. As humanity is one under its amazing diversities, language is one under its. The flippant read on some long past age, wonder at its dead costumes [customs?], its amusements, &c.; but the master understands well the old, ever-new, ever-common grounds, below those animal growths, and, between any two ages, any two languages and two humanities, however wide apart in time and space, marks well not the superficial shades of difference, but the mass shades of a joint nature.

In a little while, in the United States, the English language, enriched with contributions from all languages, old and new, will be spoken by a hundred millions of people: perhaps a hundred thousand Women, For Literati, Orators, Teachers, Musicians, Judges, Presidents, &c.” — H. T.

¹ As an alternate to his adopted headline I find this among Whitman’s memoranda: “The Primer of Words: For American Young Men

sand words ("seventy or eighty thousand words" — Noah Webster).

The Americans are going to be the most fluent and melodious voiced people in the world — and the most perfect users of words. Words follow character, — nativity, independence, individuality.

I see that the time is nigh when the etiquette of salons is to be discharged from that great thing, the renovated English speech in America. The occasions of the English speech in America are immense, profound — stretch over ten thousand vast cities, over through thousands of years, millions of miles of meadows, farms, mountains, men. The occasions of salons are for a coterie, a bon soir or two — involve waiters standing behind chairs, silent, obedient, with backs that can bend and must often bend.

What beauty there is in words! What a lurking curious charm in the sound of some words! Then voices! Five or six times in a lifetime (perhaps not so often) you have heard from men and women such voices, as they spoke the most common word! What can it be that from those few men and women made so much out of the most common word! Geography, shipping, steam, the mint, the electric telegraph, railroads, and so forth, have many strong and beautiful words. Mines — iron works — the sugar plantations of Louisiana — the cotton crop and the rice crop — Illinois wheat — Ohio corn and pork — Maine lumber — all these sprout in hundreds and hundreds of words, all tangible and clean-lived, all having texture and beauty.

To all thoughts of your or any one's mind, — to all yearnings, passions, love, hate, ennui, madness, desperation of men for women, and of women for men, — to all charging and surcharging, — that head which poises itself on your neck and is electric in the body beneath your head, or runs with the blood through your veins, or in those curious incredible miracles you call eyesight or hearing, — to all these, and the like of these, have been

made words. Such are the words that are never new and never old.

What a history is folded, folded inward and inward again, in the single word I.

The words of the Body! The words of Parentage! The words of Husband and Wife. The words of Offspring! The word Mother! The word Father!

The words of Behavior are quite numerous. They follow the law; they are courteous, grave, have polish, have a sound of presence, and abash all furniture and shallowness out of their sight.

The words of maternity are all the words that were ever spoken by the mouth of man, the child of woman, — but they are reborn words, and the mouth of the full-sized mother, daughter, wife, amie, does not offend by using any one of them.

Medicine has hundreds of useful and characteristic words — new means of cure — new schools of doctors — the wonderful anatomy of the body — the names of a thousand diseases — surgeon's terms — hydropathy — all that relates to the great organs of the body. The medical art is always grand — nothing affords a nobler scope for superior men and women. It, of course, will never cease to be near man, and add new terms.

Law, Medicine, Religion, the Army, the personnel of the Army and Navy, the Arts, stand on their old stock of words, without increase. In the law is to be noticed a growing impatience with formulas, and with diffuseness, and venerable slang. The personnel of the Army and the Navy exists in America, apart from the throbbing life of America, — an exile in the land, foreign to the instincts and tastes of the people, and, of course, soon in due time to give place to something native, something warmed with throbs of our own life.

These States are rapidly supplying themselves with new words, called for by new occasions, new facts, new politics, new combinations. Far plentier additions will be needed, and, of course, will be supplied.

Because it is a truth that the words continually used among the people are, in numberless cases, not the words used in writing, or recorded in the dictionaries by authority, there are just as many words in daily use, not inscribed in the dictionary, and seldom or never in any print. Also, the forms of grammar are never persistently obeyed, and cannot be.

The Real Dictionary will give all the words that exist in use, the bad words as well as any. The Real Grammar will be that which declares itself a nucleus of the spirit of the laws, with liberty to all to carry out the spirit of the laws, even by violating them, if necessary. The English Language is grandly lawless like the race who use it, — or, rather, breaks out of the little laws to enter truly the higher ones. It is so instinct with that which underlies laws and the purports of laws it refuses all petty interruptions in its way.

Books themselves have their peculiar words, — namely, those that are never used in living speech in the real world, but only used in the world of books. Nobody ever actually talks as books and plays talk.

The Morning has its words and the Evening has its words. How much there is in the word Light! How vast, surrounding, falling, sleepy, noiseless, is the word Night! It hugs with unfelt yet living arms.

Character makes words. The English stock, full enough of faults, but averse to all folderol, equable, instinctively just, latent with pride and melancholy, ready with brawned arms, with free speech, with the knife-blade for tyrants and the reached hand for slaves — have put all these in words. We have them in America, — they are the body of the whole of the past. We are to justify our inheritance, — we are to pass it on to those who are to come after us, a thousand years hence, as we have grown out of the English of a thousand years ago: American geography — the plenteous-

ness and variety of the great nations of the Union — the thousands of settlements — the seacoast — the Canadian North — the Mexican South — California and Oregon — the inland seas — the mountains — Arizona — the prairies — the immense rivers.

Many of the slang words among fighting men, gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, are powerful words. These words ought to be collected, — the bad words as well as the good. Many of these bad words are fine.

Music has many good words, now technical, but of such rich and juicy character that they ought to be taken for common use in writing and speaking.

New forms of science, newer, freer characters, may have something in them to need new words. One beauty of words is exactitude. To me each word out of the — that now compose the English language, has its own meaning, and does not stand for anything but itself — and there are no two words the same any more than there are two persons the same.

Much of America is shown in its newspaper names, and in the names of its steamboats, ships, — names of characteristic amusements and games.

What do you think words are? Do you think words are positive and original things in themselves? No. Words are not original and arbitrary in themselves. Words are a result — they are the progeny of what has been or is in vogue. If iron architecture comes in vogue, as it seems to be coming, words are wanted to stand for all about iron architecture, for the work it causes, for the different branches of work and of the workman — those blocks of buildings, seven stories high, with light, strong façades, and girders that will not crumble a mite in a thousand years.

Also words to describe all American peculiarities, — the splendid and rugged characters that are forming among these states, or are already formed — in the

cities, the firemen of Mannahatta, and the target excursionist and Bowery boy — the Boston truckman — the Philadelphian.

In America an immense number of new words are needed to embody the new political facts, the compact of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Constitution — the union of the States — the new States — the Congress — the modes of election — the stump speech — the ways of electioneering — addressing the people — stating all that is to be said in modes that fit the life and experience of the Indianian, the Michiganian, the Vermonter, the men of Maine. Also words to answer the modern, rapidly spreading faith of the vital equality of women with men, and that they are to be placed on an exact plane, politically, socially, and in business, with men. Words are wanted to supply the copious trains of facts, and flanges of facts, arguments, and adjectival facts, growing out of all new knowledges. (Phrenology.)

Drinking brandy, gin, beer, is generally fatal to the perfection of the voice ; meanness of mind the same ; gluttony in eating of course the same ; a thinned habit of body, or a rank habit of body rots the voice. . . . The great Italian singers are above all others in the world from causes quite the same as those that make the voices of native healthy substrata of Mannahatta young men, especially the drivers of horses, and all whose work leads to free loud calling and commanding, have such a ring and freshness.

Pronunciation of Yankees is nasal and offensive — it has the flat tones. It could probably be changed by placing only those teachers in schools who have rich ripe voices — and by the children practicing to speak from the chest and in the guttural and baritone methods. All sorts of physical, moral, and mental deformities are inevitably returned in the voice.

The races that in their realities are supple, obedient, cringing, have hundreds of words to express hundreds of forms of acts, thoughts, flanges, of those realities,

which the English language knows nothing of.

The English tongue is full of strong words native or adopted to express the blood-born passion of the race for rudeness and resistance, as against polish and all acts to give in : Robust, brawny, athletic, muscular, acrid, harsh, rugged, severe, pluck, grit, effrontery, stern, resistance, bracing, rude, rugged, rough, shaggy, bearded, arrogant, haughty. These words are alive and sinewy, — they walk, look, step, with an air of command. They will often lead the rest, — they will not follow. How can they follow? They will appear strange in company unlike themselves.

English words. Even people's names were spelt by themselves, sometimes one way, sometimes another. Public necessity remedies all troubles. Now, in the 80th year of these States, there is a little diversity in the ways of spelling words, and much diversity in the ways of pronouncing them. Steamships, railroads, newspapers, submarine telegraphs, will probably bring them in. If not, it is not important.

So in the accents and inflections of words. Language must cohere — it cannot be left loosely to float or to fly away. Yet all the rules of the accents of and inflections of words drop before a perfect voice — that may follow the rules or be ignorant of them — it is indifferent which. Pronunciation is the stamina of language, — it is language. The noblest pronunciation, in a city or race, marks the noblest city or race, or descendants thereof.

Why are names (words) so mighty? Because facts, ancestry, maternity, faiths, are. Slowly, eternally, inevitably, move the souls of the earth, and names (words) are its (their) signs.

Kosmos words, words of the free expansion of thought, history, chronology, literature, are showing themselves, with foreheads, muscular necks and breasts. These gladden me. I put my arms

around them — touch my lips to theirs. The past hundred centuries have confided much to me, yet they mock me, frowning. I think I am done with many of the words of the past hundred centuries. I am mad that their poems, bibles, words, still rule and represent the earth, and are not yet superseded. But why do I say so? I must not, will not, be impatient.

The American city excursions, for military practice, for firing at the target, for all the exercises of health and manhood, — why should not women accompany them? I expect to see the time in Politics, Business, Public Gatherings, Processions, Excitements, when women shall not be divided from men, but shall take their part on the same terms as men. What sort of women have Massachusetts, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the rest, correspondent with what they continually want. Sometimes I have fancied that only from superior, hardy women can rise the future superiorities of these States.

Man's words, for the young men of these States, are all words that have arisen out of the qualities of mastership, going first, brunting danger first, — words to identify a hardy boyhood — knowledge — an erect, sweet, lusty body, without taint — choice and chary of its love-power.

The spelling of words is subordinate. Morbidness for nice spelling and tenacity for or against some one letter or so means dandyism and impotence in literature. Of course the great writers must have digested all these things, — passed lexicons, etymologies, orthographies, through them and extracted the nutriment. Modern taste is for brevity and for ranging words in spelling classes. Probably the words of the English tongue can never be ranged in spelling classes. The phonetic (?) spelling is on natural principles — it has arbitrary forms of letters and combinations of letters for all sounds. It may in time prevail. — it surely will prevail if it is best it should.

For many hundred years there was nothing like settled spelling.

A perfect user of words uses things — they exude in power and beauty from him — miracles from his hands — miracles from his mouth — lilies, clouds, sunshine, woman, poured copiously — things whirled like chain-shot rocks, defiance, compulsion, horses, iron, locomotives, the oak, the pine, the keen eye, the hairy breast, the Texan ranger, the Boston truckman, the woman that arouses a man, the man that arouses a woman.

Tavern words, such as have reference to drinking, or the compliments of those who drink, — the names of some three hundred different tavern drinks in one part or another of these States.

Words of all degrees of dislike, from just a tinge, onward or deepward.

Words of approval, admiration, friendship. This is to be said among the young men of these States, that with a wonderful tenacity of friendship, and passionate fondness for their friends, and always a manly readiness to make friends, they yet have remarkably few words of names for the friendly sentiments. They seem to be words that do not thrive here among the muscular classes, where the real quality of friendship is always truly to be found. Also, they are words which the muscular classes, the young men of these States, rarely use and have an aversion for; they never give words to their most ardent friendships.

Words of politics are numerous in these States, and many of them peculiar. The Western States have terms of their own: the President's message — the political meeting — the committees — the resolutions: new vegetables — new trees — new animals.

If success and breed follow camels and dromedaries, that are now just introduced into Texas, to be used for travel and traffic over the vast wilds between the lower Mississippi and the Pacific, a number of new words will also have to be tried after them.

The appetite of the people of these States, in popular speeches and writings, is for unhemmed latitude, coarseness, directness, live epithets, expletives, words of opprobrium, resistance. This I understand because I have the taste myself as large, as largely, as any one. I have pleasure in the use, on fit occasions, of — traitor, coward, liar, shyster, skulk, doughface, trickster, mean cuss, backslider, thief, impotent, lickspittle.

The great writers are often select of their audiences. The greatest writers only are well pleased and at their ease among the unlearned, — are received by common men and women familiarly, do not hold out obscure, but come welcome to table, bed, leisure, by day and night.

A perfect writer would make words sing, dance, kiss, bear children, weep, bleed, rage, stab, steal, fire cannon, steer ships, sack cities, charge with cavalry or infantry, or do anything that man or woman or the natural powers can do.

Latent, in a great user of words, must actually be all passions, crimes, trades, animals, stars, God, sex, the past, might, space, metals, and the like — because these are the words, and he who is not these plays with a foreign tongue, turning helplessly to dictionaries and authorities. How can I tell you? I put many things on record that you will not understand at first, — perhaps not in a year, — but they must be (are to be) understood. The earth, I see, writes with prodigal clear hands all summer, forever, and all winter also, content, and certain to be understood in time. Doubtless, only the greatest user of words himself fully enjoys and understands himself.

Words of names of places are strong, copious, unruly, in the repertoire for the American pens and tongues. The names of these States — the names of Countries, Cities, Rivers, Mountains, Villages, Neighborhoods — borrowed plentifully

from each of the languages that graft the English language — or named from some natural peculiarity of water or earth, or some event that happened there — often named from death, from some animal, from some of those subtle analogies that the common people are so quick to perceive. The names in the list of the Post Offices of these States are studies.

What name a city has — what name a State, river, sea, mountain, wood, prairie, has — is no indifferent matter. All aboriginal names sound good. I was asking for something savage and luxuriant, and behold, here are the aboriginal names. I see how they are being preserved. They are honest words, — they give the true length, breadth, depth. They all fit. Mississippi! — the word winds with chutes — it rolls a stream three thousand miles long. Ohio, Connecticut, Ottawa, Monongahela, all fit.

Names are magic. One word can pour such a flood through the soul. To-day I will mention Christ's before all other names. Grand words of names are still left. What is it that flows through me at the sight of the word Socrates, or Cincinnatus, or Alfred of the olden time — or at the sight of the word Columbus, or Shakespeare, or Rousseau, or Mirabeau — or at the sight of the word Washington, or Jefferson, or Emerson?

Out of Christ are divine words — out of this savior. Some words are fresh smelling, like lilies, roses, to the soul, blooming without failure. The name of Christ — all words that have arisen from the life and death of Christ, the divine son, who went about speaking perfect words, no patois — whose life was perfect, — the touch of whose hands and feet was miracles, — who was crucified, — his flesh laid in a shroud, in the grave.¹

Words of names of persons, thus far, still return the old continents and races — return the past three thousand years —

¹ Whitman here inserts a memorandum, a sort of self-query, to this effect: "A few characteristic words — words give us to see — (list

of poets — Hindoo — Homer — Shakespeare — Pythagoras, Plato, Zoroaster, Menu, Socrates, Sesostris, Christ). Improve this." — H. T.

perhaps twenty thousand — return the Hebrew Bible, Greece, Rome, France, the Goths, the Celts, Scandinavia, Germany, England. Still questions come: what flanges are practicable for names of persons that mean these States? What is there in the best aboriginal names? What is there in strong words of qualities, bodily, mental, — a name given to the cleanest and most beautiful body, or to the offspring of the same? What is there that will conform to the genius of these States, and to all the facts? What escape with perfect freedom, without affectation, from the shoals of Johns, Peters, Davids, Marys? Or on what happy principle, popular and fluent, could other words be prefixed or suffixed to these, to make them show who they are, what land they were born in, what government, which of the States, what genius, mark, blood, times, have coined them with strong-cut coinage?

The subtle charm of beautiful pronunciation is not in dictionaries, grammars, marks of accent, formulas of a language, or in any laws or rules. The charm of the beautiful pronunciation of all words, of all tongues, is in perfect flexible vocal organs, and in a developed harmonious soul. All words, spoken from these, have deeper, sweeter sounds, new meanings, impossible on any less terms. Such meanings, such sounds, continually wait in every word that exists — in these words — perhaps slumbering through years, closed from all tympani of temples, lips, brains, until that comes which has the quality patiently waiting in the words. . . . Likely there are other words wanted. Of words wanted, the matter is summed up in this: When the time comes for them to represent anything or any state of things, the words will surely follow. The lack of any words, I say again, is as historical as the existence of words. As for me, I feel a hundred realities, clearly determined in me, that words are not yet formed to represent. Men like me — also women, our counter-

parts — perfectly equal — will gradually get to be more and more numerous, — perhaps swiftly, in shoals; then the words will also follow, in shoals. It is the glory and superb rose-hue of the English language, anywhere, that it favors growth as the skin does, — that it can soon become, whenever that is needed, the tough skin of a superior man or woman.

The art of the use of words would be a stain, a smutch, but for the stamina of things. For in manners, poems, orations, music, friendship, authorship, what is not said is just as important as what is said, and holds just as much meaning. Fond of men, as a living woman is — fond of women, as a living man is.

I like limber, lasting, fierce words. I like them applied to myself, — and I like them in newspapers, courts, debates, congress. Do you suppose the liberties and the brawn of these States have to do only with delicate lady-words? with gloved gentlemen words? Bad Presidents, bad judges, bad clients, bad editors, owners of slaves, and the long ranks of Northern political suckers (robbers, traitors, suborned), monopolists, infidels, . . . shaved persons, supplejacks, ecclesiastics, men not fond of women, women not fond of men, cry down the use of strong, cutting, beautiful, rude words. To the manly instincts of the People they will forever be welcome.

In words of names, the mouth and ear of the people show an antipathy to titles, misters, handles. They love short first names abbreviated to their lips: Tom, Bill, Jack. These are to enter into literature, and be voted for on political tickets for the great offices: Expletives, . . . curious words and phrases of assent or inquiry, nicknames either to persons or customs. Many actions, many kinds of character, and many of the fashions of dress have names among two thirds of the people, that would never be understood among the remaining third, and never appear in print.

Factories, mills, and all the processes

of hundreds of different manufacturers grow thousands of words. Cotton, woolen, and silk goods, — hemp, rope, carpets, paper-hangings, paints, roofing preparations, hardware, furniture, paper mills, the printing offices with their wonderful improvements, engraving, daguerreotyping.

This is the age of the metal iron. Iron, with all that it does, or that belongs to iron, or flanges from it, results in words: from the mines they have been drawn, as the ore has been drawn. Following the universal laws of words, these are welded together in hardy forms and characters. They are ponderous, strong, definite, not indebted to the antique, — they are iron words, wrought and cast. I see them all good, faithful, massive, permanent words, — I love well these iron words of 1856. Coal has its words also, that assimilate very much with those of iron.

Gold, of course, has always its words. The mint, the American coinage, the dollar piece, the fifty dollar or one hundred dollar piece. California, the metallic basis of banking, chemical tests of gold, — all these have their words: Canada words, Yankee words, Mannahatta words, Virginia words, Florida and Alabama words, Texas words, Mexican and Nicaraguan words, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana words.

The different mechanics have different words, — all, however, under a few great over-arching laws. These are carpenter's words, mason's words, blacksmith's words, shoemaker's words, tailor's words, hatter's words, weaver's words, painter's words.

The farmer's words are immense. They are mostly old, partake of ripeness, home, the ground, — have nutriment, like wheat and milk. Farm words are added to, now, by a new class of words, from the introduction of chemistry into farming, and from the introduction of numerous machines into the barn and field.

The nigger dialect furnishes hundreds of *outré* words, many of them adopted

into the common speech of the masses of the people. Curiously, these words show the old English instinct for wide open pronunciations, as *yallah* for yellow, — *massah* for master, — and for rounding off all the corners of words. The nigger dialect has hints of the future theory of the modification of all the words of the English language, for musical purposes, for a native grand opera in America, leaving the words just as they are for writing and speaking, but the same words so modified as to answer perfectly for musical purposes, on grand and simple principles. Then we should have two sets of words, male and female as they should be, in these States, both equally understood by the people, giving a fit, much-needed medium to that passion for music which is deeper and purer in America than in any other land in the world. The music of America is to adopt the Italian method, and expand it to vaster, simpler, far superber effects. It is not to be satisfied till it comprehends the people and is comprehended by them.

Sea words, coast words, sloop words, sailor's and boatman's words, words of ships, are numerous in America. One fourth of the people of these States are aquatic, — love the water, love to be near it, smell it, sail on it, swim in it, fish, clam, trade to and fro upon it. To be much on the water, or in constant sight of it, affects words, the voice, the passions. Around the markets, among the fish-smacks, along the wharves, you hear a thousand words, never yet printed in the repertoire of any lexicon, — words, strong words solid as logs, and more beauty to me than any of the antique. . . .

In most instances a characteristic word once used in a poem, speech, or what not, is then exhausted; he who thinks he is going to produce effects by freely using strong words is ignorant of words. One single name belongs to one single place only, — as a keyword of a book may be best used only once in the book. A true composition in words returns the

human body, male or female, — that is the most perfect composition, and shall be best beloved by men and women, and shall last the longest, which slights no part of the body, and repeats no part of the body. To make a perfect composition in words is more than to make the best building or machine, or the best statue or picture. It shall be the glory of the greatest masters to make perfect compositions in words.

The plays of Shakespeare and the rest are grand. Our obligations to them are incalculable. Other facts remain to be considered: their foreignness to us in much of their spirit — the sentiment under which they were written, that caste is not to be questioned — that the nobleman is of one blood and the people of another.

Costumes are retrospective, — they rise out of the sub-strata of education, equality, ignorance, caste, and the like. A nation that imports its costumes imports deformity. Shall one man be afraid, or one woman be afraid, to dress in a beautiful, decorous, natural, wholesome, inexpensive manner, because many thousands dress in the reverse manner? There is this, also, about costumes, — many save themselves from being exiled, and keep each other in countenance, by being alike foolish, dapper, extravagant. I see that the day is to come very soon in America when there will not be a flat level of costumes.

Probably there is this to be said about the Anglo-Saxon breed, — that in real vocal use it has less of the words of the various phases of friendship and love than any other race, and more friendship and love. The literature, so full of love, is begotten of the old Celtic metrical romances, and of the extravagant lays of those who sang and narrated, in France, and thence in England, — and of Italian extravaganzas, — and all that sighing, vowing, kissing, dying, that was in songs in European literature in the sixteenth century. Still, it seems as if

this love sickness engrafted on our literature were only a fair response and enjoyment that people nourish themselves with, after repressing their words. The Americans, like the English, probably make love worse than any other race. Voices follow character, and nothing is better than a superb vocalism. I think this land is covered with the weeds and chaff of literature.

California is sown thick with the names of all the little and big saints. Chase them away and substitute aboriginal names. What is the fitness — what the strange charm — of aboriginal names? Monongahela: it rolls with venison richness upon the palate. Among names to be revolutionized: that of the city of "Baltimore."

Never will I allude to the English Language or tongue without exultation. This is the tongue that spurns laws, as the greatest tongue must. It is the most capacious vital tongue of all, — full of ease, definiteness, and power, — full of sustenance, — an enormous treasure house, or ranges of treasure houses, arsenals, granary, chock full of so many contributions from the north and from the south, from Scandinavia, from Greece and Rome — from Spaniards, Italians, and the French — that its own sturdy home-dated Angles-bred words have long been outnumbered by the foreigners whom they lead — which is all good enough, and indeed must be. America owes immeasurable respect and love to the past, and to many ancestries, for many inheritances, — but of all that America has received from the past, from the mothers and fathers of laws, arts, letters, etc., by far the greatest inheritance is the English Language — so long in growing — so fitted.

All the greatness of any land, at any time, lies folded in its names. Would I recall some particular country or age? the most ancient? the greatest? I recall a few names — a mountain or sierra of mountains — a sea or bay — a river —

some mighty city — some deed of persons, friends or enemies, — some event, perhaps a great war, perhaps a greater peace — some time-marking and place-marking philosoph, divine person, king, bard, goddess, captain, discoverer, or the like. Thus does history in all things hang around a few names. Thus does all human interest hang around names. All men experience it, but no man ciphers it out.

What is the curious rapport of names? I have been informed that there are people who say it is not important about names, — one word is as good as another if the designation be understood. I say that nothing is more important than names. Is art important? Are forms? Great clusters of nomenclature in a land (needed in American nomenclature) include appropriate names for the months (those now used perpetuate old myths); appropriate names for the days of the week (those now used perpetuate Teutonic and Greek divinities); appropriate names for persons American — men, women, and children; appropriate names for American places, cities, rivers, counties, etc. The word “country” itself should be changed. Numbering the streets, as a general thing, with a few irresistible exceptions, is very good. No country can have its own poems without it have its own names. The name of Niagara should be substituted for the St. Lawrence. Among the places that stand in need of fresh appropriate names are the great cities of St. Louis, New Orleans, St. Paul.

The whole theory and practice of the naming of college societies must be remade on superior American principles. The old theory and practice of classical education is to give way, and a new race of teachers is to appear. I say we have here, now, a greater age to celebrate, greater ideas to embody, than anything even in Greece or Rome, or in the names of Jupiters, Jehovals, Apollos, and their myths. The great proper names used

in America must commemorate things belonging to America and dating thence. Because, what is America for? To commemorate the old myths and the gods? To repeat the Mediterranean here? Or the uses and growths of Europe here? No (nä-o-o), but to destroy all those from the purposes of the earth, and to erect a new earth in their place.

All lies folded in names. I have heard it said that when the spirit arises that does not brook submission and imitation, it will throw off the ultramarine names. That Spirit already walks the streets of the cities of these States. I, and others, illustrate it. I say that America, too, shall be commemorated, — shall stand rooted in the ground in names, — and shall flow in the water in names, and be diffused in time, in days, in months, in their names. Now the days signify extinct gods and goddesses, — the months half-unknown rites and emperors, — and chronology with the rest is all foreign to America, — all exiles and insults here.

But it is no small thing, — no quick growth; not a matter of ruling out one word and of writing another. Real names never come so easily. The greatest cities, the greatest politics, the greatest physiology and soul, the greatest orators, poets, and literati, — the best women, the freest leading men, the proudest national character, — such, and the like, are indispensable beforehand. Then the greatest names will follow, for they are results, — and there are no greater results in the world.

Names are the turning point of who shall be master. There is so much virtue in names that a nation which produces its own names, haughtily adheres to them, and subordinates others to them, leads all the rest of the nations of the earth. I also promulge that a nation which has not its own names, but begs them of other nations, has no identity, marches not in front, but behind.

Names are a test of the æsthetic and

of spirituality. A delicate subtle something there is in the right name — an undemonstrable nourishment — that exhilarates the soul. Masses of men, unaware what they like, lazily inquire what difference there is between one name and another. But the few fine ears of the world decide for them, — the masses being always as eligible as any whether they know it or not. All that immense volumes, and more than volumes, can tell, is conveyed in the right name. The right name of a city, State, town, man, or woman, is a perpetual feast to the æsthetic and musical nature. Take the names of newspapers. What has such a name as *The Ægis*, *The Mercury*, *The Herald*, to do in America?

Californian, Texan, New Mexican, and Arizonian names have the sense of the ecstatic monk, the cloister, the idea of miracles, and of devotees canonized

after death. They are the results of the early missionaries and the element of piety in the old Spanish character. They have, in the same connection, a tinge of melancholy and of a curious freedom from roughness and money-making. Such names stand strangely in California. What do such names know of democracy, — of the hunt for the gold leads and the nugget, or of the religion that is scorn and negation?

American writers are to show far more freedom in the use of words. Ten thousand native idiomatic words are growing, or are to-day already grown, out of which vast numbers could be used by American writers, with meaning and effect, — words that would be welcomed by the nation, being of the national blood, — words that would give that taste of identity and locality which is so dear in literature.

Walt Whitman.

LIFE'S TAVERN.

IN this old Tavern there are rooms so dear
That I would linger here.
I love these corners and familiar nooks
Where I have sat with people and with books;
The very imperfections and the scars
About the walls and ceiling and the floor,
The sagging of the windows and the door,
The dinginess that mars
The hearth and chimney, and the wood laid bare
There on the old black chair.
The dear dilapidation of the place
Smiles in my face,
And I am loath to go.
Here from the window is a glimpse of sea,
Enough for me;
And every evening, through the window bars,
Peer in the friendly stars.
— And yet I know
That some day I must go, and close the door,
And see the House no more.

Mary Burt Messer.

THE SICILIAN HIGHLANDS.

WITH the exception of the hinterland of Calabria, there is probably no part of Europe so unknown to the ordinary traveler as the interior of Sicily. These inland lands practically begin at the coastline all along the circumference of over six hundred miles; it is only on the southern and southwestern coasts, or the desolate promontory behind which lie the ruins of Selinunte, and then again at Terranova, the ancient Gela, and thence along the sea-loop to Syracuse and Augusta, to Lentini and Catania, that a mountain-wall does not at once exclude the inland from the shore lands as a country apart. Of the seven or eight railway lines or short branches which traverse this Sicilian hinterland at remote distances, only three are commonly traveled by the tourist in Sicily: the north-coast line from Messina to Palermo, the east-coast line from Messina to Syracuse, and the central line from Palermo and Termini via Castrogiovanni to Catania (with its due south bifurcation from Roccapalumba to Girgenti). Very few tourists avail themselves of the Palermo-Occidental railway, except those interested in the wine and other export trade of Marsala and Trapani — or a few of the more erudite travelers, anxious to break at Calatafimi for the solitary magnificence of the ruins of Segesta; or at Castelvetro for the fallen temples of Selinunte (Selinus); or at Marsala to view that promontory of Lilybaion, the “most splendid city,” the scene of one of the greatest of Roman sieges, where thirty years earlier the great Pyrrhus failed disastrously, and where for generations Melkarth and the gods of Carthage reigned supreme. Every year, too, a few classical enthusiasts journey to Trapani, to see and climb the Monte San Giuliano of to-day, the Eryx of the an-

cient world, at whose summit (2500 feet) stood one of the most famous of all the shrines of antiquity, that of Venus Erycina, — as, before her, of the Erycinian Aphrodite of the Hellenes, as, before her, of the Phœnician Astarte; and, once more, as, before her, of the unknown Goddess of the Sea and of Love, worshipped by the primitive Sikeliens, — perhaps in turn the successor of the Woman before whom bowed down the semi-legendary Elymians and Sicanians.

The southwest railway between Siracusa and Licata may be said to be wholly unused either by the “classically minded” traveler or the ordinary tourist. The country is desolate and unbeautiful: traveling is never comfortable, and in outlying regions is sometimes unsafe; and the towns of Modica, Ragusa, and Licata (the Hellenic *Phintias*) have little to attract the general traveler, though they have much to interest the folk-lorist. Even less traversed, save by the few Sicilians concerned, is the short bifurcation inland, from Lentini to Caltagirone.

There remains only the short line south from Palermo up into the mountain lands of Corleone, — concerning which the Palermitans have a jibe, — that only one *forestiero* (foreigner) in a year attempts the journey, and *he* never returns!

To these official railway lines must be added the short Circum-Ætna loop line, — a narrow mountain-climbing railway starting westward from Catania or northward from Giarre, and making the circuit of the vast lava lands of Etna by Linguaglossa and Terremorte to Randazzo and Bronte (west, north, and east of which lies the duchy of Bronte, — the Sicilian estate of our great Nelson, Duke of Bronte), — where the line ascends sometimes to close on 4000 feet,¹ to cantara and the Simeto, a few miles from Randazzo, the elevation of the line is over 3800

¹ The highest reach is between Randazzo and Bronte. Between the watersheds of the Al-

Aderòn (the ancient *Hadrannum*), Paternò (*Hybla Minor*), and southwestward down the lava-ravaged, earthquake-shaken, southern flanks of Etna, through a paradise of orange and lemon and almond, of prickly pear and medlar and fig, to where the black flood of the volcano stops like an arrested wave outside the Borgo of Catania.

But if one look at an enlarged map of Sicily, it will be seen at a glance that by far the greater part of the island, practically the whole hinterland from the coasts, remains uninvaded by the *dragone a vapore*, — the iron horse, as we have it. And, in truth, as with so much of the Basilicata and Calabria, this vast isolated country is little invaded even by roads, — roads, that is, as distinct from stony mule-paths or craggy hillways. From centres such as Petralia, under Monte Salvatore of the Madonian mountain range; or Gangi in its hill-wilderness between Monte Zimmara and Monte Zambughetti; or those regional mountain capitals Nicosia or Troina, one may look out upon a vast mountainous wilderness little changed if at all for a thousand years. Or, again, as wild and lonely a region may be seen from Mistretta, isolated between the highlands of Tusa and the great Bosco or forest region of Karonia to the north of the Nebrodian Range, or from Novara, swept by the Tyrrhene winds beating upon the arid crests of the Peloritanean (or Peloric) Mountains, whence one may look far southward past Roccaflorida or Francavilla to where Mount Tauros overhangs beautiful Taormina on the Ionian Sea, or far northward to the pearl-white gulf where of old (with Vulcano and Stromboli and the other Lipari Islands beyond) sat the towns of Mylæ and Tyndaris and perhaps Longanum (to-day, respectively, Milazzo, and La Scala di Capo Tindaro,

and Barcellona¹), and even westward to the long shore where are the Sweet Waters of Saint Agatha, and that lovely promontory of Karonia, the *Kalaktê*, or “beautiful shore,” founded by Ducetius in the fifth century.

To-day, as in the days of the Hellenes of Sicily, the true centre of the land is Enna (Castrogiovanni). But the famous home of Persephone is not a suitable “centre” for the pilgrim to old sites or the seeker of interesting or picturesque survivals. Indeed, except the excursion to the opposite crag-citadeled town of Calascibetta, on the north, or, on the south, to the Lake of Pergusa, “that beautiful water where Persephone sank,” a desolate swamp (without charm save in early spring) reached by an undrivable circuitous path, or, on the east, to Assoro, the site of the ancient Sikelian town of Assorus, there is none that cannot better be made from a more accessible point of departure, — for though Agira (*Agyrium*) and Centorbi (*Kenturipa*) seem near, these can be reached more conveniently from Aderòn, on the Circum-Ætnea railway; whence also, or from Bronte, it is easier to reach the mountain towns of Troina and Nicosia. Moreover, at Castrogiovanni, everything of to-day is as it was three hundred years ago, as Sicilians themselves complain. If, however, the traveler, or travelers (for it is not agreeable, nor even advisable, for strangers to travel alone in this region) are hardy, and content to fare roughly in the Holy City of Demeter and Persephone, and can discard the service of a carriage for that of mules, or, at need, can go far afoot, then, certainly, rooms may be taken for a day or two at the locanda in the Via Roma.

An undulating line drawn through the inlands of Sicily will loop at these six mountain towns: Corleone, in the

feet; at Maletto, the station for the Castle of Maniace (the Duke of Bronte) stands at 3700.

¹ Not only is the site of the short-lived if not legendary Longanum uncertain, but it is dis-

puted that the stream by Barcellona is the Longanus where Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, defeated the Mamertines in B. C. 269.

heart of the western province, some forty miles due south from Palermo (for Salemi, the ancient *Halicyæ*, some fifty miles westward toward Marsala, though it has a population of about 15,000, is only a rude hill village without an inn); Castrogiovanni, in the heart of the central province; Troina, the "capital" of the northeast; Centuripe, high-set among its craggy ways above the valley of the Symaithos (Simeto); Randazzo, formerly *Ætnea*, between which and Troina lie the lofty forest lands and lower vine-lands and orange woods of the beautiful duchy of Bronte; and Novara, the centre of the province of Messina.

Corleone is the mountain terminus of the little line which crawls up from Palermo, by way of Misilmeri, the Moorish *Menzil-al-Ensir*. Both at the last-named and at Corleone, whose name has changed little from *Korliân*, the Saracenic type has survived more strongly than perhaps anywhere else in Sicily. There is little of interest to see here: the population is of the worst Sicilian type, and the beggars have all the swarming instinct of those at Cefalù, the gnat-like insistency of those at Monreale, and the insolence of those at Girgenti, with a clamant perseverance and terrible furnished appeal all their own. Still, if one would traverse the wild and desolate crossways between Corleone and Castrogiovanni, one must either begin here or leave the region unexplored. The best road is that southeast along the rocky slopes of Monte Cardellia, and thence to Castionoro, where fresh mules and a hill guide must be hired for the mountain paths of the Cammarata. But for the less hazardous traveler I should recommend that the Corleone-Prizzi hill road be left about halfway, at the Ford of the Amendola, and that then the course of the Amendola be followed for some twelve miles by rude goat-ways, till a road is reached beneath the hill village of Vicari, which will lead south and then northeastward to Roccapalumba. There

is neither good accommodation nor tolerable fare to be had in the village, but at the station of the same name (the junction on the Palermo-Catania Central Line for Girgenti) one can be fairly sure of a meal and even of the purchase of provisions. Here as elsewhere, however, one should remember the cardinal rule for travel in the interior of Sicily, — namely, to travel with waterproof tent if possible, but in any case always to carry ample provender, solid and liquid. Milk (goat's milk, of course) can sometimes be procured by the way, but rarely anything else, even bread. In many regions, too, one must be on guard against drinking the water unboiled.

It is extremely doubtful, however, if this part of the Sicilian hinterland be worth the trouble, expense, and fatigue of a systematic tour. It would be better for the traveler to start by rail from Girgenti in the south, or from Termini-Imerese (or, better, of course, as so near, from Palermo itself) on the north, and, by either route, reach Roccapalumba, having previously arranged with the Capo di Stazione there to procure mules and a guide. Hence one may pass under the old half-savage hill town of Alia, — where it is said certain ancient Moorish or Saracenic rites as well as types survive, — across the picturesque and beautiful region of the southern Madonian spurs to the two Petralias, — Petralia Soprana, and Petralia Sottana, — and thence to the remote and almost from year's end to year's end unvisited mountain town of Gangi, and so to Nicosia, of which the citizens claim that it is the heart of Sicily.

Although in the Nebrobian and Peloritanean highlands of the north and northeast the mountain scenery is, as a rule, wilder and grander, no trip in central Sicily could be more impressive in its way, or could better afford an idea of the Sicily of the Middle Ages and of the Norman and Saracenic days, than that from Corleone or Termini to Nicosia.

If one has time to spare, money to spend, patience to accept the divers tribulations of travel in a country less civilized than England or France many centuries ago, and a serviceable knowledge of Italian (with at least a smattering of Sicilian colloquial terms), the best way to make this trip would be to start from Termini-Imerese, with mules hired, not at the Grande Albergo della Terme, where the few foreigners invariably put up, but at the neighboring and less pretentious Locanda della Fenice. There is also a very fine forest route, somewhat shorter, starting inland a few miles eastward of Cefalù, via Castelbuono and Gerace (called Gerace Siculo to distinguish it from the Gerace of Calabria) to Gangi. But from first to last the inconveniences of this route are very great. As to making Gangi a point at which to rest, or upon which to depend for any manner of accommodation or service in that wild and desolate if picturesque hill capital of one of the most wild and desolate regions of Sicily, blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

Having left Termini-Imerese, then, we travel eastward two or three miles till we reach the gray-green waters of the Fiume Torte, and then diverge due south by the road to Cerda. In this wild region, between the Fiume Torte on the west and the Fiume Grande (or Imera Settentrionale) on the east, we are upon the famous Saracen Road; for this was the favorite route of the Carthaginians of the city which the later Hellenes called Panormus, and of the Saracens (and Normans) of Palermo, on their martial or predatory raids into the interior. On this steep winding road southward from Cerda to Selafani (a desolate township in a relatively fertile region, where one must not look to obtain even a cup of coffee) many a splendid procession of turbaned and vividly arrayed Orientals must have ridden proudly through what they considered subject lands, or re-

turned more proudly still, with spoil and captives from the Hellenic settlements or Sikelian towns of the interior.

The abrupt racial contrasts so often to be noted in Sicily are exceptionally evident here. At Termini-Imerese, for instance, Norman and Roman, or the later "Sicilian blend," are prevalent; at Cefalù, a few miles away, the Greek type is to be seen oftener than perhaps anywhere along the north coast, where it is less frequent than on the southern shores, and notably at Syracuse, Girgenti, and Taormina, or rather the vicinage of Taormina (Letojanni, Gallodoro, Mola, Graniti, Roccafronza, Castiglione, and Linguaglossa); and here at Selafani the debased Italic type is common, while at the high hill town opposite, Caltavuturo, one might almost fancy one's self in El Keb or other of the mountain towns of Western Tunisia, or in the beyarchy of Constantine. It is worth the ascent, to walk or ride on muleback up the steep winding road to Caltavuturo, that ancient Saracenic eyrie perched at a height of 3000 feet. The population (of whom, at certain seasons, few will be seen, except women, children, and old men) will not beg insistently, as in most places of the kind, but will stare at one with a fixed, passive curiosity as concentrated as that which meets the European in one of the oasis towns of the Sahara. The name, too, is Saracenic, and is taken from the ruined fortress which crowns the arid rock rising beyond it, much as Mola rises beyond the Monte di Castello at Taormina, or, rather, as the Monte di Castello rises out of and over Taormina. Till the Arabic tongue faded out of Sicily the hill fortress of Caltavuturo was Kala't-Abi-Tooro (*Thûr*), — the fortress town of the lord Abi-Thûr.

In the now extraordinary and fantastic savagery of this region a rough triangle might be drawn, with Caltavuturo as its left base, the two Petralias as its right, and Polizzi with the towering height of Monte Salvatore and of the

Peaks of the Antenna — two of the highest summits of the Madonian Range — as its apex.

There is, except from Mount Etna or from the Comb of the Cammarata, from the great rock above Castrogiovanni, or from the walls of Centuripe or Troina, or from the beech woods of Maniace at the summit of the Serra del Rè, no view in Sicily comparable in magnificent range with that from *La Generosa*, as Polizzi is surnamed. This small town, once a Norman eyrie of Count Roger, — his mountain whip for the Saracens, — stands on an extraordinary rock or precipice at an elevation of over 3000 feet sheer from the surrounding mountain region. In the Middle Ages Polizzi was one of the most prosperous inland towns of the Sicilian Highlands, though how it could ever have been so may well puzzle the traveler of to-day, who looks up to its crag-set height either in the blaze of the merciless heat beating with a furnace-wing against the arid rock, or with the sleety rain and tempestuous cloud of the *tramontana* or *gregâle* in the dreaded *stagione di Temporale* — the Season of Tempest.

But none will grudge the ascent. There is, too, a tolerable locanda, not to put up at, but at which to rest awhile and enjoy, perhaps, a garlicky omelet or still more highly savored *frittura*, and some strong and crude, but otherwise creditable, red wine. The immense panorama of the view extends over much of central Sicily, — from the last spurs of the Madonian Range on the north, above Cefalù and the Tyrrhene Sea, to the height of Enna in the south; from the Montemaggiore and Cammarata mountain ranges of the west to the steep slopes of Nicosia and Troina and to the snows of sky-reaching Etna on the east. Far below, in the rocky valley, foam the torrents which become the Fiume Salso (the *Himera Meridionalis*) and the Fiume Grande (the *Himera Septentrionalis*). Near by are the precipitous neighboring mountain towns of Castellana and Pe-

tralia, and, due south, Alimena, on the flanks of Monte Balza, — the site, it is believed, of the ancient Imachæ. And even in the little town itself there are things of interest to be seen, — in particular some fine carving and other sculptural adornment in the Duomo, or *Chiesa Matrice*, as the cathedral church is always called in Sicily, and in the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli a really fine archaic triptych, brought here no one seems to know when or by whom, but obviously painted by a disciple of Memline, if not by the great Fleming himself.

As for the Petralias, I wonder if any tourist has ever wandered thither by some strange freak of curiosity or accident? Coins and other remains have been found here in considerable number, but nothing, I believe, of special interest, or even absolutely to confirm the fact that here of old stood *Petræa*. Gangi, on the other hand, that grimly sordid centre of a region in part luxuriantly fertile, and for the rest desolately wild, may well draw the archæologist who remembers how Verres (who despoiled so many Sicilian fanes and so many civic treasures, and yet whom we in a sense gratefully remember as the cause of some of Cicero's most vivid and splendid eloquence) swept this Siculo-Cretan township of all it held most sacred, and how the great Roman orator spoke bitterly of the "august and sacred fane" that, till the robber-prætor came, still stood here undefiled in honor of the Cretan Mothers (the "Magna Mater," rather, of Cicero's oration). The amateur archæologist must be on guard, however; for the Gangi of to-day is not the same as that which as *Engyum* stood some two miles southward, on the bridge path leading to Buonpietro. All that remained of Engyum to the Middle Ages was destroyed in the last year of the thirteenth century by the then ruler of Sicily because of the revolt of its overlord, one of the powerful family of Ventimiglia.

From Gangi to Nicosia is from ten to twelve miles, though a pedestrian in late spring or early autumn might think it twenty.

Nicosia is perhaps the one remote town of the interior to which a few travelers do annually find their way. These, however, do not approach from the north-east or north or west, rarely even from Castrogiovanni in the south; but from Troina in the east, or directly from more distant Adernd, — which, by comparison with the rail-unserved towns of the interior, appears to the inland traveler as a modern civilized town of excellent parts. Nicosia is certainly well worth a visit for its picturesque aspect, standing as it does on a precipitous steep with two ragged peaks, on the higher of which are the ruins of one of Roger the Norman's many castles or fortresses. Below are the two torrents of the Fiume Salso, and all around is a region of sometimes beautiful and always savage and fantastic mountain scenery. But the interest of the town and its citizens has been exaggerated. The one is said to be the most mediæval-looking town in Sicily, or even in Italy, and the other are reputed to be both in dialect and appearance a people more Lombard than Sicilian. Nicosia is certainly "mediæval" enough, both in dirt and discomfort, and in general backwardness, but is less noteworthy in this respect than, say, Corleone, or even than Bronte, for all that the latter is on the populous Ætnean slope. The "Lombard," too, has long since disappeared. As to the dialect, it seems to be neither better nor worse than the Sicilian of the coast lands, though colloquially it no doubt retains many archaic or debased Lombard words, survivals of the Norman and Lombard colonists who settled, or were "planted" here seven or eight centuries ago. For the benefit, however, of those who think their Italian will carry them far with Sicilian, let me give a few lines in the vernacular. A popular sonnet begins, —

A Ddi e a Mmaria. . . . Acussi passà 'n' atr' annu. . . .

Another, —

Liva u mmiaggiu agghiiri a Bbillafranca. . . .

Another, —

A nnàtru lu 'ngiuriani Sam Pasquali.

But as the most popular *sonetti* are those in dialogue, here is a typical example, — mercifully given only in part: —

Chi ffa la chiina ? ! . . .

— A ddocu ! . . . taliati ! . . .

Ari 'na facci di malaconunnatta

Cô 'm pari veru ! . . .

— Bbab ! . . . si vi fidati

D' idda pi ceamadora, vi cci ammutta

Certa ddagghiusu a mmari : 'un ci pinzati ! . . .

Pi ceonu la canusciu ji' ! . . .

— Cchiù ssutta

L'acqui fannu trimari ! 'Ntrubulati

Tunnu p' unu' en' e gghiè ! . . . (etc.)

A friend in Taormina, to whom I showed this, remarked that it took away from him all desire to visit the interior, as he could not sleep a night in a place where he heard any one — "murderer or murdered" — "sputtering" words like, —

Certu ddagghiusu a mmari . . . 'Ntrubulati

Tunnu p' unu' en' e gghiè !

The hill town of Troina, some twelve miles eastward, is better worth a visit. From both, it should be added, are to be had the noblest views of Etna in its full gigantic magnificence. Troina is called the highest town in Sicily, but there are several at a greater elevation, though, certainly, it *looks* a more inaccessible eyrie than any other mountain citadel. The neighboring Ætnean township of Maletto, for example, is higher in actual elevation above the sea by about a hundred feet (3730). Here, at Troina, the people are indeed primitive. I write this article at Taormina, and only a few days ago a good lady came to this "dazzling" place in the great outer world on her first visit away from her mountain town, though she is nearer seventy than sixty; and it was strange to note her anxiety to behold at first hand three things she had never seen, — a steamer, a train, and a piano. The steamer was

too far away to impress her much ; the train, even viewed from the safe distance of the station wall at Giardini, had more of terror than of delight ; but before the marvel of the piano her whole soul all but worshiped and adored.

No one who visits Troina is likely to omit a visit to its rival, Centuripe or Centorbi, where to this day more coins, terra-cottas, and other Græco-Roman fragments are found than almost anywhere else in Sicily. The people here are markedly of the Hellenic type or types, though the Roman or Neronian face is often to be seen among the lithe stalwart youth. Probably the real Sicilian of the earlier Middle Ages survives more in Troina and Centorbi than in any other Trinacrian town.

Novara, far away in the northeast, the hill capital of the Messenian Highlands, or the "Neptunian mountains," or "Peloric range," as the geographers and historians have it, is practically never visited. From the north, it can be best reached by the village of Falcone in the Gulf of Milazzo, about half-way between Barcellona and Patti, — a long and arduous but superbly beautiful ascent. But few will ever attempt that route. From the south, by mule, I should recommend either the northeast route from Randazzo (a guide, and perhaps a single *carabiniere* escort, and certainly ample store of provender, should be taken), or, if the traveler be a good climber and willing to "rough it," and able also to risk rapidly varying climatic changes, to go from Taormina — the Eden of Sicily, where it rests in inexhaustible beauty and charm on its chasm-riven crags above the Ionian Sea — either up behind Mola and Monte Venere, and then by way of Graniti and Francavilla, or first to Letojanni on the eastern Corniche, and then northward and upward by Gallodoro, Mongiuffi, and Roccafiorita. At these last-named villages, however, the people are often unfriendly, and at best are apt

to be sullen. It will be well, therefore, not to accede to any prior requests for a halt for food or rest there, unless for change of mules. But except for the splendid views, — hardly, however, so exceptional as to be worth the fatigue and trouble of the excursion, — there is nothing to see in Novara itself, and even the archæologist is hardly likely to be impelled by any passionate desire to view the site of ancient Abacænum. At Roccafiorita, I may add, one day last spring, I came upon a brotherhood of three rejoicing in the baptismal names Orestes, Æschylus (*Æschilò*), . . . and Galahad (*Galahotto*) ! and heard of a girl of the place called Saffa (*Sappho*, *Psapppha*). At Taormina and Syracuse, indeed, there are many Greek names in common use among the people. I have been shaved by an Orestes in the one, and by a Diodoro in the other, and, in the same street as the latter, saw Olisso (Ulysses) and Ullissu (Sicilian) twice, and Dionisio (Dionysius) and Empedocle, above shops or handiwork quarters. Medea and Aretusa, and other Greek women-names survive ; and among the two or three hundred vine laborers on the lands of Maniace, in the duchy of Bronte, are such unexpected baptismal names as the ancient Zeffonia and Sephone, both (like the Sicilian *Ssuffinnù*) a corruption of Persephone — and as the more modern surname Kyrie-eleison ! Indeed, there are at least a score of vintagers — possibly a score of families — on the Maniace estate, whose name of Kyrie-eleison (Pietro Kyrie-eleison, Maria Kyrie-eleison, Giorgio Kyrie-eleison, and so forth — modern Græco-Sicilian colonists, no doubt) I have seen entered on the Duke of Bronte's labor list, kindly brought to me for my interested investigation by Mr. Charles Beek, Lord Bridport's (the Duke of Bronte's) agent at Castello di Maniace, the ducal residence.

From Castello di Maniace date some of my most memorable and delightful

experiences of inland Sicily. In the company of the Duca Alessandro ¹—or the *Ducchino*, the Young Duke, as he is commonly called—I have seen more of the wild and beautiful country behind Etna than would be practicable otherwise. The duchy of Bronte is, in itself, one of the most remarkable tracts in Sicily, stretching as it does from the high plateau of lava-covered lands near the Lake of Gurrida (between Randazzo and Maletto),—the *Balze*, as it is called, and not only the legendary scene of the wanderings of Demeter, but the historical background of a great battle wherein the Saracen host was routed by the Greek general Maniaces and his ally—of all unexpected persons, Harald Hardrada, future King of Norway, with his fierce Northmen!—to the superb orange forest of the ravines of the Simeto (Symaitos), miles away beyond Maniace Castle and its vinelands, and distant, half-savage, hill-set Bronte itself, and more than a thousand feet lower. At Maletto one looks over a great region that is all the duchy; and at Bronte, ten or twelve miles away, at another part of it; and from the hills above the Simeto at another part, hidden below the gorges of that classic and beautiful stream; and from the far-stretching vinelands of Maniace, below the fantastic hill of Rapiti, as from the beautiful gardens and north end of the castle itself, up at hill rising from hill, and mountain ridge cresting upon mountain ridge, first to the oak woods of the Serraspina, and then to the famous ducal beech forests of the Serra del Rè.

I have lived amid and traversed this wonderful region—which one regrets that the first Duke of Bronte, our great Nelson, never saw—in spring and au-

tumn and winter, and hardly know when it is loveliest. Doubtless it has a supreme loveliness in March and April, when the lava-wilderness blossoms with the yellow flowers of the spurge,—that characteristic Sicilian plant, the euphorbia, more characteristic even than the cactus or prickly pear (“Indian fig”), so omnipresent throughout Sicily and southern Italy, and yet so strangely ignored by both painter and poet that I can remember no painting wherein it takes its dominant place, and only a single poem in which it is even mentioned,—one of the lovely “sonetti di natura selvaggia” in the *Flora* of Alinda Brunamonti; and there, as *Veleni* (used equivalently to *fleurs-du-mal*), the poet sees only the evil side of this beautiful if poisonous plant:—

Euforbie gonfie di maligno latte,
Neri solani e di cicuta ombrelle
Consacrate alla morte atre sorelle,
Crescon tra sassi dove il Sol non batte. . . .

At this season, too, every variety of crocus and lily and violet, of jonquil and narcissus and iris, almost every wild bloom of north and south, from the wild rose to the asphodel, appears in incredible luxuriance. This is the season of Persephone, and of the youth of the world. But inland Sicily is not a joyous land, and I think its beauty is less poignant and more exquisite in late October or early November. Is there anything in Europe finer than the beech forests of the Serra del Rè when the wind from Etna, blowing at a height of six to eight thousand feet, moves across this gold and amber mountain raiment, immense, primeval, solitary, on the neck of the vast Sicilian watershed; or, anywhere, is there another Enchanted Garden like that *giardino selvaggio* of the Castle of Maniace, surrounded by giant poplars, vast tremulous columns of shaken but unfalling gold?

William Sharp.

¹ Lord Bridport's son, the Hon. Alex. Nelson Hood, Administrator-General of the duchy of Bronte.

THE COMMON LOT.¹

XII.

THE Phillippses had spent the winter in Europe. Mrs. Phillips was still adding to her collection for the new house, — Forest Manor as she had dubbed it. Leaving Venetia in Paris with some friends, she descended upon Italy, the rage for buying in her soul. There she gathered up the flotsam of the dealers, — marbles, furniture, stuffs, — a gold service in Naples, a vast bed in Milan, battered pictures in Florence. Mrs. Phillips was not a discriminating amateur; she troubled her soul little over the authenticity of her spoil. To San Giorgio, Simonetti, Richetti, and their brethren in the craft, she was a rich harvest, and they put up many a prayer for her return another season.

In March of that year, Jackson Hart, struggling with building strikes in Chicago, had a cablegram from the widow. "Am buying wonderful marbles in Florence. Can you come over?" The architect laughed as he handed the message to his wife. "Some one ought to head her off! She'll send over a shipload of fakes." Helen, thinking that he needed the vacation, urged him generously to accept the invitation and get a few weeks in Italy. But it was no time just then for vacation: he was in the grip of business, and another child was coming to them.

From time to time Mrs. Phillips's treasures arrived at Forest Park, and were stored in the great hall of her house. Then late in the spring the widow telephoned the architect.

"Yes! I am back," came her brisk, metallic tones from the receiver. "Glad to be home, of course, with all the dirt and the rest of it. How are you getting on? I hear you are doing lots of things.

Maida Rainbow told me over there in Paris that you were building the Bushfields an immense house. I am so glad for you, — I hope you are coining money!"

"Not quite that," he laughed back.

"I want you to see all the treasures I have bought. I've ruined myself and the children. However, you'll think it's worth it, I'm sure. You must tell me what to do with them. Come over Sunday, can't you? How is Mrs. Hart? Bring her over, too, of course."

Thus she gathered him up on her return, with that dexterous turn of the wrist which exasperated her righteous brother-in-law. On the Sunday, Jackson went to see the "treasures," but without Helen, who made an excuse of her mother's weekly visit. He found the widow in the stable, directing the efforts of two men servants in unpacking some cases.

"How are you?"

She extended a strong, flexible hand to Hart, and with the other motioned toward a marble that was slowly emerging from the packing straw.

"Old copy of a Venus, the Syracuse one. It will be great in the hall, won't it?"

"It's ripping!" he exclaimed warmly. "Where did you get that bench?"

"You don't like it?"

"Looks to be pure fake."

"Simonetti swore he knew the very room where it's been for over a hundred years."

"Oh! He probably slept on it!"

"Come into the house and see the other things. I have some splendid pictures."

For an hour they examined the articles she had bought, and the architect was sufficiently approving to delight the

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widow. Neither one had a pure, reticent taste. Both were of the modern barbarian type that admires hungrily, and ravishes greedily from the treasure house of the Old World what it can get, what is left to get, piling the spoil helter-skelter into an up-to-date American house. Mediæval, Renaissance, Italian, French, Flemish, — it was all one ! They would turn Forest Manor into one of those bizarre, corrupt, baroque museums that our lavish plunderers love, — electric-lighted, telephoned, with gilded marble fireplaces, massive bronze candelabra, Persian rugs, Gothic choir stalls, French bronzes, — a house of barbarian spoil !

A servant brought in a tray of liquors and cigarettes; they sat in the midst of pictures and stuffs, and sipped and smoked.

"Now," Mrs. Phillips announced briskly, "I want to hear all about you."

"It's only the old story, — more jobs and strikes, — the chase for the nimble dollar," he answered lightly. "You have to run faster for it all the time."

"But you are making money?" she questioned directly.

"I'm spending it!"

He found it not difficult to tell her the state of his case. She nodded comprehendingly, while he let her see that his situation was not altogether as prosperous as it appeared on the surface. Payments on buildings were delayed on account of the strikes; office expenses crept upwards; and personal expenses mounted too. And there was the constant pressure of business, the fear of a cessation in orders.

"We may have to move back to town. That Loring place is pretty large to swing. In town you can be poor in obscurity."

"Nonsense! You must not go back. People will know that you haven't money. You are going to get bigger things to do. And you are so young. My! Not thirty-five!"

Her sharp eyes examined the man frankly, sympathetically, approving him

swiftly. His clay was like hers; he would succeed — in the end.

"Come! I have an idea. Why should n't you build here, on my land? Something pretty and artistic, — it would help you, of course. I know the very spot, just the other side of the ravine, — in the hickories. Do you remember it?"

In her enthusiasm she proposed to go at once to examine the site. Pinning a big hat on her head, she gathered up her long skirt, and they set forth, following a neat wood-path that led from the north terrace into the ravine, across a little brook, and up the other bank.

"Now, here!" She pointed to a patch of hazel bushes. "See the lake over there! And my house is almost hid. You would be quite by yourselves."

He hinted that to build even on this charming spot a certain amount of capital would be needed. She frowned and settled herself on the stump of a tree.

"Why don't you try that Harris man? You know him. He made a heap of money for me once, — corn, I think. He knew just what was going to happen. He's awfully smart, and he's gone in with Rainbow, you know. I am sure he could make some money for you."

"Or lose it?"

She laughed scornfully at the idea of losing.

"Of course you have got to risk something. I would n't give a penny for a man who would n't trust his luck. You take my advice and see Harris. Tell him I sent you."

She laughed again, with the conviction of a successful gambler, and it became her to laugh, for it softened the lines of her mouth.

She was now forty-one years old, and she appeared to Jackson to be younger than when he had first gone to see her about the house. She had come back from Europe thinner than she had been for several years. Her hair was perfectly black, still undulled by age, and

her features had not begun to sharpen noticeably. She had another ten years of active, selfish woman's life before her, and she knew it.

Meantime he had grown older, so that they were much nearer together. She treated him quite as her equal in experience, and that flattered him.

"Yes," she continued, in love with her project, "there is n't a nicer spot all along the shore. And you would be next door, so to say. You could pay for the land when you got ready."

She gave him her arm to help her in descending the steep bank of the ravine, and she leaned heavily on him. The June sun lay warmly about the big house as they returned to it. The shrubbery had grown rankly around the terrace, doing its best in its summer verdancy to cover the naked walls. Beneath the bluff the lake lapped at the sandy shore in a summer drowse. The architect looked at the house he had built, with renewed pride. It was pretentious and ambitious, mixed in motive like this woman, like himself. He would have fitted into the place like a glove, if his uncle had done the right thing! Somewhat the same thought was in the widow's mind.

"It was a shame that old Powers treated you so shabbily! It ought to have been yours."

They stood for a moment on the terrace, looking at the house. Yes, it was like them both! They loved equally the comforts and the luxuries and the powers of this our little life. And they were bold to snatch what they wanted from the general feast.

"You must make Harris do something for you!" she mused. "You can't bury yourself in a stuffy flat." Then in a few moments she added, "How's that handsome wife of yours? I hear she's going to have another child." She continued with maternal, or, perhaps, Parisian, directness, — "Two babies, and not on your feet yet! You must n't have any more. These days children are no un-

mixed blessing, I can tell you. . . . Venetia? I left her in the East with some friends. She's too much for me, already. She needs a husband who can use the curb."

When Jackson reported to Helen the widow's offer, his wife said very quickly, "I had rather go back to the city, Francis!"

"Why?" he asked with some irritation.

"Because, because" —

She put her arms about his neck in her desire to make him feel what she could not say. But he was thinking of Mrs. Phillips's advice to see the broker, and merely kissed her in reply to her caress. It was the year of the great bull market, when it seemed as if wealth hung low on every bough, and all that a bold man had to do to win a fortune was to pick his stock and make his stake. . . .

Forest Park was very gay that summer. There were perpetual dinners and house parties and much polo at the Shoreham Club. The architect, who was very popular, went about more than ever, sometimes with his wife, and often alone, as her health did not permit much effort. Occasionally he played polo, taking the place of one of the regular team, and usually when there was a match he stopped at the club on his way from the city.

One of these polo Wednesdays, late in August, Helen strolled along the shore-path in the direction of the Phillipses' place, with an idea of calling on Venetia Phillips, if her strength held out. The path followed the curves of the bluff in full view of the lake, from which rose a pleasant coolness like a strong odor. Back from the edge of the bluff, in the quiet of well-spaced trees, stood the houses. They seemed deserted on this midsummer afternoon; those people who had the energy to stir had gone to the polo grounds. The Phillips house was asleep, but Helen finally roused a ser-

vant, who departed in search of Venetia. The silence of the long drawing-room, with its close array of dominating furniture, oppressed her. She moved about restlessly, then crossed the hall to an open window, where from the north the lake air was floating into the close house. Outside on the terrace there were voices.

The murmur of the voices was broken by a laugh which she knew to be her husband's, and she started forward in surprise. Through the open window she could see the blue lake, and, nearer, a corner of the north terrace, where the luxuriant vines curtained a sheltered nook. Jackson and Mrs. Phillips were there, leaning slightly forward in the animation of their talk. The widow put her hand on the architect's arm to emphasize her words, and it lay there while she looked into the man's face with her vivacious, gleaming eyes. The odor of Jackson's cigar floated up through the open window into Helen's face.

It was nothing. She had no suspicion of wrong, or jealousy of this woman, who liked men, — all men. Yet some unfamiliar pain gripped her heart. Some mysterious and hostile force had entered her field, and she seemed to see it pictured, dramatized here before her in this little scene, a man and a woman with chairs pulled close together, their faces aglow with eager feelings! The other part of her husband, that side she dimly felt and put from her with dread, was fed by this woman. And the wife hated her for it.

She lingered a moment, not listening, but trying to still her beating heart, not daring to trust herself to move. . . .

There was nothing evil, however, between those two on the terrace. The architect had come from town by an early train to see the polo, and there Mrs. Phillips had found him, and had brought him home in her automobile. She had just learned a piece of news that concerned the architect closely, and they were dis-

cussing it in the shade and quiet of the north terrace.

"I know they 're going to start soon. The judge let it out last night. He 's no friend of yours, of course, because I like you. You must get hold of your cousin and the other trustees."

It was here that Mrs. Phillips laid her hand on the young man's arm in her eagerness. Hart murmured his thanks, thinking less of the widow than of the trustees of the Powers Jackson bequest.

"It 'll be the biggest thing of its kind we have had in this city for years. It 's only right that you should have it, too. Can't your wife win over the judge? He 's always talking about her."

It was not strange that the man should take the woman's hand in the end, and hold it while he expressed his gratitude for all her good offices to him. It was a pleasant hand to hold, and the woman was an agreeable woman to have in one's confidence. Naturally, he could not know that she considered all men base, — emotionally treacherous and false-hearted. . . .

Venetia found Helen in the drawing-room, very white, her lips trembling, and beads of perspiration on her forehead.

"It 's nothing," the older woman protested. "I should n't have walked so far. And now I must go back at once, — yes, really I must. I 'm so sorry!"

"Let me call Mr. Hart," Venetia said, troubled by the woman's face. "I saw him come in with mamma a little while ago."

"No, no, I prefer not, please. It would worry him."

Then Venetia drove her home, and left her calmer, more herself, but still cold. She kissed her, with a girl's demonstrativeness, and the older woman burst into tears.

"I am so weak and so silly! I see things queerly," she explained, endeavoring to smile.

After the girl had gone, Helen tried to recover her ordinary calm. She played

with the little Francis, who was beginning to venture along the walls and chairs of his nursery, testing the power in his sturdy legs. This naïve manifestation of his masculine quality touched the mother strangely. She saw in this germ of manhood the future of the boy. What other of man's instincts would he have? Would he, too, fight for his share of the spoil of the world?

The terrible hour of her woman's agony was fast approaching, when she should put forth another being into the struggle with its mates. She did not shrink from the pain before her, although she began to wonder if it might not end her own life, having that dark foreboding common to sensitive women at this crisis.

If death came, now, what had she done with her life? She would leave it like a meal scarce tasted, a task merely played with. This afternoon when she saw her husband, so remote from her, traveling another road, a bitter sense of the fruitlessness of all living had entered her heart. This husband, whom she had so passionately loved!

An hour later, as the architect was taking his leave of Mrs. Phillips, the butler brought him a telephone message from his house. His wife was suddenly taken ill. He raced home through the leafy avenues in the big touring car, which fortunately stood ready to take him. He found Helen white and exhausted, her eyes searching the vacant horizon of her bedroom.

"Why, Nell! Poor girl!" he exclaimed, leaning over her, trying to kiss her. "Venetia said you were there this afternoon. Why did n't you let me know?"

Her lips were cold and scarcely closed to his caress. She pushed him gently from her, wishing to be alone in her trial. But shortly, purging her heart of any suspicion or jealousy, — still haunted by that fear of death, — she drew him again to her.

"You were with Mrs. Phillips. I did n't — It's all right, Francis. I love you, dear!"

XIII.

Rumor had it that the Powers Jackson trust was about to be fulfilled. It had become known among the friends of the trustees that during these prosperous times the fund for the educational project had grown apace, and was now estimated to be from five to six millions of dollars. It was understood that certain trustees were in favor of handing over this munificent bequest to a large local university, with the stipulation that a part of the money should be devoted to some form of manual training or technological school on the West Side.

One morning Jackson Hart read from the newspaper an item to the effect that negotiations were under way with the university.

"So that's their game!" he exclaimed to Helen, seeing an unexpected check to his ambition. He went away to the train, trying to remember who were the influential trustees of the university, and wondering whether, after all, there would be any monumental building. He scarcely noticed his wife's disgust over the news.

She was stirred unwontedly to think that already to this extent had the old man's design become blurred!

"He did n't care for universities or theoretical education," she protested warmly the next time she met Judge Phillips on the Chicago train.

Pemberton, also one of the trustees, was sitting beside the judge. He listened gravely to Helen's speech. The judge, who preferred to talk babies or shrubs with a pleasant young woman, admitted that there had been some negotiations with the university; but nothing had been decided.

"Mr. Hollister seems to be against it. You'll have to talk to Pemberton here. It was his idea!"

"He would n't have done it!" Helen protested, looking at Pemberton. "We often used to talk over college education. He thought that colleges educated the leaders, the masters; and there would always be enough of that kind of institution. He wanted to do something with his money for the people!"

"Yes, of course, it must be a technical school," Pemberton replied dryly, "and it must be out there on the West Side."

"But for the people, the working people," she insisted.

"Naturally! But we are all the 'people,' are n't we, Mrs. Hart? I have n't much sympathy with this talk nowadays about the 'people' as opposed to any other class."

"That's the unions!" the judge nodded sagely. "We are all the 'people'! We want to offer the best kind of education for the poor boy or the rich boy. What was Powers himself? His school must be a place to help boys such as he was."

They were both completely at sea as to the donor's real intentions, she felt sure, and she was eager to have them see the matter as she saw it. Suddenly ideas came to her, things she wished to say, things that seemed to her very important to say. She remembered talks that she had had with the old man, and certain remarks about college education which had dropped from him like sizzling metal.

"But a technological school like the one in Boston," — Pemberton had instanced this famous school as an example they should follow, — "that's a place to educate boys out of their class, to make them ambitious, to push them ahead of their mates into some higher class."

"Well?" asked Pemberton. "What's the matter with that idea?"

"Uncle wanted something so different! He wanted to make boys good workmen, to give them something to be contented with when they had just labor before them, daily labor, in the factories and mills."

The judge's face was puckered in puzzle. He was of an older generation, and he could see life only in the light of competition. Free competition, that was his ideal. And the constant labor disputes in Chicago had thickened his prejudices against the working people as a class. He believed that their one aim was to get somebody's money without working for it.

But the other man was more responsive. He felt that this woman had an idea, that she knew perhaps what the benefactor really wanted, and so they talked of the school until the train reached Chicago.

"Well," the judge said, as the people bustled to leave the car, "I hope we can get the thing settled pretty soon, and start on the building. I want to see something done before I die."

"Yes," Helen assented. "I should think you would want to see the school go up. I hope Jackson will have the building of it."

She expressed this hope very simply, without considering how it might strike the trustees. It was merely a bit of sentiment with her that her husband, who had got his education from Powers Jackson, might, as a pure labor of love, in gratitude, build this monument to the old man. It did not then enter her mind that there would be a very large profit in the undertaking. She assumed that the architect would do the work without pay!

But Pemberton's thin lips closed coldly, and the judge's reply made her face turn crimson for her indelicacy.

"We have n't got that far yet, Mrs. Hart. It's probable that we shall have a competition of designs."

The two men raised their hats and disappeared into the black flood pouring across the bridge, while she got into an omnibus. That remark of hers, she felt, might have undone all the good of the talk they had had about the old man's plan. Her cheeks burned again as she thought of hinting for favors to her husband. It seemed a mean, personal seek-

ing, when she had been thinking solely of something noble and pure.

This idea distressed her until she was engulfed in that mammoth caravansary where one half of Chicago shops and, incidentally, meets its acquaintances and gossips. She hurried hither and thither in this place in the nervous perturbation of buying. Finally, she had to mount to the third floor to have a correction made in her account. There, in the centre of the building, nearly an acre of floor space was railed off for the office force, the bookkeepers and tally clerks and cashiers. Near the aisle thirty or forty girls were engaged in stamping little yellow slips. Each had a computation machine before her and a pile of slips. Now and then some girl would glance up listlessly from her work, let her eyes wander vacantly over the vast shop, and perhaps settle for a moment on the face of the lady who was waiting before the cashier's window. This store boasted of the excellent character of its employees. They were of a neater, more intelligent, more American class than those employed in other large retail stores. Even here, however, they had the characteristic marks of dull, wholesale labor.

Helen was hypnotized by the constant punch, click, and clatter of the computation machines, the repeated movements of the girls' arms as they stretched out for fresh slips, inserted them in the machines, laid them aside. This was the labor of the great industrial world, — constant, rhythmic as a machine is rhythmic, deadening to soul and body. Standing there beside the railing, she could hear the vast clatter of our complex life, which is carried on by just such automata as these girls! What was the best education to offer them, and their brothers and fathers and lovers? What would give them a little more sanity, more joy and humanity? — that was the one great question of education. Not what would make them and their fellows into department managers or proprietors!

The receipted bill came, with a polite bow. She stuffed the change into her purse and hurried away, conscious that the girl nearest the railing was looking languidly at the back of her gown.

Before going to the Auditorium to meet some women who were to lunch with her there, she stopped at her husband's office. The architect had moved lately to the top story of a large new building on Michigan Avenue, where his office had expanded. He had taken a partner, a pleasant, smooth-faced young man, Fred Stewart, who had excellent connections in the city, which were expected to bring business to the firm. Cook was still the head draughtsman, but there were three men and a stenographer under him now. His faith in Hart had been justified, and yet at times he shook his head over some of the work which passed through the office.

He recognized Helen when she entered the outer office, and opened the little wicket gate for her to step inside.

"Your husband's busy just now, been shut up with a contractor most all the morning. Something important's on probably. Shall I call him?"

"No," she answered. "I'll wait a while. Is this the new work?" She pointed in surprise to the sketches on the walls of the office. "It's so long since I have been in the office. I had no idea you had done so much."

"More 'n that, too! There's some we don't hang out here," the draughtsman answered. "We've kept pretty busy!"

He liked his boss's wife. She had a perfectly simple, kindly manner with all the world, and a face that men love. The year before she had had Cook and his younger brother in the country over Sunday, and treated them like "distinguished strangers," as Cook expressed it.

"That's the Bushfields' house, — you know it, perhaps? This is Arnold Starr's residence at Marathon Point, — Colonial style. That's an Odd Fellows hall in Peoria. I did that myself."

Helen said something pleasant about the blunt elevation of the Odd Fellows hall.

"That's the Graveland," he continued, pointing to a dingy photograph that she recognized. "It was called after the contractor's name. We did that the first year."

"Yes, I think I remember," she murmured. That was the building her husband had done for the disreputable contractor, who had made it a mere lath-and-plaster shell.

She kept on around the room, studying the photographs and sketches. Among the newer ones there were several rows of semi-detached houses that, in spite of the architect's efforts, looked as if they had been carved out of the same piece of cake. Some of these were so brazen in their commonplaceness that she thought they must be the work of the Cooks. Probably Hart had got to that point of professional success where he merely "criticised" a good many of the less important sketches, leaving the men in the office to work them out.

She sat down to wait, her interest in the office sketches dulled. They were like the products of the great emporium that she had just left, — of all marketable kinds to suit all demands. The architect worked in all the "styles," — Gothic, early English, French château, etc. There was nothing sincere, honest, done because the man could do it that way and no other. It was clever contrivance.

Men came and went in the offices, the little doors fanning back and forth in an excitement of their own. The place hummed with business; messengers and clerks came in from the elevators; contractors exchanged words with the busy Cook; and through all sounded the incessant call of the telephone, the bang of the typewriter. A hive of industry! It would have pleased the energetic soul of the manager of Steele's emporium.

Meantime the wife was thinking, "What does it mean to *him*?" When

they began their married life in a flat on the North Side, Jackson had brought his sketches home; they had kept a little closet-like room off the hall where he worked evenings. But from the time they had moved into the Loring house he had rarely brought home his work; he was too tired at night and felt the need for distraction. Had he lost his interest in the art side of his profession? Was he turning it into a money-making business, like Steele's? She reproached herself as the spender and enjoyer, with the children, of this money, which came out of these ephemeral and gaudy buildings, whose pictures dotted the walls.

She was roused by the sound of her husband's voice. He was coming through the inner door, and he spoke loudly, cheerily to his companion.

"Well, then, it's settled. Shall I have Nelson draw the papers?" A thick, cautious voice replied, "There ain't any hurry, is there? What in hell do we want of paper, anyway?"

Then they emerged into the outer office. The stranger's square, heavy face, his grizzled beard, and thick eyebrows were not unknown to her.

"Why! You here!" the architect exclaimed, when he caught sight of his wife. "Why did n't you let me know? Always tell Miss Fair to call me."

He took her hand, and putting his other hand under her chin he gave her a little caress, like a busy, indulgent husband.

"Who was that man, Francis?" she asked.

"The one who came out with me? That was a contractor, a fellow named Graves."

She had it on her lips to say, "And you promised me once that you would never have any more business with him." But she was wise, and said simply, "I came away this morning without enough money, and I have those women at luncheon, you know."

"Of course! Here!" He rang a bell

and pulled a little cheque book from a mass of papers, letters, memoranda that he carried in his pocket. He made out a cheque quickly with a fountain pen, still standing.

"There, Miss Fair!" He handed the cheque to the waiting stenographer. "Get that cashed at the bank downstairs and give the money to Mrs. Hart."

When the young woman, with an impersonal glance at the husband and wife, had disappeared, the architect turned to Helen and pulled out his watch.

"I may have to go to St. Louis to-night. If you don't see me on the five two, you'll know I have gone. I'll be back Saturday, anyway. That's when we dine with the Crawfords, don't we?"

His mind gave her only a superficial attention, and yet he seemed happy in spite of the pressure of his affairs. The intoxication of mere activity, the excitement of "doing," so potent in our country, had got its grip on him. In his brown eyes there burned a fire of restless thoughts, schemes, combinations, which he was testing in his brain all the time. Yet he chatted courteously, while they waited for the stenographer to return.

"By the way," he remarked, "I telephoned Everett this morning, and he says there's nothing in that story about their giving the university the money. He says Hollister knows uncle would n't have wanted it, and Hollister is dead set against it."

"Judge Phillips and Mr. Pemberton were on the train with me this morning, and they talked about it. They don't seem altogether clear what the trustees will do. I hope they won't do that. It would be too bad!"

"I should say so!" Jackson added warmly.

He accompanied his wife downstairs, and bought her some violets from the florist in the vestibule. They parted at the street corner. She watched him until he was swallowed up by the swift flowing stream on the walk, her heart a

little sad. He was admirable toward her in every way. And yet — and yet — she hated the bustle of the city that had caught up her husband, and set him turning in its titanic, heartless embrace. There rose before her the memory of those precious days on the sea when they had begun to love.

XIV.

Hart had lately bought a couple of hunters, and Sundays, when it was good weather, they often went over to the club stables to see the horses and the hounds. It was a pleasant spot of a fine summer morning. The close-cropped turf rolled gently westward to a large horizon of fields, where a few isolated trees, branching loftily, rose against a clear sky. The stables were hidden in a little hollow, and beyond was a paddock where a yelping pack of hounds was kept. Close at hand at one side crouched in their pen some captive foxes, listening sharp-eyed to the noisy dogs.

No sports of any kind were allowed on Sundays. The community was severely orthodox in regard to the observance of Sunday, as in other merely moral matters. But when the weather was good there were usually to be found about the stables a group of young men and women, preparing for tête-à-tête rides or practicing jumps at the stone wall beside the paddock. Later they would stroll back to the club veranda for a cool drink, and gossip until the church-going members returned from the morning service, and it was time to dress for luncheon.

Of the younger set Venetia Phillips was most often to be found down by the stone wall on a Sunday morning. She had come home from Europe this last time, handsome, tall, and fearless, thirsty for excitement of all sorts, and had made much talk in the soberer circles of suburban society. She was a great lover of dogs and horses, and went about followed

by a troop of lolloping dogs, — an immense bull presented by an English admirer, and a wolf hound specially imported, being the leaders of the pack. She was one of the young women who still played golf, now that it was no longer fashionable, and on hot days she might be seen on the links, her brown arms bare to the shoulders, and a flood of blue-black hair hanging down her back. She rode to all the hunts, not excepting the early morning meets late in the season. It was said, also, that she drank too much champagne at the hunt dinners, and allowed a degree of familiarity to her admirers that shocked public opinion in a respectable and censorious society, which had found it hard to tolerate the mother.

Indeed, Mrs. Phillips could do nothing with her; she even confided her troubles to Helen: "My dear, the girl has had every chance over there abroad, — we had the very best introductions. She spoiled it all by her idiocy. Stanwood is making a fool of himself with a woman, too. Enjoy your children, now, while you can spank them when they are naughty!"

Helen, who had little enough sympathy with the domestic tribulations of the rich, remembered the widow's words the next time she met Venetia at the stone wall by the club stables, watching Lane, who was trying a new hunter. Lane's temper was notoriously bad; the Kentucky horse was raw and nervous; he refused the jump, almost throwing his rider. Lane, too conscious of the spectators, his vanity touched, beat the horse savagely on the head.

"Low!" Venetia grumbled audibly, turning her back on the scene. "Come!" she said to Helen, seizing her arm. "Have n't you had enough of brutes for one morning? Come up to the club and have a talk. That's the man madame my mother thinks I am going to marry. Do you suppose he'd use the whip on his wife?"

They had the club veranda to themselves at that mid-morning hour. Venetia flung herself into a chair, and flicked the tips of her boots with her whip. The small Francis, who had followed his mother, tumbled on the grass with the terrier Pete. Now and then Pete would hobble to the veranda and look at his mistress.

"You would n't marry that person, would you? Well? You want to say something disagreeable. You have had it on your conscience for weeks. I could see it in your eye. Spit it out, as the boys say!"

"Yes, I have had something on my mind! Why — why are you so?" —

"You mean, why do I smoke? drink champagne? and let men kiss me?"

She laughed at the look of consternation on Helen's face.

"That's what you mean, is n't it? My sporting around generally, and drinking too much at that dinner last fall, and supplying these veranda tabbies with so much food for thought? Why can't I be the nice, sweet young woman you were before you were married, eh? A comfort to Mrs. Phillips and an ornament to Forest Manor!"

"You need n't be all that, and yet strike a pleasanter note," the older woman laughed back.

"My dear gray mouse, I'm lots worse than that! Do you know where I was the other night when mamma was in such a temper because I had n't come home, and telephoned all around to the neighbors?"

"At the Bascoms'?"

"Of course, all sweetly tucked up in bed. Not a bit of it! A lot of us had dinner, and went to see a show, — that was all on the square. But afterwards Teddy Stewart and I did the Clark Street levee, at one in the morning, and quite by ourselves. We saw lots and lots, — it was very informing; I could tell you heaps; and it went all right until Teddy, like a little fool, got into trouble

at one of the places. Some one said something to me not quite refined, and Ted was just enough elated to be on his dignity. If we had n't had an awful piece of luck, there would have been a little paragraph in the paper the next morning. Would n't that have made a noise?"

"You little fool!" groaned Helen.

"Oh! I don't know," Venetia continued imperturbably. "Just as I had hold of Ted and was trying to calm him down, somebody hit him, and there was a general scrap. He is n't so much of a fool when he is all sober. Just then a man grabbed me, and I found myself on the street. It was — Well, no matter just now who it was. Then the man went back for Ted, and after a time he got him, rather the worse for his experience. We had to send him to a hotel, and then the man saw me home to the Bascoms'. My, what a talking he put up to me on the way to the North Side!"

She waited to see what effect she had produced, but as Helen said nothing she continued, —

"I suppose you are thinking I am a regular little red devil. But you don't know what girls do. I've seen a lot of girls all over. And most of 'em, if they travel in a certain class, do just as fool things as I do. On the quiet, you understand, and most of them don't get into trouble, either. They marry all right in the end, and become quiet little mammas like you, dear. Sometimes when they are silly, or weak, or have bad luck, there's trouble. Now, I am not talking loose, as Ted would say. I've known Baltimore girls, and New York girls, and Philadelphia girls, and Boston girls, — they're the worst ever!

"Why should the women be so different from the men, anyway? They are the same flesh and blood as their fathers and brothers, and other girls' fathers and brothers, too. . . . Don't make that face at me! I'm nice, too, at least a little nice. Didn't you ever sit here evenings, or over at the Eversley Club, and watch

the nice little girls? But perhaps you could n't tell what it means. You ought to get a few points from me or some other girl who is next them. We could tell you what they've done ever since they left school, day by day."

The small Francis was rolling over and over on the green turf, rejoicing in the pleasure of soiling his white suit. Beyond the polo field a couple on horseback were passing slowly along the curving road into the woods. The cicadas sang their piercing August song in the shrubs. It was a drowsy, decorous scene.

"It is n't all like that," the older woman protested. "Most of the men and women you know, here in Chicago" —

"Oh yes! They're good out here, most of 'em, and dull, damn dull. They're afraid to take off their gloves for fear it is n't the correct thing. A lot of 'em are n't used to their good clothes, like that Mrs. Rainbow. As uncle says, 'Our best people are religious and moral.' Chicago is too new to be real naughty, and too busy, but wait a few years. Meanwhile, there's more going on than you dream of, gray mouse!"

"You are too wise, Venetia!"

"I'll tell you the reason why we sport. We're dull, and we are looking for some fun. The men get all the excitement they need, scrambling for money. Girls want to be sports, too, and they can't do the money act. So they sport — otherwise. That's the why."

She rapped the floor with her whip, and laughed at Helen's perplexity.

"I want to be a real sport, and know what men are like, really, when they are off parade, as you nice women don't know 'em."

"Well, what are they like?"

"Some beasts, some cads, some good fellows," Venetia pronounced definitively. "Do you know why I let men kiss me sometimes? To see if they will, if that sort of thing is all they want. And most of 'em do want just that, married or single. When a man has the chance,

why, he goes back to the ape mighty quick."

She nodded sagely when Helen laughed at her air of wisdom. Then she continued serenely, —

"There are some of them now, coming up from the paddock. They have had their little Sunday stroll, and now they want a drink to make them feel cool and comfy, and some talk with the ladies. We must trot out our prettiest smiles and nicest talk, while they sit tight and are amused."

"And so you think this is all, just these women and men you see here and in other places like this? And the millions and millions of others who are trying to live decent lives, who work and struggle?"

"I talk of those I know, dearie. What are the rest to me? Just dull, ordinary people you never meet except on the street or in the train. We are the top of it all. . . . I don't care for books and all that sort of thing, or for slumming and playing with the poor. If you knew them, too, I guess you'd find much the same little game going on down there."

"What a horrid world!"

"It is a bit empty," the girl yawned. "I suppose the only thing, after you have had your run, is to marry the decentest man you can find, who won't get drunk, or spend your money, or beat you, and have a lot of children. Yours are awfully nice! I'd like to have the kids without the husband, — only that would make such a row!"

"And that would please your mother, to have you married?"

"Oh, mother! I suppose it would please her to have me marry Mr. Stephen Lane," Venetia answered coldly. "One does n't talk about one's mother, or I'd like to tell you a thing or two on that head. She need n't worry over me. She's had her fun, and is taking what she can get now."

The group of men and women drew near the clubhouse. Jackson stopped to

speak to a man who had just driven up. Venetia pointed to him.

"There! See Jackie, your good man? He's buzzing old Pemberton, that crusty pillar of society, because he's got a little game to play with him. You must n't look so haughty, dear wife. It's your business, too, to be nice to old Pemberton. I shall leave you when he comes up, so that you can beguile him with your sweet ways. It's money in thy husband's purse, mouse, and hence in thy children's mouths. Now, if we women could scramble for the dollars, — why, we should n't want other kinds of mischief. I'd like to be a big broker, like Rainbow, and handle deals, and make the other fellows pay, pay, pay!"

She swung the small Francis over her head and tumbled him in the grass, to the delight of Pete, who hobbled about his mistress, yelping with joy.

There was something hard and final in the girl's summary of her experience. Vigorous, hot-blooded, and daring, Venetia would have battled among men as an equal, and got from the fight for existence health, and sanity, and joy. As it was, she was rich enough to be protected in the struggle for existence, and was tied up by the prejudices of her class. She was bottled passion!

The architect still held Pemberton in conversation on the drive, and Venetia presently returned to Helen, smiling slyly into her face.

"That doctor man was an amusing chap, was n't he? I mean Dr. Coburn, the one who mended up Pete when I was a young miss, and outraged mamma by sending her a receipted bill for two hundred and fifty dollars. He asks about you. Why did you drop him?"

"Where have you seen him?"

"Oh, here and there. Why not? He was the man who helped me out of that scrape with Teddy. Would n't Jackie let you have anything to do with him? Jackie is an awful snob, you know."

"How is he?"

"Just as always, — poor, down at the heel and all over, an out-and-out crank."

"How do you meet him?" Helen asked pointedly.

"Sometimes at his hang-out, as he calls it. I've had supper there once or twice with Molly Bascom. You need n't be alarmed. We talk science, and he abuses doctors. He trundled off to Paris or Vienna with that queer machine of his, and got some encouragement. You should hear him talk about Europe! Now he's crazy about some new scheme. He may not make good, but he has a great time thinking all by himself. He'd starve himself to do what he's after. That's the real thing. I offered him money once!"

"Venetia!"

"Yes. I said, 'See here, friend, I've more of this than I want,' which was a lie. But I was willing to sell a horse or two. 'Help yourself,' I said. I put a cardcase I had with me on the table, stuffed of course. He took it up, took out what was in it, and put the case back. 'None of that,' he said. 'I don't take money from a woman,' and he handed the money back. I was glad afterwards that he did, though he looked specially hard up. I suppose I might have taken a nicer way to do it, but I thought he would understand and treat me like a little girl, as he always has. . . . Well, there comes Jackson, at last."

She gave the architect a hand, which he shook with mock impressiveness.

"How do, Jackie! I've been corrupting your angel."

It was evident that she and Jackson understood each other very well.

XV.

The Harts were to dine at the Stewarts', and Jackson Hart had considered this dinner of sufficient importance to bring him back to Chicago all the way

from Indianapolis. Elisha Stewart made his money many years ago, when he commanded a vessel on the lakes, by getting control of valuable ore properties. The Elisha Stewarts had lived in Shoreham for many years, and were much considered, — very good people, indeed. Their rambling, old-fashioned white house, with a square cupola projecting from the roof, was one of the village landmarks. It was surrounded by a grove of firs set out by Elisha himself when he built the house.

It was a large dinner, and most of the guests were already assembled in the long drawing-room when Helen and Jackson arrived. The people were all talking very earnestly about a common topic.

"It's the Crawfords," Mrs. Stewart murmured asthmatically into Helen's ear. "You know they find everything in a frightful tangle. There won't be much left."

"Indeed!" Jackson exclaimed sympathetically.

"He was n't all right, not fit for business for more than a year before he died," Colonel Raymond was saying to the group. "And he snarled things up pretty well by what I hear."

"That slide in copper last March must have squeezed him!"

"Squeezed? I should say it did."

"It was n't only copper."

"No, no, it was n't only copper," assented several men.

With the women, the more personal application of the fact was openly made.

"Poor old Anthony! It must have troubled him to know there was n't one of his family who could look out for himself. Morris was a pleasant fellow, but after he got out of Harvard he never seemed to do much. It will come hard on Linda."

"What has the youngest boy been up to lately?"

"The same thing, I guess."

"I heard he'd been doing better since he went on the ranch."

"He could n't do very much else there."

"Is n't there anything left?"

"Oh, the widow will have a little. But the sons-in-law will have to hunt jobs. One is out in California, is n't he?"

The company could not get away from the topic. After they went out to dinner, it echoed to and fro around the table.

"I say it's a shame, a crime!" Mr. Buchanan pronounced. "A man with that sort of family has no right to engage in speculative enterprises without settling a proper sum on his family first. There's his eldest daughter married to an invalid, his youngest daughter engaged to be married to a parson, and neither of his sons showing any business ability."

"That's a fact, Oliver," Mr. Stewart nodded. "But you know Anthony always loved deep water."

"And now his family have got to swim in it!"

"He was a most generous man," Pemberton threw into the conversation. "I hardly know of a man who's done more first and last for this town."

"Seems to have looked after other people's affairs better 'n his own. It's a pity now the boys were n't brought up to business."

"That is n't the way nowadays."

From time to time there were feeble efforts to move the talk out of the rut in which it had become fixed. But the minds of most about the table were fascinated by the spectacle of ruin so closely presented to them. The picture of a solid, worldly estate crumbling before their eyes stirred their deepest emotions. For the moment it crowded out that other great topic of the strike in the building trades. Every one at the table held substantially the same views on both these matters, but the ruin of the Crawford fortune was more immediately dramatic than the evils of unionism.

"When are you fellows going to start that school, judge?" some one asked at last.

"Not until these strikes let up, and there's no telling when that will be. If these labor unions only keep on long enough, they will succeed in killing every sort of enterprise."

Pemberton, who was seated next to Helen, remarked to her, —

"You will be glad to know, Mrs. Hart, that the trustees have decided not to hand the work over to any institution, at least for the present."

"I am so glad of that!" she replied.

"That's as far as we have got!"

Sensitively alive to her former blunder in expressing her wish that her husband might draw the plans for the school, she took this as a hint, and dropped the subject altogether, although she had a dozen questions to ask him about it.

She noticed that Jackson, who was seated between Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Phillips, was drinking a good deal of champagne. She thought that he was finding the dinner as intolerably dull as she found it, for he rarely drank champagne. When the women gathered in the drawing-room, the topic of the Crawfords' disaster had reached the anecdotal stage.

"Poor Linda! Do you remember how she hated Chicago? She's been living at Cannes this season, has n't she? I suppose she'll come straight home now. Does she own that place in the Berkshires?"

"No, everything was in his name."

"He was one of the kind who would keep everything in his own hands."

"Even that ranch does n't belong to Ted."

"My, what a tragedy it is!"

Helen sat limply in her chair. There seemed to be no end to the talk of the lost money. The leaden dullness of the dinner-talk, the dead propriety and conventionality of the service, the dishes, the guests, had never before so whelmed

her spirit as they did to-night. These good people were stung into unusual animation because a man had died leaving his family, not poor, but within sight of poverty, for poverty is the deadliest spectre to haunt the bourgeois, at his lying down and at his uprising!

When the men returned, murmuring among themselves fragments of the same topic, she felt as though she might shriek out or laugh hysterically, and as soon as she could she clutched her husband as he was sitting down beside Mrs. Pemberton.

"Take me away, Francis. It's awful," she whispered.

"What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, yes, I am all right. But can't we get away?"

As they got into their carriage, he demanded, "What was the matter?"

"Nothing, — just the awful dullness of it, — such people, — such talk, talk, talk about poor Mr. Crawford's money!"

"I thought the crowd was all right," he grumbled. "What better do you want?"

Then they were silent, and from the heat, fatigue, and champagne, he relapsed into a doze on the way home. But when they reached the house he woke up briskly enough, and began to talk of the dinner again: —

"Nell, Mrs. Phillips was speaking to me about Venetia. She's worried to death over the girl. The men say pretty rough things about her. Little fool! She'd better marry Lane and keep quiet."

"Like mother, like daughter," Helen replied dryly.

"What makes you say that? Louise is all right; just likes to have her hand squeezed now and then."

"Phew!" Helen exclaimed impatiently.

There was something so short and hard in his wife's voice that Jackson looked at her in surprise. They went

to their dressing-room; now that he had got his eyes open once more Jackson made no haste to go to bed. He lit a cigarette, and leaned back against the open window, through which the night air was drawing gently. After a little time he remarked, —

"The judge was talking some about the school. They are getting ready to build as soon as the strikes let up. Has Everett said anything to you about it?"

"Not lately. I have n't seen him since we were at the Buchanans'. Why?"

"Why! I am counting on Everett, and the last time I saw him he seemed to me to be side-stepping. I've seen Pemberton once or twice, but he avoided the subject. I asked him point blank to-night what their plans were, and he said the papers had everything that had been settled. He's a stiff one! I saw you were talking to him. Did he say anything about the school?"

Helen, who had been moving about the room here and there, preparing to undress, suddenly stood quite still. The memory of her remark to Pemberton that morning on the train swept over her again, coloring her cheeks. She answered the question after a moment of hesitation, —

"Yes, he spoke about their not giving the money to the university, but that was all."

"Oh!" Jackson murmured in a disappointed tone. "You might have drawn him out. He's likely to have a good deal to say about what is done. The judge is down on me, never liked me since I built for Louise, — thinks I stuck her, I suppose. Was n't his money, though! Hollister is on the fence; he'll do what Everett tells him. It rests on Pemberton, mostly."

Helen turned toward where he was standing and asked swiftly, "Why do you want them to give it to you so much?"

"Why?" The architect opened his

mouth in astonishment. "Don't you know the size of the thing? They're going to spend a million or more, put up one large building or several smaller ones. It's a chance that does n't come every week, to do a great public building."

She had begun to unhook her dress, and her nervous fingers tangled the lace about the hooks. Jackson, seeing her predicament, put down his cigarette and stepped forward to help her. But she swerved away from him unconsciously, tugging at the lace until it broke loose from the hook.

"Francis!" she exclaimed, with a kind of solemnity. "You would not do it for money, just like any ordinary building?"

"And why not?" he asked, puzzled. "Am I drawing plans for fun these days? I'll tell you what, Nell, I need the money, and I need it badly. Something must turn up and right away. Since the strikes began there has n't been much new business coming into the office, of course, and it costs us a lot to live as we do. That's plain enough."

"We can live differently."

"Yes, but I don't want to. That's nonsense!"

They were silent for a little while before their unfinished thoughts. He broke the silence first:—

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that I've been caught in an—investment, some stocks I bought. A friend of mine advised me, a broker who is in with Rainbow. But the thing went wrong. I don't believe those fellows know as much as the man outside! Well, instead of making a good thing by it, I must find ten or fifteen thousand dollars and find it mighty quick. Now if I get this commission, I can borrow the money all right. I know who will let me have it. And then by the end of the year it will straighten out. And the next time I go to buy stocks, well"—

"But that building,—the school?" Helen interrupted. She pulled a thin

dressing-sacque over her shoulders, and sat down on the edge of the bed, looking breathlessly into his face. What he had said about his losses in the stock market had made no impression on her. "That work is uncle Powers's gift, his legacy to the people. You can't make money out of it!"

"Why not?" he demanded shortly, and then added, with a dry little laugh, "I should say that building rather than any other! I'd like to pick up a few crumbs from the old man's cake. It's only common justice, seeing he did me out of all the rest."

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. Perhaps she was not a very quick woman, if after five years of daily contact with her husband she did not know his nature. But the conceptions she had cherished of him were too deep to be effaced at once. She could not yet understand what he meant.

"Did you out of all the rest?" she queried in a low voice.

"Yes!" he exclaimed hardily. "And I think the trustees should take it into consideration that I did n't contest the will, when I had the best kind of case and could have given them no end of trouble. I was a fool to knuckle under so quickly. I might at least have had an agreement with them about this matter!"

"So," she said, "you want to build the school to make up what you think uncle should have given you?"

"You need n't put it just like that! But I need every cent I can make. The bigger the building the better for me! And I can do it as well for them as anybody. They're probably thinking of having a competition, and having in a lot of fellows from New York and Boston. They ought to keep it in this city, anyway, and then the only man I'd hate to run up against would be Wright. He's got some mighty clever new men in his office."

He talked on as he stripped off his

coat and waistcoat and hung them neatly on the clothes-tree, detailing all the consideration he had given to his chances for securing this big commission. Evidently he had been turning it over and over in his mind, and he was desperately nervous lest he might lose what he had counted on all along ever since his marriage. He refrained from telling his wife that he felt she had seconded him feebly in this matter ; for she knew the judge, and Pemberton, and Everett, too, in a way better than he did.

Helen said nothing. There was nothing in her surprised and grieved heart to be said. For the first time she knew clearly what manner of man her husband was. She knew how he felt about his uncle. He was vindictive about him, and seemed to welcome this job as a chance to get even with the old man for slighting him in his will. For some reason unknown to her he had not tried at the time of his death to break his will and show his ingratitude, and now he was sorry that he had displayed so much forbearance.

This sudden sight of the nakedness of the man she loved dulled her heart so that she could not view the thing simply. It was impossible for her to see that there was nothing very dreadful in his attitude, nothing more than a little ordinary human selfishness, sharpened by that admirable system of civilized self-interest, which our philosophers and statesmen take such delight in praising ! She had been dreaming of her husband's designing this great building as a testimonial, a monument of gratitude, to the man who had succored his youth, who had given him his education. Her sentiment turned rancid in her heart.

"Now, if Everett should say anything to you, give you a chance, you know what it means to me !" Jackson remarked finally, as he put his boots outside the door for the man to get in the morning.

But she had already stepped back into

the dressing-room, and did not hear him. When she returned her husband was already in bed, and his eyelids were closed in sleep. She placed herself beside him and turned out the light.

She lay there a long, long time, her open eyes staring upwards into the darkness, her arms stretched straight beside her, as she used to lie when she was a little child and her nurse had told her not to stir. Something strange had happened that day, something impalpable, unnamable, yet true, and of enormous importance to the woman. The man who lay there beside her, her husband, the indivisible part of her, had been suddenly cut from her soul, and was once more his own flesh, — some alien piece of clay, and ever so to be !

She did not cry or moan. She was stunned. All the little, petty manifestations of character, unobserved through those five years of marriage, were suddenly numbered and revealed to her. It was not a question of blame. They declared themselves to her as finalities, just as if she had suddenly discovered that her husband had four toes instead of five. He was of his kind, and she was of her kind. Being what she was, she could no longer worship him, being what he was. And her nature craved the privilege of worship. That thin, colorless protestantism of her fathers had faded into a nameless moralism. She had no Christ before whom she could pour her adoration and love ! Instead, she had taken to herself a man ; and now the clay of his being was crumbling in her hands. . . .

Outside the room the lake began to clamor on the sands beneath the bluff. It called her by its insistent moan. She left her bed and stepped out upon the little balcony that looked eastward from their bedroom. The warm night was filled with a damp mist that swathed the tree trunks to their branches, and covered the slow moving waves of the lake. Through this earth fog there was mov-

ing a current from some distant point, touching the sleeping village.

She held her arms out to the mist, vaguely, blindly, — demanding some compensation for living, some justification that she knew not of. And there in the vigil of the misty night the woman was born. From a soft, yielding, dreaming, feminine thing, there was born a new soul, — definite, hard, and precise in its judgment of men and life. . . .

In the house behind her slept her husband and her two boys. Her children and his! But only in the words of the sentimentalists are children a sufficient joy to woman's heart. Loving as she was by nature, she asked more of life than her two boys, whose little lives no longer clung to hers by the bonds of

extreme infancy. They were growing to become men; they, too, like her husband, would descend into the market for the game which all men play. The fear of it gripped her heart!

And at last she wept, miserably, for the forlorn wreck of her worship, thinking of the glorious man she had once adored.

The next morning she said to her husband, —

"Francis, I want to live in the city this winter."

"Well, — there's time to think of it, — you may change your mind by the fall."

She said no more, but the first step had been taken.

Robert Herrick.

(To be continued.)

MORAL OVERSTRAIN.

IN mechanics it is part of the engineer's profession to consider carefully the amount of physical weight and pressure which various substances will bear, — how many pounds a given girder will sustain; how much an upright. It is upon this science and its carefully figured mathematical details that the safety and well-being of the housed community so largely depend. Sometimes, to be sure, even the most carefully estimated plans are spoiled by some unforeseen and unforeseeable weakness in the structural material, and it gives way at a pressure or strain apparently none too great for its endurance. But these occasional obsessions of inanimate nature do not discourage the engineer, or make him abandon his interminable mathematics. In spite of them, or rather on account of them, he continues his studies so that he may better succeed in placing on

the materials which he uses no grievous burden, and may not subject them to a stress or strain forbidden by natural law. Collapses of buildings are less frequent, and community life becomes safer, as this expert knowledge, founded on study and experience, grows broader and surer.

It is rather a sad thing, when one thinks of it, that the field of this sort of mathematics has such definite limitations, and that we cannot by mathematical formulæ calculate moral stress and strain, and ascertain how far we can safely go in placing burdens on the characters of those with whom we do business, or of those with whom we have social intercourse. Consider, for example, the great court calendars in the large cities. How many thousands of those cases, formal announcements of men at war with one another, or of so-

ciety itself at war with the individual, are really nothing more or less than examples of the unfortunate results of moral overstrain. One man has placed too great a burden on the moral strength of another, and there has been a break or a total collapse. And when that collapse comes, note the difference in the procedure which follows. As soon as the building wall cracks, or at the first observable indication of insecurity of foundation, the builder's first thought is to preserve the building, to relieve the strain on the weak spot, to strengthen its supports, and to reinforce its foundation. There has been no corresponding practice yet devised which may be taken when the moral crash comes and a business man's character goes to pieces, or when a thief or murderer is brought to the bar of criminal justice. There is no "jacking-up" process for overstrained morals to be found in the law courts.

We take philosophically enough the daily moral breakdown of our fellow men, and do not ordinarily complain to Providence against our inability to ascertain with mathematical certainty the extent of the confidence we can safely repose in the people with whom we have intercourse. It has always been so and always will be. We cannot apply mathematics to human conduct. The Fidelity insurance corporations which have sprung up within recent years have, to be sure, their systems based on experience for estimating moral hazards; and they have curious and exceedingly interesting theories of moral probabilities by which, for example, they estimate the chances of defalcation by an employee in a given employment in which given opportunities for wrong-doing are not counterbalanced by certain systems of inspection or supervision. These corporations and a few large financial institutions apparently recognize the necessity of considering moral risks somewhat in the way in which the engineer estimates as to the girder, — how he can make it perform its

useful functions in a house without being broken down by overstrain and bringing calamity with its fall. The method of the financial institutions in dealing with this question deserves a study by itself. Their method involves, generally, in its application to subordinate employees, a complex and carefully studied business system filled with "checks and balances," with frequent inspections and examinations, which are intended to reduce the opportunity for successful wrong-doing to a minimum. The pay of the minor employees of a banking house who handle fortunes daily is, as a rule, pitifully small, showing a conscious purpose in these institutions of relying principally upon a practical certainty of detection, coupled with a remorseless and relentless severity in prosecution and punishment, as a relief for the severe moral strain upon employees whose opportunities and temptations for wrong-doing are, from the nature of the employment, large.

Outside of these financial institutions and these Fidelity insurance corporations, there seems to be in practical operation no rational system for estimating or relieving the strain upon morals which business life necessarily involves. Outside of this narrow group the only theory which seems current is one based upon a generality, the fallacy in which receives almost daily demonstration, and yet one which is firmly fixed in the public mind. It is a theory which is as far as possible the absolute opposite of that upon which the engineer deals with the question of strain and stress in mechanics. This theory, curiously enough, has a quasi-religious origin. It is based upon that duty of faith concerning which we hear so much in this generation. We are realizing now, as no previous generation has realized, the importance and power of the element of faith, both to our happiness and to our capacity for usefulness. The word itself is a noble one, and has the greatest importance, not

solely in its connection with the unrevealed part of religion, but with our daily work in business as well. It is certain that we must have faith in our fellow men. It is undoubtedly true that one of the worst misfortunes, as well as one of the most singular marks of weakness and incapacity in either man or woman, is the absence of faith and the habit of suspicion. As Lord Bacon well said: "Suspensions amongst thoughts are like bats among birds. They ever thrive by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or at least well guarded, for they crowd the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly."

It is undoubtedly true that faith itself is something essential to the happiness of mankind, whether one considers it as including faith in God, or in man, or in both. Our great men, both in public and private life, have been men who had trust and faith in their fellows. It cannot be too often repeated that this element of faith is one of the strongest and finest of those unseen particles which go to build up the highest type of character. But, as La Rochefoucauld says, "the truth has not done so much good in the world as the appearance of truth has done evil." The trouble with this constant iteration in these days of the necessity for us to have faith in our fellows is that it fails to note the necessary and logical limitations of the doctrine. The engineer or builder may have faith in a span or girder he uses, but he does not for that reason allow an unlimited pressure to fall upon it. On the other hand, the rule of faith which is commonly preached to us from the pulpit is generally based upon the assumption that faith itself has the unique quality or power of *creating* strength where it puts pressure, and that the rules of natural or physical law cannot be applied in this regard to the unseen structural materials of the spiritual world. How many times, for example,

have we all heard, in one form or another, the pathetic anecdote of the malefactor turned from his projected crime by some one trusting him, or of the criminal placed with a full opportunity of crime immediately before him, with escape practically certain, who has been deterred from his evil purpose simply by the moral force which the trust and confidence of another have created in him.

This illustration of the power of faith is one used most frequently by persons whose understanding of spiritual matters and things of God far overbalances their judgment and their practical insight into human character. It is a very beautiful story when well told, and we all have sentimental sides to our natures to which it appeals. But while these occasional cases may and undoubtedly do exist, a theory of conduct based on them is scarcely less foolish than for the reader of sentimental novels to assume that in the world of men truth crushed to earth always rises uninjured, and that virtue always triumphs in the last chapter.

A doctrine, the precise opposite to this rule of faith, I heard as it was laid down impressively some years ago by a great criminal jurist. His long daily experience on the bench with human weakness, while it had enlarged his great natural insight into character and motive, had neither soured him nor made him cynical. He, certainly, could speak on the subject of moral strain with the voice of authority. It was in the old court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, and Recorder Smyth had just passed sentence on a young man who had been convicted of robbery in snatching a watch from a lady in the shopping district of Sixth Avenue. It was in the fall of 1892, when times were hard, and the streets and park benches were filled with gaunt, hungry-faced creatures, out of work and full of misery. This lady had been shopping all day long in streets thronged with these people, wearing a small jeweled watch attached by a chatelaine to her

dress. This young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, had seen the watch, and, snatching it, had attempted to escape in the crowd, when he was caught. After the Recorder had passed sentence, sending this young fellow to penal servitude, he turned and addressed a few remarks to the prosecutrix, who stood near the bar, weeping sympathetically, and mopping up her copious tears with her handkerchief. The tears were even more copious, though from different emotions, when the judge had finished. "Madam," he said, "it is one of the great defects of the criminal law that it has no adequate punishment for those who incite their fellows to crime. If it were in my power to do so, I can assure you I should feel it a pleasanter duty to impose an even severer sentence than the one I have just rendered, on the vain woman who parades up and down the crowded streets of this city, filled as they are to-day with hungry people, wearing ostentatiously on her dress, insecurely fastened, a glittering gewgaw like this, tempting a thousand hungry men to wrong-doing. There are, in my judgment, two criminals involved in this matter, and I sincerely regret that the law permits me to punish only one of them."

These rather caustic remarks of the old Recorder have a much broader scope than merely an application to the women who love to display costly finery. How many thousands of business men there are who manage their affairs in slipshod, slovenly fashion, and who complain bitterly of the abuse of the "perfect confidence" which they have reposed in their employees. My own notion of this "perfect confidence" is that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is not genuine confidence at all, but a mere excuse for business shiftlessness or lack of system. The law relating to actions for personal injuries provides that a man whose body has been injured by the carelessness of another must, in order to entitle him to claim damages, prove not only that care-

lessness, but also his own freedom from negligence contributing to or causing the injury. If every business man who suffers from a defaulting employee were obliged to prove not only the employee's crime, but the absence of substantial business carelessness on his own part, which afforded both the opportunity and the temptation for the offense, how few convictions of these defaulters there would be! It is a great misfortune that those who speak so eloquently and so often on the duty of "faith in man," and who expound this doctrine as though it had no limitations or qualifications whatever, do not devote at least a substantial portion of their attention to expounding earnestly the equally important duty which each man owes his fellow of not throwing unnecessary moral stumbling-blocks in his way. It is curious that almost the only "temptation" which receives any particular attention from moralists, either in the pulpit or elsewhere, is that occasioned by one man offering spirituous beverages to another who may be inclined to indulge in potations to excess. By some odd distortion of moral values the custom of "treating" has been singled out as though it were the greatest or most important of those actions or omissions by which we cause our neighbors or employees to offend. Whoever heard a sermon or lecture on the duty of keeping reasonably strict oversight on one's employees, or on the duty of having a business system which shall reduce the opportunities of dishonesty to a minimum? The duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear is as important as any duty in the realm of morals, and the matter of temperance is only one branch of it, and by no means the most important. An examination of the daily criminal calendars in the courts of the large cities conclusively proves this fact. In early days, when property was mainly in land or its products, and when business life moved more slowly than it does in these flush

times, the temptations and opportunities for crimes against property were far less frequent. We are not essentially a systematic people. Our tendency is to do business on as large a scale as possible, without that care to detail which is exhibited in the more cumbrous business methods of countries in which the margins of profit are narrower, and where commercial transactions are not conducted with the astonishing rapidity which characterizes our own. To a large extent these defects in system are more or less necessary and inherent to these peculiar methods and habits of our business life. They are nevertheless defects, and should not be so consistently ignored and

overlooked as they have been generally in the past. We are paying greater attention yearly to the physical discomforts of the worker, trying to relieve the overburdened, and to lighten the load of hard work which has fallen so heavily in our struggle for commercial supremacy, particularly on the women and children. This is all excellent, but we must remember that we have no more right to overload a man's morals than his back, and that while it is a duty as well as a privilege to have faith in our fellows, we should temper that faith with common sense, so that our faith may be to them a help and a support rather than a stumbling-block and a cause of offense.

George W. Alger.

INVOCATION.

BLOWN mist of rosy grasses,
 Into my singing drift;
 Kindle its cloven masses
 With lights that sway and shift;
 Within its dark impasses
 Your fairy torches lift.

Brown rill through rushes wending,
 Where red-wings flash and dip,
 Lend me the rhythm bending
 Each dark reed's yellowing tip, —
 The pause, the swift ascending,
 The careless slide and slip.

Into my plodding measure
 Your least enchantment fling,
 Earth of the winds' wild pleasure
 And leaves' soft jargonizing:
 Yield me but one hid treasure,
 Then listen while I sing!

Gertrude Buck.

LUGGING BOAT ON SOWADNEHUNK.

THIS is a Penobscot story.

When the camp-fire is lighted, and the smoke draws straight up without baffling, and the branches overhead move only as the rising current of heat fans them, then if the talk veers round to stories of crack watermen, and the guides, speaking more to each other than to you, declare that it was Big Sebattis Mitchell who first ran the falls at Sowadnehunk, — though full twenty years before John Ross himself had put a boat over and come out right side up, — do not, while they are debating whose is the credit of being first, let slip your chance to hear a better tale: bid them go on and tell you how it was Joe Attien, who was Thoreau's guide, and his men who followed after and who failed, that made the day memorable.

And if your guides are Penobscot men they will tell it as Penobscot men should, as if there were no merit in the deed beyond what any man might attain to, as if the least a man should do was to throw away his life on a reckless dare, and count it well spent when so lavished. For so are these men made, and as it was in those days of the beginning, so is it yet even to the present among us.

You will have heard, no doubt, of Sebattis, he who from his bulk was called by the whites Big Sebat, and from his lazy shrewdness was nicknamed by his tribesmen *Ahwassus*, the Bear. Huge and round he was, like the beast he was named for, but strong and wise, and in his dark, flat face and small, twinkling eyes there were resources, ambitions, schemes.

And scores of you who read this will recollect the place. In memory you will again pass down the West Branch in your canoe, past Ripogenus, past Ambeje-mackomas, past the Horse Race, into the welcome deadwater above Nesowadnehunk. There, waiting in expectancy

for that glorious revelation of Katahdin which bursts upon you above Abol, that marvelous picture of the giant towering in majestic isolation, with its white "slide" ascending like a ladder to the heavens, you forgot yourself, did not hear the tumult of falling waters, did not see the smooth lip of the fall sucking down, were unconscious that just before you were the falls of Sowadnehunk. Then, where the river veers sharply to the right, you felt the guide spring on his paddle as he made the carry by a margin, and you realized what it would have been to drift unguided over those falls.

So it has always been, the sharp bend of the river to the right, blue, smooth, dazzling; the carry at the left, bare, broad, yellow-earthed. Crossing it forty rods, you cut off the river again, and see above you to the right the straight fall, both upper and lower pitches almost as sheer as milldams, and in front the angry boil of a swift current among great and thick-set rocks. So it always stays in memory, — at one end the blue river, smooth and placid, and the yellow carry; at the other, the white hubbub of tossing rapids below perpendicular falls.

One May day long ago, two boat-crews came down to the carry and lugged across. They had lugged three miles on Ripogenus, and a half mile on Ambeje-mackomas, besides the shorter carry past Chesuncook Dam; they had begun to know what lugging a boat meant. The day was hot, — no breeze, no shade; it was getting along toward noon, and they had turned out, as usual, at three in the morning. They were tired, — tired, faint, hot; weary with the fatigue that stiffens the back and makes the feet hang heavy; weary, too, with the monotony of weeks of dangerous toil without a single day of rest, the weariness that gets upon the

brain and makes the eyes go blurry; weary because they were just where they were, and that old river would keep flowing on to Doomsday, always drowning men and making them chafe their shoulders lugging heavy boats. There was not a man of them who could not show upon his shoulder a great red spot where the pole used in lugging boat, or the end of an oar on which barrels of pork or flour had been slung in carrying wangun, had bruised and abraded it. And now it was more lugging, and ahead were Abol and Pockwockamus and Debsconeag and Ambejjis and Fowler's and — there are, indeed, how many of them! The over-weary always add to the present burden that mountain of future toil.

So it was in silence that they took out the oars and seats, the paddles and peavies and pickaroons, drew the boats up and drained them of all water, then, resting a moment, straightened their backs, rubbed the sore shoulders that so soon must take up the burden again, and ran their fingers through their damp hair. One or two swore a little as relieving their minds, and when they bent to lift the boat one spoke for all the others.

"By jinkey-boy!" said he, creating a new and fantastic oath, "but I do believe I'd rather be in hell to-day, with ninety devils around me, than sole-carting on this carry."

That was the way they all felt. It is mighty weary business to lug on carries. For a driving boat is a heavy lady to carry. The great Maynards, wet, weigh eight to nine hundred pounds, and they put on twelve men, a double crew, to carry one. The old two-streakers (that is, boats with two boards to a side where the big Maynards had three) were not nearly so heavy, and on short carries like Sowadnehunk were lugged by their own crews, whether of four men or six; but diminishing the crew left each man with as great a burden. A short man at the bow, another at the stern, with the taller ones amidships under the

curve of the gunwale if they were lugging without poles, or by twos fore, aft, and amidships for six men lugging with poles, was the usual way they carried their boats; and it was "Steady, boys, steady; *now* hoist her!" — "Easy, now, easy; hold *hard*!" for going down hill she overrode John and Jim at the bow, and going up a rise Jack and Joe at the stern felt her crushing their shoulders, and when the ground was uneven with rocks and cradle-knolls, and she reeled and sagged, then the men at the sides caught the whole weight on one or the other of them. Nothing on the drive speaks so eloquently of hard work as the purple, sweat-stained cross on the backs of the men's red shirts, where the suspenders have made their mark; they get this in lugging boat on carries.

But they bent their backs to it, wriggled the boat up and forward to her place, each crew its own boat, and staggered on, feet bracing out, and spike-soled shoes ploughing the dirt and scratching on the rocks. They looked like huge hundred-leggers, Brobdingnagian insects, that were crawling over that yellow carry with all their legs clawing uncertainly and bracing for a foothold. The head boat crowded Bill Halpin upon a rock so hard that he fell and barked his shins on the granite; that dropped the weight suddenly upon Jerry Durgan's shoulder, so that a good two inches of skin was rasped off clean where it had been blistered before; little Tomah Soc stumbled in a hole, and not letting go his grip, threw up the other gunwale so that it half broke his partner's jaw. Those boats took all the mean revenges wherewith a driving boat on land settles scores for the rough treatment it receives in the water.

They were lugging that May morning only because no boat could run those falls with any reasonable expectation of coming out right side up. For those were the days of the old-style Wallace

boat, built low and straight in the gunwale, raking only moderately at the bow and low in the side. It is related that when the great high-bowed Maynard batteaus were first put on the river, short old Jack Mann, who wore the laurels of senior waterman on Penobscot, and was pensioned in his latter days by "P. L. D.," looked with high disfavor on the big, handsome craft, and then, rushing into the boat-shop, demanded an axe, an auger, and a handsaw.

"What's that for?" asked the foreman, suspecting that it was but one of Jack's devices for unburdening his mind in some memorable saying.

"Want 'em to cut armholes in that blasted boat," growled Jack, insinuating that the bows were above the head of a short man like himself.

But the old boat, — you may yet sometimes see the bones of one of them bleaching about the shores of inland ponds, or lying sun-cracked in the back yards of country farms, — stable and serviceable as she was, was no match for this handsome lady of to-day. They run the Arches of Ripogenus now with all their boats, and have done it for years; but at the time when Sebattis came down to Sowadnehunk, such water no man ever dreamed of running. It is likely enough that Sebattis, just back from a sixteen years' residence at Quoddy, did not know that it had ever been run successfully.

Be that as it may, when Sebattis and his crew came down, the last of three boats, and held their batteau at the taking-out place a moment before they dragged her out and stripped her ready to lug, what Sebattis, as he sat in the stern with his paddle across his knees, said in Indian to his bowman was simply revolutionary.

"Huh?" grunted his dark-faced partner, turning in great surprise; "you t'ought you wanted run it dose e'er falls? Blenty rabbidge water dose e'er falls!"

The bowman had stated the case conservatively. That carry was there merely

because men were not expected to run those falls and come out alive.

But the bowman's objection was not meant as a refusal: he knew Sebattis, that he was a good waterman, few better. A big, slow man, of tremendous momentum when once in motion, it was likely enough that all the years of his exile at Quoddy he had been planning just how he could run those falls, and if he spoke now it was because this was the hour striking. In his own mind he had already performed the feat, and was receiving the congratulations of the crowd. It was no small advantage that he knew an audience of two boats' crews was waiting at the lower carry-end to testify, however grudgingly, to the authenticity of what he claimed to have done.

The bowman had faith in Sebattis; as he listened to the smooth stream of soft-cadenced Indian that cast silvery bonds about his reluctance and left him helpless to refuse (Sebattis being both an orator in a public and a powerful pleader in a private cause), the bowman caught the rhythm of the deed. It was all so easy to take their boat out into mid-stream where the current favored them a little, to shoot her bow far out over the fall, and, as the crews ashore gaped in horrified amazement, to make her leap clear as a horse leaps a hurdle. And then to fight their way through the smother of the whirlpool below, man against water, but such men as not every boat can put in bow and stern, such strong arms as do not hold every paddle, such great heads for management, such skill in water-craft as few attain.

This was the oration, with its Indian appeal to personal glory. It was, as Sebattis said, "*Beeg t'ing*," and he fired his bowman with the desire for glory. The Penobscot man, white man or Indian, dies with astonishing alacrity when he sees anything worth dying for. And the name of "crack waterman" is a shining mark to strive for.

Thus at the upper end of the carry

Sebattis and his bowman talked over at their leisure the chances of dying within five minutes. At the other end the two boats' crews lay among the blueberry bushes in the shade of shivering birch saplings and waited for Sebattis. It did not worry them that he was long in coming; they knew the leisurely Indian ways, and how unwilling, though he weighed hard upon two hundred and sixty, and had strength to correspond, was Big Sebattis to lug an extra pound. They pictured him draining his boat and sopping out with a swab of bracken the last dispensable ounce of water, then, tilting her to the sun for a few minutes, to steam out a trifle more before he whooped to them to come across and help him. It did not worry them to wait, — it was all one in the end: there would be carries to lug on long after they were dead and gone.

So, looking at the logs ricked up along the shores and cross-piled on the ledges, looking at the others drifting past, wallowing and thrashing in the wicked boil below the falls, they lounged and chaffed one another. Jerry Durgan was surreptitiously laying cool birch leaves on his abraded shoulder, and Bill Halpin was attentively, though silently, regarding his shins: there had been none too much stocking between him and that "big gray." The Indians, stretched out on their backs, gazed at the sky; nothing fretted them much. On one side, an Indian and an Irishman were having a passage at wit; on the other, two or three were arguing about the ins and outs of a big fight up at 'Suncook the winter before, and a Province man was colloquing with a Yankee on points of scriptural interpretation. It was such talk as might be overheard almost any time on the drive when men are resting at their ease.

"It was French Joe that nailed Billy; Billy he told me so," came from the group under the birches.

From among the Indians out in the sunlight arose a persuasive Irish voice. "Why is it, Tomah, that when your

folks are good Catholics, and our folks are good Catholics, you don't ever name your children Patrick and Bridget?"

And the reply came quick: "'Cause we hate it Irish so bad, you know!"

Off at the right they were wrangling about the construction of the Ark.

"And I'd just like to have seen that bo't when they got her done," said the Yankee; "just one door an' one winder, an' vent'lated like Harvey Doane's scho'l'ouse. They caught him nailin' of the winders down. 'How be ye goin' to vent'late?' says they. 'Oh,' says he, 'fresh air's powerful circulatin' stuff; I callate they'll carry the old air out in their pockets, an' bring enough fresh air in in their caps to keep 'em goin';' an' that was all they ever did get's long's he was school agent. My scissors! three stories an' all full of live stock, an' only one winder, an' that all battened down! Tell you what! I'd 'a' hated to be Mr. Noah's fambly an' had to stay in that ole Ark ten months an' a half before they took the cover off! Fact! I read it all up onet!"

Said another: "I don't seem to 'member how she was built 'ceptin' the way they run her seams. She must have ben a jim-dickey house with the pitch all on the inside's well as on the outside o' her. Seems to me a bo't ain't bettered none by a daub o' pitch where the ain't none needed."

"Tain't the Ark as bothers me some," put in the Province man; "I reckon that flood business is pretty nigh straight, but I could n't never cipher out about that Tower of Babel thing. Man ask for a hod o' mortar, an' like enough they'd send him up a barrel of gaspereau; that's" —

The religious discussion broke off abruptly.

"Holy Hell! — Look a-comin'!" gasped the Yankee.

Man! but that was a sight to see! They got up and devoured it with their eyes.

On the verge of the fall hovered the batteau about to leap. Big Sebat and his bowman crouched to help her, like a rider lifting his horse to a leap. And their eyes were set with fierce excitement, their hands cleaved to their paddle handles, they felt the thrill that ran through the boat as they shot her clear, and, flying out beyond the curtain of the fall, they landed her in the yeasty rapids below.

Both on their feet then! And how they bent their paddles and whipped them from side to side, as it was "In!" — "Out!" — "Right!" — "Left!" to avoid the logs caught on the ledges and the great rocks that lay beneath the boils and snapped at them with their ugly fangs as they went flying past. The spray was on them; the surges crested over their gunwales; they sheered from the rock, but cut the wave that covered it and carried it inboard. And always it was "Right!" — "Left!" — "In!" — "Out!" as the greater danger drove them to seek the less.

But finally they ran her out through the tail of the boil, and fetched her ashore in a cove below the carry-end, out of sight of the men. She was full of water, barely afloat.

Would Sebattis own to the boys who were hurrying down through the bushes that he had escaped with his life only by the greatest luck? Not Sebattis!

"Now you bale her out paddles," said he to his bowman, and they swept her with their paddles as one might with a broom.

"Now you drain her out," commanded Sebattis, when they could lift the remaining weight, and they raised the bow and let the water run out over the slanting stern, all but a few pailfuls. "Better you let dat stay," said the shrewd Sebattis.

It was quick work, but when the crew broke through the bushes, there stood Sebattis and his bowman leaning on their paddles like bronze caryatids, one on

either side of the boat. They might have been standing thus since the days of the Pharaohs, they were so at ease.

"Well, boys, how did you make it?" queried the first to arrive on the spot.

Sebattis smiled his simple, vacuous smile. "Oh, ver' good; she took in lill' water mebbe."

"By gee, that ain't much water! Did she strike anything?"

Sebattis helped to turn her over. She had not a scratch upon her.

Then the men all looked again at the boat that had been over Sowadnehunk, and they all trooped back to the carry-end without saying much, two full batteau crews and Sebattis and his bowman. They did not talk. No man would have gained anything new by exchanging thoughts with his neighbor.

And when they came to the two boats drying in the sun, they looked one another in the eyes again. It was a foregone conclusion. Without a word they put their galled shoulders under the gunwales, lifted the heavy batteaus to their places, and started back across that carry forty rods to the end they had just come from.

What for? It was that in his own esteem a Penobscot man will not stand second to any other man. They would not have it said that Sebattis Mitchell was the only man of them who had tried to run Sowadnehunk Falls.

So they put in again, six men to a boat, full crews, and in the stern of one stood Joe Attien, who was Thoreau's guide, and in the bow Steve Stanislaus, his cousin. That sets the date, — that it was back in 1870, — for it became the occasion for another and a sadder tale.

And they pushed out with their two boats and ran the falls.

But the luck that bore Sebattis safely through was not theirs. Both boats were swamped, battered on the rocks into kindling wood. Twelve men were thrown into the water, and pounded and swashed about among logs and rocks. Some by swimming, some by the aid of Sebattis

and his boat, eleven of them got ashore, "a little damp," as no doubt the least exaggerative of them were willing to admit. The unlucky twelfth man they picked up later, quite undeniably drowned. And the boats were irretrievably smashed. Indeed, that was the part of the tale that rankled with Sebattis when he used to tell it.

"Berry much she blame it us" (that is, himself) "that time John Loss." (Always to the Indian mind John Ross, the head contractor of the drive, was the power that commanded wind, logs, and weather.) "She don' care so much 'cause drowned it man, 'cause she can get plenty of it men; but dose e'er boats she talk 'bout berry hard."

That is how they look at such little deeds themselves. The man who led off gets the credit and the blame; he is the only one remembered. But to an outsider what wins more than passing admiration is not the one man who succeeded, but the many who followed after and failed, who could not let well enough alone when there was a possible better to be achieved, but, on the welcome end of the carry, the end where all their troubles of galls and bruises and heavy burdens in the heat are over, pick up their boats without a word, not one man of them falling out, and lug them back a weary forty rods to fight another round with Death sooner than own themselves outdone.

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE DOLLAR.

It is much to be doubted whether any marriage contract in history had ever a simpler or compacter basis than that between the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson and the lady who became his wife. It stands recorded, not in Boswell's *Life* of him, but in the scarcely less entertaining letters of his contemporary, Miss Anna Seward. He told the object of his affections that he was, in the first place, of mean extraction; that, in the second place, he had no money; and that, in the third place, he had had an uncle hanged. Not to be outdone, the lady replied as promptly that she valued no man the more or the less for his parentage; that as to money, she had none herself; and that, in regard to his last point, although she had never had a near relative literally and actually hanged, she had at least twenty

who deserved to be. It is needless to say that a marriage between two such congenial spirits followed, and that it was, all things considered, fairly happy. It is worth noticing, also, that the two lovers sketched out unconsciously the successive phases of social structure which have prevailed in the world. Society must always have some kind of aristocracy or leadership, some standard of social precedence. The aristocracy of birth is one form of this standard; that of wealth is another; while that of wisdom, of virtue, and of never having had a relative hanged is still another. Let us for the present confine ourselves to the first two of these alternatives.

We are living in a transition period of our social history. The aristocracy of birth is passing away. The aristocracy

of wealth is coming forward. This in its turn may yield to something better. There is certainly room for it! But standing as we do at the deathbed of one form of social organization and the birth of another, it is worth while to compare their merits. There are those who honestly believe that in losing hereditary aristocracy the world is losing much, and who see a formidable danger in the aristocracy of wealth. Others maintain, as sincerely, that this movement is a step forward and not backward. It is a good time to set the two side by side and see how far the world is likely to lose or gain by the exchange.

In all Europe, of the hereditary governing bodies which once ruled it, there is left to-day but one, the English House of Lords. In one or two other countries, such as Austria and Prussia, the upper chamber contains the hereditary element, but it is never exclusive, while the English House of Lords stands by itself. It is, indeed, in one respect more aristocratic than in the Middle Ages, because in those days it consisted quite largely of an appointive body, the dignitaries of the church, who had commonly risen from the ranks of the people, and whose position was not hereditary. This life element, comprising the bishops, has now been reduced, as Goldwin Smith once said, "to comparative insignificance in point of numbers, and to almost total insignificance in point of influence." This impairing of power further extends to the whole body of the House of Lords from the very dignity of its traditions, and from the recent origin of most of its peerages. Not only do very few of these date back as far as the landing of the Pilgrims in America, but the very membership of the House, and consequently its voting power, depends at any moment on the action of the King. When the Reform Bill was carried, June 7, 1832, by the express promise of the King to create new peers enough, if needful, to carry it through the

Lords, the Lords became from that moment, for practical action, a wholly secondary body; a system of brakes — not of wheels — for the car of state. It is becoming filled, accordingly, as Mr. Bodley tells us in his *France*, with "newly made peers, who prevail upon the editors of peerages to erase from their pedigrees the worthy aldermen who founded their fortunes, and accord them forefathers who performed feats at Hastings unknown to the workers of the Bayeux tapestry" (II. 375). We see the outcome in the criticisms of *Vanity Fair* on London society: "In Rome and Vienna, and even in republican Paris, London society has become a laughing stock. Blood, pride of race, what are these? Where are they nowadays? Money, above all the willingness to entertain, these are the pass-keys to what was once a fortress to be entered by birth, and by birth alone."

For the aristocracy of birth, the English basis was the law of primogeniture, which Dr. Johnson maintained to be a good law, because it made only one fool in each family. Yet we forget how few years it is since, in some of our older American colonies, the traditions of Old England were still upheld, in this respect, and hereditary forces ruled the state. I remember talking once with a Rhode Islander, now an aged man, who recalled the time when he had returned from India from a five years' absence, and who had then voted when but one day in port, because he was the oldest son of his father.

Nothing, indeed, now remains in America which so recalls the feudal system as the whole region of the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, where one still sees the remains of a class of buildings differing in kind from any now erected. They represent great square houses of fifty or a hundred and fifty feet front, with drawing-rooms twenty feet square and from fourteen to sixteen feet high. There were two stories, with high gambrel attics for the slaves, who often occu-

pied outbuildings, also. The houses were so large that in one of them, the old Potter house, there occurred a house-warming of three days and nights, during which the old father and mother, in their out-of-the-way rooms, never learned that anything was going on. Under the law of primogeniture, then prevailing, the households were on such a scale that one of these magnates, Robert Hazard, is said to have boasted of economy, when he brought his family down to seventy persons. He owned twelve thousand acres, kept foxhounds, four thousand sheep, one hundred and fifty cows, and fourteen saddle horses. He employed twelve negro dairymaids, each with a small girl to wait upon her, by whose joint labors from twelve to twenty-four cheeses were made every day in the year for family consumption; and, let us hope, people took exercise enough to digest the product. These are, at any rate, the still living traditions of the Narragansett country as they prevailed thirty years ago.

In a similar way an almost feudal system of proprietorship was tried on the Hudson, and went down in the "anti-rent war." In the catalogues of our early colleges, the names of students were not arranged alphabetically, as now, but according to the relative social position of students' families, this lasting until 1767 at Yale, and until 1772 at Harvard. The Society of the Cincinnati was undoubtedly relied upon by many as a step toward hereditary aristocracy. But what came of it? You hear of a few quiet, elderly gentlemen as eating an annual dinner together, and that is all the world knows of it. Thus easily have died out all efforts to establish such hereditary classes among us. Yet I can remember when it was jocosely said of some families of Massachusetts that they claimed to have had, in the time of Noah's deluge, a boat to themselves; and I can recall, on the other hand, when a social aspirant in Boston asked, "Who belong to the really old families, grandmamma?" and that rela-

tive shook her weary head and said, "Mostly no one, my dear."

The advance in the standard of wealth in the last century is recognized by all as something formidable. In the writer's boyhood, John P. Cushing was the only man in Boston, or its vicinity, who was suspected of being a millionaire; and even in his case some regarded such wealth as incredible. He was an essentially modest, retiring man, and said to a lady of my acquaintance, who ventured to reproach him for having holes in his shoes, that he knew no real advantage of wealth, except to be able to wear one's old shoes without criticism. But what is a million dollars to-day? To the eyes of many it represents economy, almost poverty; at any rate, a step toward the almshouse. John Jacob Astor was said to be worth twenty millions, and that was such a colossal fortune, people had again to alter their standard of figures in arithmetic. After this, Commodore Vanderbilt's forty millions seemed but a step, and the next Vanderbilt's two hundred millions were not so wholly startling. Yet men looked with commiseration on the division of this last fortune by his published will. Sixty millions to each of two sons, and the rest of the family cut off with ten millions apiece! Men felt like taking up a contribution in the churches. Yet what seemed even these wonders compared with the personal fortunes of the present day!

Let us look first at the alarming side of this rapid growth of wealth. First comes its possible interference with our whole system of local government. A successful merchant of the last generation in Boston felt the increasing burden of taxation so heavily that he moved from the city to a country town where his father had been a modest clergyman. Inquiring of the town officials as to his taxation, they hesitated a little to reply, as if wishing to deal gently with the brilliant fish thus migrating to their quiet

pool. To solve the problem, he suggested that they send him the town bills as presented for the coming year, and let him try a financial experiment. He then paid them all in succession, and thereby saved twenty thousand dollars on his annual tax, as paid hitherto in Boston. The selectmen, meanwhile, collected of all other taxpayers their usual amount, made a separate fund of it, and spent that in securing the best roads and sign-boards in the county. It was all very well in this instance. But suppose a series of millionaires, migrating to a series of country towns, what would be the result, and how long before we should have a new form of feudalism? This was one question to be seriously raised, and soon there were others.

How is it all to end, men asked, this new development? Consider history, they said. We can readily understand how the castles on the Rhine went down. The traveler visits their terrible torture-chambers, their oubliettes, and then reads the tale of the free burghers, the weavers and lace-makers of the Low Countries who swept down that beautiful valley and made an end of feudalism. No such easy process suggests itself amid the complications of modern labor; and should a new race, born of sudden wealth, arise, what would it be? How many generations would it take to secure good manners, for instance, in the new masters of the community? What will become of the refinements of life, if all the guidance of good society is to be transferred to the hands of those who have spent the prime of their existence in making money?

It is to be noticed, moreover, that the very men who repudiated the coat-of-arms were the men most eager to assume it when they once had an excuse. How rarely do you find in society the men who have the courage to tell the exact truth about their own antecedents! It is so exceptional that, wherever it is done, it fills us with admiration. Pope

Urban IV was the son of a cobbler, and had pursued that vocation himself, and so, with proper pride, he used a cobbler's tools as his symbol. Bishop Willegis, who was brought up as a wheelwright, becoming at last a bishop, and being entitled to a coat-of-arms, found, when he went to take possession of his palace, that the little boys had been chalking wheels all over the walls. Being a man of sense, he put a wheel upon his coat-of-arms, and the little boys lost their fun, while the price of chalk went down.

Again, Goethe's father was in early life a blacksmith, and in Frankfort, over the door of the house where the great German poet was born, may be seen the coat-of-arms assumed, in a manner, by his father. The elder Goethe was skilled in the manufacture of horseshoes, and he wished to put three horseshoes over his door for a crest; but his architect, wishing the fact to appear to the utmost advantage, wove those horseshoes into the shape of a musical lyre, and thus unconsciously predicted that within those walls the greatest of modern poets should be born. How fine is all this, yet how vainly one may watch along the streets of any fashionable watering-place for any carriage panel that might have been designed by Pope Urban, Bishop Willegis, or the elder Goethe; and how many may one see which represent a dragon or unicorn or griffin, some creature out of whose hide and horn no one ever made a living since the world began. Not one of these even rivaled the traditional motto of Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Michigan, who, having gained a fortune by the honest pursuit his name implied, adorned his carriage with the Latin word "*Vidi*," which, being translated, signifies "*I saw*."

No doubt there were facts enough on which to base all this solicitude, yet there is another side. The aristocracy based on the dollar has its own weaknesses and follies; yet it has certain merits. Its first

merit is that it belongs to the present, not to the past ; it represents something that is being done, or has lately been done, whether for good or evil ; not something which has long gone by. When Theodore Parker first visited Cincinnati, at that time the recognized leader among Western cities, he said that he had made a great discovery, namely, that while the aristocracy of Cincinnati was unquestionably founded on pork, it made a great difference whether a man killed pigs for himself, or whether his father had killed them. The one was held plebeian, the other patrician. It was the difference, Parker said, between the *stick 'ems* and the *stuck 'ems* ; and his own sympathies, he confessed, were with the present tense. It was, in other words, aristocracy in the making. It stood for a race which had found forests to be cleared, streams to be bridged, and roads to be built ; the dollar was not only behind these forms of service, but it was the corner-stone of the schoolhouse and the church. It predicted a civilization which should belong to to-day, not to yesterday ; and belonging to to-day, should also predict to-morrow.

Out of this close allegiance to the present tense, the aristocracy of the dollar has derived several other advantages. It has always emerged, within a generation or two at the farthest, from the ranks of the plain people, and thus always seems nearer to them. It takes for that reason the color of its time. It is not too permanent. It finds sympathies at home, and spends its money there : in three quarters of the towns in Massachusetts, for example, you find a town hall or a public library that was presented by some native of the town. It is not easily crushed or even intimidated ; so that it is not uncommon to find a man who has made one or two fortunes and lost them, and is now resting on his third. It appreciates other forms of influence than its own, and has a secret reverence for science, for history, and even for literature.

None are more ready than rich men

to recognize that while one man makes money in business, another may devote himself to intellectual pursuits. The elder Agassiz once refused a profitable course of lectures on the ground that he had not, just then, the time to make money. If mere material wealth is all that is thought of among business men, he would have been thought fit for an insane hospital, but as it was, he was all the more respected. Those who say that our people look merely at wealth take a very superficial view. As a rule, men do not know who is the richest man in the next city or the next state. Mere wealth has, after all, a very limited reputation compared with that of intellect. An English novelist comes here, and every town hall is open to him ; a Swedish peasant girl comes to sing to us, and we pay any price to hear. Bring forward your art and your genius, the community seems to say, and we will provide the money. Let an ordinary millionaire land at the wharf, on the other hand, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were an ex-governor. The very fact that the pursuit of wealth among us demands rare talent and energy seems of itself to create respect for those same qualities when manifested in other ways.

Why did the aristocracy of parentage fail to hold its own ? Why did it die out in America and, practically speaking, in all the British colonies ? It had every advantage at the outset ; it held the inside track. It failed because two great laws of the universe were against it : first, the laws of arithmetic, and, secondly, the laws of physiology. It violated the principles of arithmetic because it required that each individual or household should have a distinct line of ancestors, and it would thus be discovered in a few generations that there were not nearly enough ancestors to go round, leaving people in the position of Mark Twain, who declared that he had " no parents to speak of, only a father and mother or so." It was contrary to the laws of physiology, as shown

by the deterioration of one royal family after another in Europe, these having come to resemble those English race horses which have so much blood that there is very little horse, and it must be replenished from a more plebeian stock.

To sum it all up, the strength of hereditary aristocracy lay, undoubtedly, in a sort of accumulated self-respect; the coats-of-arms may or may not have been given originally for great deeds, but memory or imagination gradually assigned them to that origin as time went on. As Marmontel nicely defined it, "Nobility of birth is a letter of credit given us on our country, upon the security of our ancestors, in the conviction that at a proper period of life we shall acquit ourselves with honor to those who stand engaged for us." On the other hand, the strength of the newer form of aristocracy lies in its greater nearness to the community at large, as being of more recent and tangible origin, and as usually showing some special visible gift or faculty in those who represent it. Its beginning may have been never so humble, yet these qualities bear some vague promise of its future.

The thing which most puzzled that early traveler in America, Captain Basil Hall, in 1827, was to see on the high-road a pig-driver wearing spectacles; and it is only a few years since a newly arrived Englishman mentioned to me, as something requiring explanation, that he had seen somebody in a full suit of black broadcloth feeding hogs. I had a call, many years since, from a young lady, well-dressed, well-bred, and of American birth, who wished to be hired to do housework, and stipulated that she should bring her own piano. I met lately a man whose professions were farming, cigar-making, running a saw-mill, ice-cutting, sailing a fishing schooner, and peddling parched-corn candy balls. The average life of a college boy might furnish material for that book entitled the *Romance of a Poor Young Man*; and we all make a living, as Shakespeare's *Touchstone*

threatens to kill his rival, in a hundred and fifty different ways. No doubt plenty of young people are now born rich, but they are very rarely people whose grandparents had that experience. The community watches them with some interest to discover whether they are to furnish new illustrations of the rural American proverb that it takes but three generations to go from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

After all, the worship of the dollar is but the foam upon the advancing wave of modern civilization. It breaks into spray and vanishes, even while we gaze. Even now there are not a score of men in America who are known by name throughout the land for their wealth alone; but a young man who makes a single brilliant speech at a political meeting, or a young girl who writes a clever story, may wake up some fine morning and encounter a fame spread from Maine to California, before either of them has made enough money out of it to pay a washerwoman's bill. "The whole interest of history," says Emerson, "lies in the fortunes of the poor." All the novels are full of the enjoyments of wealth; but who celebrates the joys of poverty? The pride of its little prudences, the joy of its wholesome abstinences, the magnificent delight of its occasional holidays; — who but Dickens ever described them? Who but his little Jacob ever knew what oysters were, or really saw a play? Enjoyment does not lie in quantity, but in quality. The first book is worth the library; the first cheap engraving may give more lasting pleasure than the picture gallery that follows. How few really cheerful faces one sees in the carriages on a fashionable avenue; in the carriage, for instance, of Mrs. Cræsus, who thinks it her duty to drive, "in order to air the horses." But what unutterable bliss is the Sunday afternoon drive to the over-worked clerk who has been putting by the two dollars for at least two years,

and lying awake at night to decide on the cheapest livery stable! True, Mrs. Cræsus has the felicity of being the more stared at, but the young man has the profounder felicity of not caring whether he is stared at or not, so long as he — and the young woman — enjoy themselves. Thus the little boy who was seen asleep at the theatre, night after night, explained, toward the end of the season, to the sympathetic and inquiring stranger who waked him, “Ah, but you see, I have to come. I’ve got a season ticket!” Alas for wealth, which has season tickets for everything and gets the full relish out of nothing!

If the general tenor of this essay is thus far correct, it may be claimed that the aristocracy of the millionaires is only a prelude to the aristocracy of the millions. We talk of the upper ten thousand now, and may talk of the upper ten million by and by, and so on toward the whole population. As this advance is gradually made, we need not fear but that all the proprieties of life will follow, even if slowly. It is really a greater step to have taught a whole people to read and write than to have taught them all to carry themselves politely and to use their forks properly. I can remember well, in visiting our Western states, fifty years ago, that one encountered in traveling scarcely a person who did not eat with the knife; whereas now one would think, in hotel or steamboat, that every man was born, not with a silver spoon, but with a silver fork in his mouth. A friend of mine, in those days, using a choice phrase at a Western steamboat table was hailed by an unexpected voice: “That’s a very pretty word you made use of, stranger. Would you have the goodness to repeat that word?” That condition of things made the popularity of English novels at that day. They were handbooks of good manners for a public longing to be taught. Here were twenty-five million people eager to learn

the manners of duchesses. This spread the new fashions; in older countries, dress was a badge; the cook would lose her place if she ventured to wear a bonnet like that of her mistress. Here, if the mistress objected to the bonnet, she would lose her cook.

In all this process of gradual development, wealth naturally takes the lead upon a path which tends, on the whole, upward. The aristocracy of the dollar may or may not prepare the way for anything better than its predecessor, but it will have its day. The aristocracy of birth yields, though reluctantly. A story is told of an Englishman who, after a delightful chat with Thackeray, whom he met as a stranger at a club in London, upon being told that it was a famous author to whom he had been talking, replied with surprise, “Is he an author? I had taken him for a gentleman.” So Dr. Johnson, nearly two centuries ago, had defined an English merchant as “a new species of gentleman,” and Lord Stanhope said, with undoubted truth, that the only trade in which an English gentleman could then engage was that of a wine merchant. Travelers tell us of an instance in Scotland where, at a dinner party, an upper servant was sent round beforehand to inquire how many acres of land each guest had inherited, so that they might be arranged at the table in their proper order. How childish these discriminations appear in a land where, as the newspapers lately informed us, a single resident of Rochester, New York, owned four hundred farms in different states in the Union, including thirty-five thousand acres in the state of Kentucky alone; or where, as was stated not long since, one American citizen controlled two great telegraph lines across the continent and four out of the seven New York daily papers!

That the new aristocracy will have its own problems to meet is plain enough. One great one lies already in the foreground. In Mr. Bodley’s France, gen-

erally recognized as one of the ablest of modern social studies, he tells us that in all the leading modern nations, whether styled republican or otherwise, society is no longer complex, but has practically become divided into only two social classes: "that which gains a livelihood by manual toil, and that which earns a living in other ways, or subsists on the interest of capital" (I. 9). Is this easy conclusion justified? Now that mercantile life has come to be, as in America, a gentleman's employment, who can help seeing that it only involves a question of time for mechanical occupations to receive the same recognition? Who can go into a machine shop of the present day without thinking how much more of intellect dwells in those wheels and bands than in the majority, not merely of counting-rooms, but even of court-rooms and pulpits? Constant inventive power is steadily transforming trades into arts; the great factory not only educates the man who runs it, but every boy who tends a lever or minds an engine. I remember that once, when I approached at evening, by a local railway branch, the

New England village where I was to give a lecture, I noticed, as we drew near the station, an eager interest and mutual conference among the passengers, joined with an air of evident pride and exultation. I was at last approached by the conductor, who had evidently noted me, with the inquiry whether I was the lecturer expected. On my assenting, his face lighted up as he eagerly told me the fact which had evidently thrilled every breast. "You may not be aware, sir," he said, "that the president of the lecture association has been called out of town, and that the vice president who is to present you to the audience is the engineer of this very train!" When the time came, no President of the United States could have introduced a guest with more propriety and dignity than did this railway engineer; and when I left that little town at dawn, he honored me with a seat beside him on the locomotive, — his own lecture platform. I felt for an hour, in the glory of the swift motion and of that winter sunrise, as if the whole problem of democracy were solved and the future of the republic were secure.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SOME RECENT ASPECTS OF DARWINISM.¹

FOR us who have grown up since 1859, the doctrine of the Origin of Species has become so far one of those things *quod semper, quod omnibus, quod ubique creditum est*, that we waken from our dogmatic slumbers with something of a start to find that, of three recent books which touch upon Darwinism, two are

frankly skeptical as to the sufficiency of Natural Selection.

The fact is, however, that the Darwinian, along with his other troubles, has always had to face one serious dilemma. Seeking to discover why, if there must be living beings in the world, there should be so very many different kinds, he

¹ *Doubts about Darwinism.* By A SEMI-DARWINIAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

Evolution and Adaptation. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. VOL. XCIII. — NO. 558. 33

VERNON, M. A., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

Mendel's Principles of Heredity, a Defence. With a Translation of Mendel's Original Papers on Hybridization. By W. BATESON, M. A., F. R. S. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1902.

seizes — not unreasonably — upon the little differences as the starting-point for the big ones. He sees that, as a matter of fact, no two leaves on the same oak are exactly alike, and no two oaks have just the same average leaf. Almost inevitably he imagines that ten thousand of these minute differences have been lumped together to make the greater ones which distinguish red oak leaves from white. Thus far the Darwinian is one with all evolutionists. He parts company with the others only on the question of causes. Darwin's great discovery was Natural Selection; a convenient short-hand expression — though, as experience has shown, a very confusing one — for the interaction of several causes, which together integrate little differences into larger ones. The Darwinian, then, attributes a great part of the multiform variety of living beings, and the adaptation of each to its special place in the world, to the continued selection of such small variations as are seen to occur in nature. But, unfortunately for the logic of his case, there are two sorts of these variations. There are, in the first place, those innumerable slight differences which hardly serve to distinguish one creature from another. There are, besides, those occasional and greater unlikenesses between parent and offspring — such as the double paws of the house cat — which it is now the fashion to call discontinuous variations or mutations. If now the Darwinian, called upon to declare which of these two kinds of variation has furnished the raw material for selection, alleges the commoner sort, he is immediately told that no new organ can possibly arise from these, because they are always too small for selection to seize upon. Survival, he is informed, is a matter of real fitness, of having or not having some important quality, not a question of a little more here and a little less there. If, on the other hand, he takes to citing cases of greater departures, he must meet the

objection that these are always so few that they are, of necessity, promptly swamped by intercrossing. What if important mutations do occur once in ten thousand times, who can find a trace of any of them after ten generations!

Darwin himself saw this difficulty quite as clearly as anybody. With characteristic disregard of merely formal considerations, he rested his case on the facts. There are, he said in effect, practically these two sorts of variation. Gardeners and breeders have actually used one kind or the other to produce all the countless varieties of pigeons, dogs, horses, cattle, fruits, flowering plants, and the rest. Whatever man has done, Nature has done also, on a larger scale, by the same means. The origin of any particular natural species, or of any prize-winning artificial stock, by selection of one sort of variants or the other, is a matter of detailed evidence, and is not to be discussed on general grounds. It was a case of *solvitur ambulando*, and on that basis Darwin converted the world. When, however, it came to threshing out the evidence for individual cases, Darwin, in general, put most stress on the commoner sort of variation. When this did not seem to meet the case, he fell back on the other kind in a way that made some of his opponents say that he was playing fast and loose with the whole question, and many of his supporters feel that he had not, after all, quite met the whole difficulty. When all has been said, artificial races are not exactly the same as natural species. Then, too, the analogy between Nature and the gardener and breeder breaks down at the wrong point, since Nature cannot segregate her single favored individual by transplanting it to another bed, or shutting it up in a box stall. In spite, therefore, of a great deal of very ingenious reasoning, the old dilemma, under one form or another, has remained, to be the basis of pretty much every reasonable objection which has ever been urged against Natural Selection,

except only those which spring out of that other plague of the Darwinian, the too numerous cases of imperfect adjustment to environment.

For about a generation following the publication of the *Origin*, writers on evolution were inclined to content themselves with constructing ingenious theories on the basis of Darwin's evidence, piecing out one untested hypothesis with another, and, in general, following a dialectical method which fairly merited Mr. Bateson's sarcastic paraphrase: " 'If,' say we with much circumlocution, 'the course of Nature followed the lines we have suggested, then, in short, it did.' " As he put the case ten years ago: —

"So far, indeed, are the interpreters of Evolution from adding to this [Darwin's] store of facts, that in their hands the original stock becomes even less, until only the most striking remain. It is wearisome to watch the persistence with which these are revived for the purpose of each new theorist. How well we know the offspring of Lord Morton's mare, the bitch Sappho, the Sebright Bantams, the Himalaya Rabbit with pink eyes, the white Cats with their blue eyes, and the rest! Perhaps the time has come when even these splendid observations cannot be made to show much more. Surely their use is now rather to point the direction in which we must go for new facts."

The last decade has changed all this. A few of the younger men who have come up since the days of ignorance have turned their backs upon the older questions, and have gone to work on the two great presuppositions of Darwinism, heredity and variation, making them always a question of fact, and not of logic, in a way that would have delighted Darwin's heart. As a result of this work, unless all signs fail, the next few years should see an advance in the theory of evolution comparable with that which is just now making the physicist the thaumaturgist of science.

Variation is, therefore, except for Darwin's work, almost a new subject; so new, that important facts concerning the commonest animals and plants are still ungathered. Indeed, so inconsiderable is the amount which has yet been written from the modern standpoint, and that little is so easily come at, that almost any one who enjoys playing with mathematics, or any amateur gardener with a turn for experimenting, can, with a few months' reading, put himself in the way of making worthy contributions to science.

Luckily, too, for all writers on heredity and variation, and perhaps still more fortunately for the interest of their readers, the two turn out to be, not, as used to be said, two antagonistic principles, but merely different aspects of the same problem. Nature seems always to be striving to give to each creature seed after its kind. She never quite succeeds, and, in so far as she fails, we call her failure variation. She rarely fails seriously, and such measure of success as she attains we term heredity. A single illustration will serve to show how close the two stand to each other and to everyday life. It must be a matter of common observation that different parts of the body are so correlated that, for example, long arms nearly always accompany long legs, and usually a long face also. Modern standards of accuracy, however, demand something more definite than general impressions that certain things are apt to occur together. So the powerful mathematical analysis, which is perhaps the most distinctive feature of recent work in this field, has yielded, among other things, the index of correlation, a convenient numerical measure of the strength of the tie between the variations of any two organs of the body. On the other hand, the index of correlation for the same organs between parent and offspring is a measure of the force of heredity. Professor Karl Pearson finds that this correlation is least between mother and daughter, somewhat greater between

mother and son, greater still between father and daughter, and greatest of all between father and son. Thus it appears — and this is corroborated by other evidence — that men not only transmit more to their children of either sex than do women, but also inherit more even from their mothers; a striking justification of our immemorial emphasis on inheritance in the male line. *Per contra*, if women inherit less from their fathers and grandfathers, by so much more are they the daughters of the race. Professor Pearson's discovery recalls a piece of biological speculation — out of fashion now and much frowned upon in certain quarters — to the effect that males furnish everywhere the variable and progressive element of a species, while the great stream of racial inheritance flows through the females; a theory which would explain the differences between men and women by supposing that in the one Nature tries her little fliers, in the other, she salts down her gains.

For the anonymous author of *Doubts about Darwinism* the old dilemma still offers nothing better than a choice of horns on which to spit himself, in spite of all the good work of the last dozen years, with which, to be sure, he shows no very striking acquaintance. Like the worthy clergymen who, a generation ago, used to refute the evolutionists on the basis of a sight acquaintance with the commoner domestic animals, the "Semi-Darwinian" can only fall back on a special act of creative energy whenever he finds a "gap." It is always possible, of course, that the teleologist is right, though even his ready-made explanation has its own difficulties. Teleology, however, is not science; and there never would have been any science if men had been contented with giving the easy explanation, — as there never was any until they stopped giving it.

For the two naturalists, on the other hand, the way out of the old difficulty lies through the newer studies of inher-

itance and variation. But the two authors tend so far to opposite opinions on most theoretical questions that they are, in a general way, the spokesmen for the somewhat diverse schools into which students of the double problem are divided by the two sorts of variation. Dr. Vernon gives an account of all important discoveries in variation, heredity, adaptation, and related subjects since Darwin, with so much of Darwin's own work as is necessary for a background. But while he treats all aspects of the question in due proportion, his chief interest is with the stricter Darwinism which puts most stress on normal variation. Professor Morgan comes to his somewhat unorthodox opinions by way of the remarkable studies in the regeneration of lost parts, an account of which he brought out two years ago. So that his first concern is with the problem of adaptation, where incidentally he disposes most effectively of the teleology of the Semi-Darwinian. For him the study of discontinuous variations and their inheritance has been the most significant aspect of recent work. Both authors, therefore, cover a good deal the same ground; Professor Morgan with the more critical attitude and the greater interest in the general question, Dr. Vernon with more attention to new facts and methods for their own sake. He assumes that his public is already on reading terms with Darwin, while Professor Morgan begins at the beginning, and devotes half his space to matters which the other takes for granted. Dr. Vernon is, on the whole, the easier reading; largely because his collection of facts is many times greater; in some degree because, as a general rule, English men of science write better than Americans. Between the two, modern aspects of organic evolution get pretty well discussed.

But to return to our old dilemma. There is, from the side of continuous variation, a great deal which goes to show that, all theory aside, Natural Selection

does seize on small differences which seem to us of no great importance, and does use them to hold one species to its most efficient form, or to modify another to fit a new set of conditions. To take but one example out of many, Dr. Bumpus found that of 136 storm-beaten English sparrows, the 72 that revived differed appreciably from the 64 that died. In general, the aberrant individuals perished, and those nearest the typical size and shape survived. But besides this, the survivors were shorter and lighter than the others, longer of leg and breast-bone, and larger of skull. Yet who would not have said *a priori* that half a gram more of average weight would not be rather an advantage than otherwise when it came to weathering a storm, or that a little inferiority in length of leg could possibly make the slightest difference one way or the other! Still more striking, perhaps, is the case of Mr. Weldon's crabs, in which Natural Selection is modifying a species under our very eyes. It appears from measurements of thousands of individuals, and after all imaginable precautions for avoiding error, that the small shore crab of Plymouth Sound, England, is growing narrower of body, the ratio of breadth to length falling off about two per cent in five years. This change is due to the selective destruction of the broader individuals under the rapidly changing conditions of their environment. As the water of the Sound becomes dirtier year by year with the growth of the cities near by, the narrower crabs are slightly better able to filter it through their gill-chambers, and have, therefore, by so much the advantage over the others in the struggle for existence. And since their days, on the average, are longer in the water than their competitors', they leave more descendants to inherit their advantage, with the result that the race, continually recruited from the offspring of the "fitter" individuals, is maintaining itself in a situation where many species once common have been

exterminated. The obvious conclusion is that here are the beginnings of two new species. Given time enough, there should be a new sparrow to fit American weather, and a new crab to fit the mud of Plymouth Sound. It is easy enough for the philosopher to say offhand that the selection of such little differences can never go beyond the production of local races; but how, after all, does he know?

On the other hand, from the side of discontinuous variation, we have learned that almost any plant or animal may suddenly exhibit new characters. A perfect tulip appears with all its parts arranged by fours, when, by all precedent, they should go by threes; and we men, — who are sometimes thought, very erroneously, to be above all bodily change, — even we are somewhat given to having more ribs or fewer than is thought quite correct, and six or seven digits in place of the usual five. Equally striking facts of the same sort were, of course, known to the older naturalists. But they missed seeing how common they are; in part, no doubt, because the analysis of the idea of discontinuity had not, in their day, shown that variation may be indefinitely small and yet entirely discontinuous. Size in man, for example, is one of the most variable qualities known, — the dime-museum giant is well up to ten times the weight of the dwarf, — but the variation is continuous, in the sense that all intermediate sizes occur, and those nearest the mean are most numerous. Eye-color, on the other hand, though a very small and unimportant matter, is discontinuous. Nearly all eyes can be assigned at a glance either to the brown-black group or to the gray-blue-green group. Eyes, therefore, are either dark or light, almost never intermediate. Not only, therefore, do we now know that abrupt variation is very much more common than used ever to be suspected, but we have, besides, good reason to think that almost any species, after plodding quietly along for ages, may, all of a sud-

den, take to varying in the most unexpected manner. Once a species gets to kicking over the traces, the new forms are likely to come with a rush, and the same mutation to appear independently over and over again. De Vries, studying mutations of the evening primrose, found among 50,000 plants in eight generations, 359 of one "incipient species," 229 of another, 158 of a third, and smaller numbers of four more, all distinct and self-consistent. Moreover, two of these new primroses grew wild, and maintained themselves under natural conditions unswamped by intercrossing with the stock from which they came.

By all the rules of logic, half-a-dozen plants or animals of a new variety breeding freely with a hundred times their numbers of the older sort ought shortly to disappear. The reason why they do not is that a discontinuous variant is likely to transmit its peculiarity completely, or else not at all. Though Darwin knew this in a general way, the first accurate statement of the matter, like many another fertile idea, came from Mr. Francis Galton. Galton pointed out long ago that there are at least three kinds of heredity, shown conveniently in the transmission of coat-color among horses. If a pure white horse is mated with a pure black one, the colt may follow one parent to the exclusion of the other, and be entirely black or entirely white, the missing color remaining latent, to appear, perhaps, in a subsequent generation. This is alternative or discontinuous inheritance. The latent quality is now termed "recessive;" the other "dominant." Or the colt may fuse completely the parental qualities and be gray, — blended or continuous inheritance. Or it may exhibit both colors unblended, as a black and white piebald, — particulate or mosaic inheritance. The observer of mankind will easily recall a sufficiency of cases of the two extreme sorts. We expect children to be blends of the diverse qualities of their parents,

and usually do find them a hodgepodge of ancestral characters, — the nose of one, the temper of another, on the average copying their forbears in due proportion; but as to separate qualities, the heirs of single individuals. Striking physical peculiarities and unusual mental gifts are thought to be very liable to entail, and to come down through half-a-dozen generations unblended and unimpaired. Good cases of mosaic inheritance are not so common. Eye-color is almost always a discontinuous heritage, but once in a while an iris is flecked with two colors, or marked with two concentric bands, and, more rarely, the two eyes of a pair are not mates.

All these facts had, of course, been known time out of mind. Galton, however, analyzed the matter and provided a terminology. He also taught the world not to mix the evidence for different sorts of inheritance, and he formulated his Law of Ancestral Heredity, the most important contribution to the theory of the subject up to the last year of the nineteenth century. With that year came the final discovery which was to gather up and interpret a thousand scattered facts, the final chapter of a story which began a generation before.

Gregor Mendel was Abbot of Brünn in Moravia when Darwin was at work on the Origin. He does not appear to have had any unusual interest in the problem of evolution; indeed, his main concern was with an essentially pre-Darwinian question, — the nature of plant hybrids. With this problem as an avocation from his serious clerical duties, the abbot busied himself in the garden of his cloister; a leisurely, clear-headed, middle-aged churchman in whom a great scientist was spoiled. For eight years he experimented with varieties of the common pea, and in 1865 communicated to the Society of Naturalists in Brünn the substance of the discovery which is hereafter to be known as Mendel's Law, "the greatest discovery in biology since Darwin." Unfortu-

nately, at that time, the Brunn Society, like the rest of the world, had other things on its mind. The controversy over Darwin and evolution was then merrily under way, and the world promptly forgot the one thing which was needed to complete Darwin's work. He, it is clear, never saw Mendel's paper. If he had, a good many books would have remained unwritten. Mendel himself appears never to have understood the full value of his own idea. Except for one short paper written in 1869 he made no effort to follow the matter out, and devoted the remaining twenty years of his life to theology and the weather, — fields where his great talent for experiment could hardly have had free vent. He died in 1884 with no suspicion that, within twenty years, his modest paper would stand alongside of *Animals and Plants and Natural Inheritance*, and himself, as a student of heredity, with Darwin and Galton. Somehow or other, Mendel's discovery escaped attention until four years ago, when De Vries reached it independently. Two years later Mr. Bateson, who had been among the first to realize its significance, made a translation of the two original papers; this, together with his somewhat hasty commentary, is the basis of Professor Morgan's excellent though brief account, and, in part, of Dr. Vernon's less satisfactory one. Since then, Mendel's Law has been found to hold for a considerable number of cases, both among animals and plants, but most unaccountably not to work for a few others; so that, as yet, no one knows how nearly universal it may prove to be, nor how it is to be reconciled with the older Law of Ancestral Heredity of Galton. Its latest important aspect is an ingenious attempt to apply it to the inheritance of that commonest and most obscure of all discontinuities, — sex.

One illustration will serve to make clear the practical workings of Mendel's principle. If a single rough-coated guinea-pig of either sex be introduced

into a colony of normal smooth-coated individuals, all its offspring of the first generation will be rough-coated like itself. In the next generation, if one of the parents is smooth and the other rough, the young will be half of one sort and half of the other, but if both parents are rough, three quarters will take the "dominant" rough coat. In the next, and all subsequent generations, one half of those rough-coated individuals which had one smooth-coated grandparent, and one third of those which had two smooth-coated grandparents, which were not mated, will drop out the "recessive" smooth-coatedness, and become, in all respects, like their original rough-coated progenitor, even to having only rough-coated young, no matter what their mates may have. Thus Mendel's Law, though by no means simple, is very precise. The essential part of his great discovery is that in each generation of plants or animals of mixed ancestry, a definite proportion lose one half of their mingled heritage, and revert, in equal numbers, to one or other of the pure types. As a corollary to this there is also the discovery that there may be, as among our guinea-pigs, two sorts of individuals, alike in outward appearance, but fundamentally different in having or lacking a latent quality which, when it exists, becomes patent again in a fixed proportion of their offspring. Apparently in about one case out of two in which Mendel's Law holds, the new quality or organ of a mutation is "dominant" over the old one, like the rough coat of the guinea-pig over the smooth, and thereby gets a fair chance to prove its fitness for survival.

If Darwin had only known this, how easily he would have disposed of objections based on the swamping effects of intercrossing!

The reader who follows out at length in the pages of our two authors the case which I have outlined here, and realizes that, in spite of all logic, common varia-

tions are seized upon by Natural Selection, and uncommon ones not swamped, should be convinced that the horns of the old dilemma are neither so long nor so sharp as they were, and that — always *pace* the Semi-Darwinian — one set of objections which used to be urged against Darwinism can now be fairly met. But the reader of Professor Morgan will not go very far before he discovers that the Origin of Species by means of Discontinuous Variation is, for him, no part of Darwinism.

Professor Morgan is always a formidable dialectician, and when he gets to running amuck through Sexual Selection, Germinal Selection, Protective Coloration, Mimicry, and the rest, one comes to realize how insecure are the foundations of some parts of our evolutionary science. Here is his unflattering opinion of Sexual Selection: —

“It is not shown in a single one of the instances that the postulated cause has really had anything to do with the difference in question; and the attempt to show that the theory is probable, by pointing out the large number of cases which it appears to account for, is weakened to a very great degree by the number of exceptional cases, for which an equally ready explanation of a different kind is forthcoming.”

Weismann, anent the Indian butterfly, *Kallima*, which looks almost exactly like a leaf, and is the stock case of Protective Mimicry, gets this shrewd thrust: —

“Thus the philosopher in his closet multiplies and magnifies the difficulties for which he is about to offer a panacea. Had the same amount of labor been spent in testing whether the life of this butterfly is so closely dependent on the exact imitation of the leaf, we might have been spared the pains of this elaborate exordium. There are at least some grounds for suspicion that the whole case of *Kallima* is ‘made up.’ If this should prove true, it will be a bad day for the Darwinians, unless they fall back on Weis-

mann’s statement that their theory is insufficient to prove a single case.”

Unlike Herbert Spencer and others for whom Natural Selection is inadequate, Professor Morgan does not accept the Inheritance of Acquired Characters; so that, if the orthodox Darwinians cut rather a sorry figure on his pages, the Lamarckians and other heretics will hardly feel like grinning at their discomfiture.

“These experiments of Brown-Séguard, and of those who have repeated them, may appear to give a brilliant experimental confirmation of the Lamarckian position; yet I think, if I were a Lamarckian, I should feel very uncomfortable to have the best evidence in support of the theory come from this source, because there are a number of facts in the results that make them appear as though they might, after all, be the outcome of a transmitted disease, as Weismann claims, rather than the inheritance of an acquired character.” “Paleontologists have been much impressed by the fact that Evolution has been along the lines which we might imagine that it would follow if the effects of use and disuse are inherited. . . . But, as has been said before, it is not this kind of evidence that the theory is in need of, since Lamarck himself gave an ample supply of illustrations. What we need is clear evidence that this sort of inheritance is possible. . . . Why not then spend a small part of the energy, that has been used to expound the theory, in demonstrating that such a thing is really possible? One of the chief virtues of the Lamarckian theory is that it is capable of experimental verification or contradiction, and who can be expected to furnish such proof if not the Neo-Lamarckians?”

Now while much of this criticism is admirable, coming like a fresh wind of common sense and reality through a region of tinsel and gaslight, much of it also serves but to suggest that in Science,

as in Theology, the inclusive Catholic doctrine splits up into the creeds of warring sects, when one article or another is unduly emphasized.

Darwin taught that species arise sometimes by the selection of one kind of variation, or the other, or both; sometimes by the inheritance of acquired characters; sometimes by the direct influence of environment; sometimes by discontinuous variation without selection; and was quite ready to admit any other factor for which there might be evidence in any particular case. Weismann, Wallace, and the Neo-Darwinians, finding that Selection is a good explanation in a large number of cases, straightway conclude that it is the only factor, and are prepared to excommunicate everybody who agrees with Darwin. The Neo-Lamarckians, on the other hand, finding that the direct influence of the environment and the inheritance of acquired characters are often the better explanations, decide that selection is of no particular importance, and set themselves to account for the world without it. Finally enter Morgan, De Vries, and the believers in the new Theory of Mutations, — which is not so very new, — who, because Nature does get ahead *per saltum*, are ready to shake off the dust of their feet at Neo-Darwinians and Neo-Lamarckians alike.

However, Professor Morgan is no very

violent sectary, and, having once flung selection out at the door, is quite willing to let it in again through the window in half-a-dozen scattered sentences like this, which really concede the whole case: "From this point of view it may appear, at first thought, that the idea of evolution through mutations involves a fundamentally different view from that of the Darwinian school of selection: but in so far as selection also depends on the spontaneous appearance of fluctuating variations, the same point of view is to some extent involved, — only the steps are supposed to be smaller." As if that, after all, were of any great consequence! I venture, therefore, to interpret the Mutation Theory as a wholesome reaction against the extreme Selectionism of Weismann, and one sign that the world is coming back to the more moderate and saner Darwinism of Darwin. Nevertheless, when all is said, Natural Selection, in some form or other, would be a logical necessity if it were not a matter of fact. Though the future should discover a thousand factors of organic evolution Natural Selection would still be one of them, and Professor Morgan, or anybody else, who attempts to account for the living world without it, will find that, like Alice in the Looking-Glass Country, when he thinks he has at last got out of sight of the house, he is just walking in at the front door.

E. T. Brewster.

NOTES ON THE SCARLET LETTER.

THE trouble with those who deny Shakespeare's authorship of the plays usually ascribed to him is that they cannot believe in a miracle. How can this great thing come out of Warwickshire, — a hundred miles away from London, — this son of a wool-comber, this truant deer-stealer who never saw Oxford, yet

writing plays such as the world had not heard before nor has heard since? It was a miracle indeed, but of the kind that is all the while happening in a world that is greatly in need of what a miracle only can yield. For genius is a miracle; that is, it is inexplicable. Balzac, in the preface of *Le Père Goriot*, says that

"chance is the great romance-maker of the ages." It might be said that it also makes the romancers, for they appear as by chance, — unheralded and without apparent cause. Here is this boy Hawthorne, born in Salem a century ago, son of generations of shipmasters, not a touch of genius in ancestors or kindred, in a community absorbed in commercialism and at that time singularly free from any flame at which genius could kindle its torch. At the age of fourteen he goes to Maine to reside with an uncle for a time; returns to Salem and prepares for Bowdoin College, where he has Longfellow as a classmate and Franklin Pierce as a friend. He proves to be an indifferent scholar, and shows no signs of genius, unless it be an undue love of solitude and a brooding disposition that might argue either dullness or unusual intelligence. Genius has no clear signs. Nothing heralds it, and it has no true authentication until it does some work that stamps it as its own.

The authentication came late with Hawthorne. Three years after graduation in 1825, he published anonymously a short novel — *Fanshawe* — that had no sale, and was so slightly regarded by himself that he destroyed most of the first edition, with the result that not more than five copies are in existence. It had, however, the touch that is the peculiar charm of his later writings. For the next ten or twelve years he produced almost nothing, at least nothing commensurate with the long period of time and apparent leisure. Yet, he regarded literature as his vocation, and was striving to live by his pen. He wrote a group of seven short stories which he burned, with how much wealth of genius in them we do not know. That they were rejected by seventeen publishers is no sign that they lacked this subtle quality. Nothing is so elusive and so shy of recognition as genius, for the simple reason that there is no rule by which it can be measured. The publishers have a little mathemati-

cal machine by which they can, in a moment, tell you how many printed pages will be required for your bulky pile of manuscript; but they have not yet found a machine that will measure or even detect the presence of that imponderable and unmeasurable thing called genius. The only approach to such a machine is some rare human being who happens (and here the miracle again comes in) to have a spark of it — latent or active — in his own composition. Doubtless these seven tales were full of the qualities that give priceless value to the few stories that are left. Nor is it strange that he did not himself detect the divine spark that glowed within them. Genius is like the eye which sees all things except itself. Hawthorne had a way of burning his productions whenever the hour of weakness or self-distrust — such as often visits men of genius — came to him. Mr. James T. Fields told the writer — in the sixties — that Hawthorne, having got well into the *Scarlet Letter*, invited him to Salem to hear it read. Hawthorne was disposed to destroy it, and that might have been its fate had not Mr. Fields, who, better than any man of his day, knew a book when he saw one, interposed with a publisher's authority, and so saved one which Mr. Woodberry — Hawthorne's latest biographer — says is "a great and unique romance, standing apart by itself in fiction; there is nothing else quite like it."

There is but little to tell of him biographically; and far less concerning his inner life; or, this would be the case were it not that a writer who deals chiefly with the human soul, and spreads it out in scores of characters, cannot fail also to reveal himself. He was shy to the last degree, and he early formed what he called "a cursed habit of solitude;" but the accuracy with which he uncovers the hidden working of the hearts of others becomes a mirror in which his own heart is pictured. At first, one is inclined to think him a cold, impassive writer, who

holds the mirror up to Nature, — himself simply steadying it while the artist looks through, and declares what he sees. But a full reading somewhat alters one's opinion of him. It does not follow that the recluse is indifferent to humanity; he may be simply less gregarious, or he has less need of others, or finds his best development in solitude, or is called to some task that requires a steady gaze at certain types of life without disturbing them with spoken words. It is easy to say that had Hawthorne's contact with the world been closer, and had he been reared in a richer and more complex society, his writings would have been less sombre and more varied in their themes. Mr. Henry James — his severest critic while a great admirer — grants that the simplicity of his life was in his favor; "it helped him to appear complete and homogeneous." But when Mr. James seems to limit him by declaring that he is "intensely and vividly local," one pauses to ask if local color hinders universality of treatment. He had the independence and originality of his own genius, but he found his subjects in New England. His chief theme was the play of conscience under a sense of sin and guilt. Now, nothing is truer than that this theme had wide illustration in New England, and especially in its theology, where it was an organic factor. The reality of sin; its destructive effect on character; its doomlike aspect; the horrible certainty of its result; the impossibility of escape from it except by a special and personal decree of God; the haunting misery of it, fed by uncertainty as to escape; the tragedy that not seldom sprang out of it in every community, — all this was familiar to Hawthorne; but it is a singular fact that, while treating the generic truth, he never seriously touches the prevalent theological aspects of it. It is not the sin, nor the guilt, nor the reprobation of the New England theology exclusively that yields him his themes. Had he established a

closer relation to it in his plots, he might almost have been claimed as an adherent or a critic of it. But he cannot be located in that region of thought. Neither sin, nor guilt, nor remorse, belongs exclusively to the Puritan, nor to any theology, though wrought into all. They belong to humanity as parts of its universal problem, and it is as such that Hawthorne treated them. Thus he escaped the charge of provincialism. It is no derogation to admit that he was, in one sense, provincial, — like Burns and Scott, — but his genius was adequate to his standing in the broad field of universal humanity in company with the great masters of it.

Why did Hawthorne choose this one theme, — sin and its consequences, — hardly putting pen to paper except to set down something bearing on it? He was not what is usually termed a religious man; that note was not fully accentuated in him; though what depths of spiritual feeling were hidden in that never-revealed heart let no man attempt to measure. Nor did he take an interest in the theological debates that clustered about sin. Orthodox and Unitarian were one or nothing with him; their contentions will pass, — his remain as new and as old as humanity. He took no interest in reforms, and held himself aloof from every practical question of social life and activity except when forced to it by the necessity of a livelihood, — for until he was forty-six chill penury was his lot. Why, then, did he choose sin as his theme? For the same reason that the great masters in literature always gravitate to it. The Hebrews put it into the first pages of their sacred books. Job chose it, and set a pace often followed but not yet overtaken. The Greeks built their drama upon it. Shakespeare and Goethe could not justify their genius except as over and over again they dealt with it. Dante put it under heaven and hell and all between. Milton could find no theme adequate to his genius but "man's first dis-

obedience." Shall we say, then, that a great genius makes sin his theme because it suits his purpose as an artist? Let us not so belie him. He takes it because it is the greatest theme, and also because it falls in either with his convictions as in the case of Milton, or with his temperament as in the case of Hawthorne. And why is it great? Because it is a violation of the order of the world, and is the defeat of humanity. It throws human nature wide open to our gaze; we look on the ruin and see man's greatness; on his misery, and so uncover pity, which becomes a redeeming force. Thus it opens the whole wide play of human life in its highest and deepest relations. Nothing so interests men as their sins and defeats. Tragedy is born of them, and tragedy fixes evermore the steady gaze of mankind. Genius is its own interpreter; it makes few mistakes. Hawthorne wrote four novels and seven or eight short stories, all turning on sin, and he never errs in its analysis, its operation, or its effect, — though he stops short of finality. His characters are infallibly true to themselves. He is always logical. The environment suits the case down to slightest details. Nature conforms to the tragedy, either illuminating or darkening the play as it goes on, but always with rigid fidelity. His entire work is bathed in truth. Never does he weaken its absoluteness by introducing his personal belief, though occasionally, in his Note-Books, he gives us a glimpse of himself, like this: "When I write anything that I know or suspect to be morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie."

He has no theory of his own; it is the same old story: eating forbidden fruit; hiding from God; losing Paradise; tempted of woman; tempted of Satan; tempted of Mammon; sowing to the flesh and reaping corruption; a deceived heart feeding on ashes; death the wages of sin, — and no clear glimpse of a way out. If stated in modern phrase, it would be this: whatever a man does, he does to

himself. There is no profounder truth in morals or religion, or in life than this. The Puritan theology obscured it in its doctrine of sin and of redemption. Both were weakened by over-localization outside of the man himself — putting sin in the progenitor of the race, and redemption into imputation and an expiatory process. However uncertainly these doctrines are held to-day, they still cast a blinding shadow upon ethics, and make it difficult to persuade men that whatsoever they sow they shall reap.

It is enough to say of Hawthorne, at this point, that nowhere in literature is this truth taught more clearly, — with such freedom from the alloy of dogmatic obscuration, with such absence of personal prejudice, — one might almost say of feeling, — with such solemnity, such tragic force and poetic beauty, and, above all, such closeness to life, as are to be found in these four novels and the stories.

We will take a closer look at the greatest of them. What shall be said of the *Scarlet Letter*; where shall it be located in the realm of Letters? It is not a love story, nor a romance, nor an allegory, nor a parable, nor a historical novel, though it has something of each. It comes near being a dogma set in terms of real life, and made vivid by intense action; but Hawthorne cared nothing for dogma of any sort. What then shall it be called? It must go without classification. It is a study of a certain form of sin made graphic by conditions best calculated to intensify each feature. Mrs. Hawthorne said that during the six months he was writing it, his forehead wore a knot. So will the reader's, if he reads as carefully as Hawthorne wrote.

It was published in 1850, when Hawthorne was forty-six years of age. It has, first of all, this distinction: it is — as Mr. James says — "the finest piece of imaginative writing yet put forth in the country." In the half-century since, a true

and full American literature has been produced; authors of high merit have secured a lasting place; and others of less merit have given us works of fiction that sell almost by the million, but none that are worthy to stand by the side of this short story of sin and shame and remorse. What is claimed for it in this country is freely accorded abroad, though, of course, no comparisons are made with the long annals of English literature, where there are names that defy comparison. It is, however, read more widely there than here, and is held in steadier estimate than we accord, who read as gregariously as sheep crop the grass. We simply state the consensus in which it is held in our American world of letters when we say that it is the most consummate work in literature yet produced in this country.

The explanation of the permanent high estimate of the *Scarlet Letter* — for it would be as safe to wager on it as on the Bank of England — is the absolute perfection of its art and corresponding subtilty and correctness of thought, and, not least, a style that both fascinates and commands. If it is criticised on slight points, — as that it has too much symbolism, that the story is mixed with parable, and the like, — we grant or deny as we see fit; but we brush all this aside, we turn to the book again and close it with a sigh, or something deeper than a sigh, — even thought, and pronounce it perfect.

It is a simple story, told of a simple age, Greek in its severity, having only four characters: a wife forgetful of her vows; a clergyman forgetful of more than his vows; a wronged husband, left in England, but brought forward; a little child, — these and no more, save the people, individually unimportant, but necessary to form a background for the tragedy. Boston is not yet half a century old, Puritan to the core, hot still with a hatred of the tyranny and sin it had crossed the ocean to escape, governed by the letter of Scripture wherein was

found the command that an adulteress should die. But some mercy had begun to qualify the Hebrew code, and instead of death or branding with a hot iron, Hester Prynne was condemned to stand upon the pillory-platform, wearing upon her breast the letter A wrought in scarlet, not only then, but ever after. With her babe in her arms she faces the people, and sees her husband among them, — an old and learned man, — who unexpectedly appears and takes his place as an avenger. The real history of the tragedy begins when the young minister, Mr. Dimmesdale, is required by the magistrate to appeal to Hester to reveal the partner of her guilt. Dimmesdale is at no time in the story represented as wholly contemptible. However sinful his characters may be, Hawthorne always clothes them with a certain human dignity. From the first he is the victim of his sin, — suffering the tortures of remorse to a degree impossible to Hester, because to the first sin he added that of concealment and hypocrisy by continuing in his holy office; and, heavier than all, was the sense that he was dragging the cause, in both church and state, for which the colony was founded, down to the level of his own degradation. It was not for this that Hester, when adjured by him, refused to make the declaration for which he called, but for love only. The story, at the outset, is lifted out of all carnality. Shame and remorse have burned up that dross, until in time only the capacity to suffer is left, while in her heart love remains, — pure always, and made purer by acquiescence in her punishment and the discipline of motherhood. The story moves on, most human, but inexorable as fate. The scarlet letter on Hester's breast almost ceases to do its office. A sense of desert and undying love and pity make her shame endurable. But Dimmesdale finds no relief. The scarlet letter burns itself into his flesh, and he dies in late confession for love, if not for his soul.

It would be difficult to find elsewhere so close an analysis of the play of the soul in the supreme moments of life as that of the leading characters, — all brought to the logical conclusion of their history. The blending of spiritual insight and literary art forms one of those triumphs the like of which one may look for in vain until one reaches the great masters in drama. It also suggests a problem in theology that has vexed the souls of men from the beginning, and will continue to vex them so long as sin and conscience stand opposed to each other. The problem is that of forgiveness: is it ever fully won? The plot goes no further than their contrasted destiny. The curtain drops when the chief actor dies. If here and there it is lifted for a moment, or swept aside by some gust of irrepressible grief, it springs from hope, not from the main purpose. It is in Hester that riddance from sin comes nearest a possibility. Her acceptance and patient endurance of her penalty, without suffering it wholly to break her heart or her will, become a natural and real atonement that yields, if not peace, something of more value. The current of her life ran on in its natural channel in the light of day, before the eyes of the people. The contrast at the last between her strength and his weakness was not between a strong woman and a weak man, — each such by nature, — but between them as each came to be under the discipline of the seven years of experience so differently borne. Dimmesdale was not originally a weak man; had he been, the story would have lost point and emphasis, and would have sunk to the level of a vulgar scandal of every-day life. Hawthorne quickly lifts the narrative out of that region, and confines it to the world where only moral and spiritual forces fill the stage. But under the concealment of his sin Dimmesdale gave way at every point; all the sources of his strength were dried up by the hypocrisy in which he had wrapped him-

self, and he grew steadily weaker, while Hester gained a certain robustness of will without loss of her love. Hawthorne here comes very near preaching. Indeed, he seldom does anything else; it is the function of genius to preach. Give him a text, put on him the Geneva gown, and you have a preacher of universal orthodoxy fulfilling his calling with awful veracity.

But Hawthorne will not allow the tragedy to sink into the hopelessness of reprobation, — not that he cared for the doctrine one way or the other; but, as an interpreter of evil and as a literary artist, he could not leave Dimmesdale absolutely where his sin placed him; for, in one character, he saw that evil, simply because it is evil, is a mystery, and as an artist he could not map out human passion in mathematical lines. It had stripped Dimmesdale of all that was best, obscured his judgment, defeated his love, blinded him to the distinction between good and evil, overthrown his will, involved his body in the sin of his soul, and brought him to the verge of death; but something is left that revives as soon as he clasps the hand of his child, and — leaning on Hester — he mounts the scaffold where she at first had stood alone and taken on herself the punishment he should have shared with her. Under his decision to confess he revives, and begins to move aright. The scene changes. Each character is transformed. Confession begins to do its work. A far step is taken in the next word: “‘Is not this better,’ murmured he, ‘than what we dreamed of in the forest?’” — meaning flight together, at Hester’s suggestion, for his sake. Here he regains something of himself; better to die a true man than to flee a false one. Hester can see the matter in but one light. She had slowly worked out a conscious redemption through “shame, despair, and solitude.” She had not sunk to his depth, and she could not rise to the height to which confession was lifting him. She cannot

escape the constraint of her love and pity. She had freed herself; she thought she could free him. "‘I know not,’ she replied. ‘Better? yea: so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!’" In Hester the passion of love dominates; let it be death if we can die together; but in him the passion of a soul achieving deliverance from sin in the only possible way is stronger, and he is ready to die even if it be alone. He exults in the confession he is about to make before the people. It is the fifty-first Psalm over again. Had Hawthorne read St. Augustine? Or was it the insight of genius brooding in long silence on the way of a guilty soul emerging from the hell of measureless sin? Nowhere does Hawthorne rise so high in tragic skill and power as in the confession that follows when Dimmesdale uncovers his breast and shows burnt into his flesh the letter Hester had worn openly upon her bosom. Here are the stigmata of the early saints, brought out by sin instead of by self-absorption in the crucified One. The final and only atonement is made, and he sinks upon the scaffold to die. Forgiving his tormentor whom he had wronged, he turns to his child where the tragedy completes itself.

Pearl is the one consummate flower of Hawthorne’s genius, — unsurpassed by himself and absolutely original. There is woven into her the entire history of these two suffering but diverse souls, which she must fulfill and yet preserve her perfect childhood. She sets forth the sin of her parents without a trace of its guilt, yet reflects the moral chaos in which it had involved her. This is done with matchless art: — "an elf child," the people called her, passing from one mood to another as though a double nature, an Undine as yet without soul, but restless because it is withheld; or, as Mr. Dimmesdale himself had described her, having no "discoverable principle of being save the freedom of a broken law;" and there is added a far-reaching word:

"whether capable of good, I know not." Hawthorne does not here hint at inheritance of natural disposition, but has in mind a possible transmission of the confusion springing out of a violation of the moral order. It was not a dream of human love that passed into her being, but something stronger than love.

His thought here runs very deep. This child of guilty passion inherited not the passion, but a protesting conscience that always put her at odds with herself. As Chillingworth was the malignant conscience that destroyed Dimmesdale, Pearl was the natural conscience that wholesomely chastened her mother so long as the inevitable penalty lasted. This ministration is strikingly brought out in the profoundest chapter of the book, where Hester’s inner life is disclosed. One is tempted, as one follows it, to ask if Hawthorne suffered his own thoughts to wander into the region where the question of woman’s place and rights in human society was undergoing heated discussion. The din of it filled his ears unless he closed them, as he usually did when anything like reform met them. But in this tender and sympathetic chapter he tells where Hester’s thoughts often led her, and where she surely would have followed them had she been free to fulfill her dreams. It certainly was where his thoughts would not have gone. But as in Tennyson’s Princess a child solved the problem, so here Pearl and motherhood dispelled her dreams and kept her within the lines of natural duty. In every case Pearl dominates the situation, whether she be regarded as a symbolized conscience or as a child. The story throughout is a drama of the spirit; the real and the spiritual play back and forth with something more than metaphor, for each is both real and spiritual. She is woven with endless symbolism into every page; from the first wail in the prison where she was born, the child sets the keynote and keeps it to the end. The brook in the forest ran

through black shadows and through sunshine, and babbled in two voices. "What does this sad little brook say, mother?" inquired she. "If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it, even as it is telling me of mine." Here is a sermon in running brooks deeper than the Duke heard, — the response of nature to the inner spirit of man.

But this contradiction that ran through the child passes away as soon as the purpose of confession enters the heart of Dimmesdale, whom before she had shunned so long as he and her mother talked of flight. As the two meet upon the scaffold after treading their bitter but diverse paths, and become spiritually one through this confession, the child mingles her life with theirs through the truth that now invests them, and proves that "she has a heart by breaking it." Here we have the purest idealism, Greek in the delicacy of its allusions, and Hebrew in its ethical sincerity. What Hawthorne has in mind all along is that a sin involving hypocrisy can in no way be undone or gotten over except by confession, and so getting back into the truth. Dramatic art requires that it shall involve all the actors, — Chillingworth as well as Hester. Though a wronged husband, he was fiendish in his revenge, and as false as Dimmesdale. Any other writer of Romance would have hurled him to a doom of fire or flood. But Hawthorne has other uses for him. He is the malignant conscience of Dimmesdale as Pearl is the beneficent conscience of Hester. All the dramatis personæ must be subdued into the likeness of the common motive; and so Hawthorne places Chillingworth on the scaffold, where the mingled atmosphere of unconquerable love and repentance enfolds him. He calls it a defeat; "thou hast escaped me," he said to Dimmesdale; but it was more than defeat. Hawthorne leaves room for the thought at least that something of good found its way into his poor soul and stayed there.

We must acquit Hawthorne here, and on every other page of his works, from aiming at mere effect, but we cannot fail to see that in this last scene he comes near losing himself and letting his pity carry him beyond the point where the logic of his story left Dimmesdale; for to have wholly absolved him from his sin would have carried the writer beyond his purpose to unfold the working of broken law, — a thing not to be tampered with by an over-sympathetic pen. Hawthorne was neither a skeptic, nor a pessimist, nor a cold-hearted man; he was widely the reverse of each. It was the intensity of his faith in the moral laws and in the reality of goodness, and the delicacy and strength of his sympathy, that made him capable of writing in an unflinching strain of justice tempered, but not set aside, by pity.

But behind these qualities was the artistic sense, which — in a great man — is one with his power and insight, and he could write only what he saw and knew; for art is authoritative. Tennyson was once asked why he did not give *In Memoriam* a happier ending, — a Paradise with its vision of God instead of a great hope only. He replied, "I have written what I have felt and known, and I will never write anything else." Hawthorne could say the same of himself; and we might add that his sense of art, as well as his sense of truth, held him in leash. His reserve, however temperamental, is a sign of his consummate skill as a literary artist. On what page, in what sentence, does he fall short? The reader turns over the last page and feverishly demands the next scene in the tragedy, but finds only hints or nothing at all; the characters sink back into the mystery from which they emerged. They move like spirits in a world unreal except as their truth makes it real. Hence their intangibility; they haunt one in the guise of the quality they set forth, but beyond that they do not exist. They stand for no person, but only for

some law — kept or broken — which they symbolize. There is no Dimmesdale, nor Hester, nor Pearl, nor Chillingworth, but only shadows of broken law working out its consequences in ways of penalty wrought into the Eternal Order. They stay but a moment, and — like a faded pageant — disappear; but while they stay, the deepest meanings of life are set before us in forms of transcendent power, and become permanent in ourselves.

This ready impartation of ideas is everywhere a marked feature of Hawthorne's works, due to the absolute sincerity of their ethical elements, their perfection of literary form, and their pervasive humanity. To doubt the last factor is to rob his genius of its main-spring. The severity of his treatment grows out of the accuracy of his logic. He deals with mystery and, therefore, says little, only enough to show that whatever a man does he does to himself; that obedience is light, and disobedience is darkness in which, because nothing can be seen, there is nothing to be said.

Still, Hawthorne does not hold it to be contrary to his opinions or his art to suffer gleams of hope to illumine even the darkest of his pages. With a masterly touch at the very beginning of the *Scarlet Letter*, he expressly states this to be a feature of the story he is about to tell. He puts by the door of the prison, where Hester was confined, "a wild rosebush," and says, "it may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom, that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow." Therefore, in the last scene there are almost forecasts of a good outcome. In the child the spell that drove her apart from her father is broken, and with tears she kisses his dying lips. Hester raises the unconquerable question of love: "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what

thou seest?" Hester was mistaken. Her cleansed eyes could see, but his could not with any certainty; he had lived in the dark too long for clear vision. And yet Hawthorne will not hide the end behind so dark a pall. The rose at the prison door blossoms into a hope. The moralizing of the great master is not forgotten: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil." Dimmesdale remembers that there is recovery through suffering, and that it is a sign of mercy. Having set his ignominy before the people, his death becomes triumphant, and he departs with words of praise and submission. Still, Hawthorne will neither assert nor deny, but leaves each to read the story in his own way.

It is not well to look for a doctrine in this masterly and carefully balanced picture. Hawthorne did not intend one; he drew from a broader field than that of dogma. One may hope where one cannot well believe. Belief is special; hope is universal. Dimmesdale stated his own case correctly, — a confused and conflicting statement, because having long lived a lie its bewildering confusion impregnated all his thought. In Hester life has done its worst and its best, and, brooded over continually by truth, she emerges clear-eyed, and sees — shall we say heaven or hell? — She cared not, so long as she could be with him. One is here reminded of Dante's Francesca in the *Inferno*, "swept about the never resting blast" of hell with Paolo, — her only consolation being that they would never be separated. Mr. Dinsmore, who calls attention to this resemblance in his able book, the *Teachings of Dante*, thinks that Hawthorne — not having then learned Italian — came to it alone. It may well be so, for it is the quality of love to transcend all motives beside its own; and not seldom does it cast itself with loss of all that it has in time or eternity, for so it chooses, rather than give up itself, — not voluptuous love, but that spiritual passion which makes of two souls one. They

have no life if they are separated. Such was Hester's love. Penance had not weakened, but rather had refined it, until its spiritual essence only was left with its commanding power. This Hawthorne sees by the light of his own genius. But to unwind the thread of human fault, and hold it up so that it shall shine in a brighter color, is a task that he hints at, but does not attempt.

Still, he touches sin with a firm hand, and traces it without flinching to the point where it culminates, — always the same; it separates man from God and his fellows, and at last from himself; it returns in retribution, and the evil he has done to others he does to himself. A casual reading may set this down as a Puritan dogma. It is Puritan, but it is universal before it is Puritan. Hawthorne in his greater works touched nothing that was only and distinctively Puritan. His characters wear the garb, but underneath is simply the human soul. This distinction is to be made because it helps to a right understanding of the book, and redeems both it and its author from the charge of provincialism, — a derogation not to be made concerning a genius whose province lay among themes as broad and universal as human nature.

Hawthorne put no unmeaning words into the *Scarlet Letter*, and the question may arise how far he intended to include Chillingworth in the scene of redemption on the scaffold, — for such it may be called. The answer must be found in Chillingworth's exclamation: "Thou hast defeated me!" Why did he say that? Because Dimmesdale had taken himself out of the world of lies, and put himself into the hands of the God of truth, and thus brought not only himself, but all about him, under the redeeming influences that filled the air, for even the people went home, as it were, smiting their breasts. If the story be a parable, the harassing conscience must be set at rest; it is defeated, and Chillingworth no longer has a vocation. Dimmesdale had

done what he had advised him to do: "Wouldst thou have me to believe, O wise and pious friend, that a false show can be better — can be more for God's glory, or man's welfare — than God's own truth?" His advice, given in answer to Dimmesdale's specious paltering with an eternal reality, deepened his victim's agony and so fed his revenge; but when acted on, his patient passed beyond his reach. He had gone deeper than he knew, and had brought to the surface a spiritual power that outmastered his own. Shall we say that Hawthorne did not intend to hint that Chillingworth came under this greater power, and that, finding himself a defeated man through his own suggestion, he felt its divineness? He utters no word of malice, no confident boast, no plan of further revenge. Instead, what else is seen of him is beneficent, and in accord with a nature originally sound and high-minded. Along with others, he has been involved in a furious storm of human passion, but it passes by when truth wins the victory. Hawthorne, like the consummate artist that he is, never asserts or paints in full, but only intimates and leaves the rest to the reader; and so we may believe that the tragedy pauses at the door of Chillingworth. At the close Hawthorne plays uncertainly and with jest over this strange yet natural character. Chillingworth is reduced to nothingness and withers away, — a logical end, but he reappears in a new light as enriching Hester and Pearl, — a strange thing to do unless some goodness is left in him. Then the author jests and sends him literally to the devil where "he would find tasks enough," and receive "his wages duly." If Hawthorne ever falters it is when he plays between the Parable and the Romance. Here he drops the former, and ends his story — in Walter Scott fashion — with a word for each. Evidently he writes with a weary pen, yet not with an unpitying heart. In the next sentence he would fain be merciful to "all

these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances, — as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions ; ” and finally, after a bit of psychological byplay, by no means serious, — on the possible identity at bottom of hatred and love, — raises the question whether the old physician and the minister may not find “ their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmitted into golden love.” Thus, though the *Scarlet Letter* is a sad book, the author would not leave it black with hopeless sorrow. Even as an artist Hawthorne knew better than to paint his canvas in sober colors only ; and as a man he had no right to bruise the human heart with needless pain. Sad as the *Scarlet Letter* is, we need not think him forgetful of Madame Necker’s saying that “ the novel should paint a possible better world.” But if better, it can be such only through truth and never through lies.

What renders the *Scarlet Letter* one of the greatest of books is the sleuth-hound thoroughness with which sin is traced up and down and into every corner of the heart and life, and even into nature, where it transforms all things. Shakespeare paints with a larger brush, and sets it in great tragic happenings ; but its windings, the subtle infusion of itself into every faculty and impressing itself upon outward things, are left for Hawthorne’s unapproachable skill. This leads us to speak of the criticism of Mr. Henry James upon the twelfth chapter, where the story reaches its climax. Dimmesdale and Hester and Pearl stand at night upon the scaffold, where Hester had stood alone with her babe seven years before. His remorse had reached its lowest depth ; its sting lay in the fact that she wore the scarlet letter while he went clad in robes of unquestioned sanctity. It is the letter that torments him, and carries the guilt and shame of the whole bitter history. He has come into a condition where, because he can think of nothing else, he can see nothing else.

A meteor flashes across the black sky and paints upon a cloud the fatal letter. A page of magnificent writing describes the objective picture and the heart within which only it exists. Mr. James regards it as overworked, and, along with a general charge of the same over-doing here and there, intimates that the author “ is in danger of crossing the line that separates the sublime from its intimate neighbor.” That Hawthorne should be termed ridiculous after being described as “ a thin New Englander with a miasmatic conscience ” should occasion no surprise. It shows how wide apart are the realist and the idealist ; and also how much nearer the idealist comes to the facts of the case in hand.

That Dimmesdale should transfer what he saw and felt within to the external world is a well-known psychological possibility ; and we appeal from the realist to his brother the psychologist, who says in his recent book that “ it is one of the peculiarities of invasions from the sub-conscious region to take on objective appearances.” It is needless to say that literature, from the Bible down, abounds in this transfer of inward feeling to outward form. When Balaam had sold his prophetic gift for a price, it was not the ass that rebuked him, but his own smiting conscience. It was not the witches, but Macbeth, who sang, “ Fair is foul, and foul is fair,” — after which all things were inverted : his thoughts became ghosts and daggers and a knocking at the gate like thunders of doom. Lady Macbeth can see nothing but blood on her white hands. Beckford in his *Vathek* (where possibly Hawthorne found the suggestion of Dimmesdale’s habit of placing his hand upon his heart) made the dwellers in the Hall of Eblis happy in all things except that each held his hand over his heart, which had become “ a receptacle of eternal fire.” Mr. James seems to underestimate the mental condition into which Dimmesdale has fallen ; he strikes the key of the tragedy too low,

and refers what he regards as excessive to Hawthorne's Puritanism. Now, Puritanism is a capacious thing, but it cannot hold all that is cast into it; and much is set down to its credit that belongs to a false conception of it. Mr. James, in his able biography, insists on two things, to which we have already referred, as explanatory of Hawthorne; that he was provincial, and that he was largely influenced by his Puritan blood. Each is to be taken with due allowance. Of course, every man, however great his genius, strikes his roots down into native soil and draws his life from such air as is about him. Something of root and air will enter into his mental composition, and in some measure he will think with or from his environment, and his heart will throb with ancestral blood. But it is a quality of genius that it is not subject to such limitations. Genius belongs to the domain of nature; it is cosmic, spiritual, universal. It treats these limitations in one of three ways: it lifts them into their ideals; it transcends them; or it extracts their thin essence or spirit. The last may be said of Hawthorne. Little of Puritanism remained in him except its spirituality, by which we mean its profound sense of the reality of moral law. Much that is set down to him as Puritan was a family idiosyncrasy, — an individualism that passed all the bounds of early or later Puritanism. It favored, however, the play of his genius in its chosen field.

To regard him as provincial because Salem was provincial, or because habits were simple in Massachusetts in the first half of the century, is to miss the source of his strongest quality. Hawthorne, by virtue of his brooding solitude and the lofty character of his thought, which was rooted in his own peculiar genius and was fed by an imagination that had no need to go outside of itself for ideas or theories, was shut off from provincialism save perhaps in some matters of personal habit. The nearest sign of it was an in-

tense love of New England and indifference to the mother country where he had lived for years, — an unweaned child of his native land. There is more in him that offsets Puritanism than identifies him with it. In fact, it outlived itself, as has continually happened, and created in Hawthorne an individualism that separated him from itself. A system whose central principle is individualism cannot count upon holding together its own adherents. It is by its own nature centrifugal, though none the worse for that; it makes man a denizen of the heavens rather than of this mundane sphere. But the way is long, and at great cost is it trod.

It is Hawthorne's peculiarity that he cannot be identified with any school of thought. He was a recluse down to the last fibre. He did not hate men, but he would not mingle with them. He was shy, but in a lofty way. Any real alliance in thought or action with others was impossible to him. His individualism was absolute, but it was temperamental. Socially he was closely identified with the transcendental way of thinking, but it found no access to his mind. He and Emerson were neighbors, but not intimates. When they walked together in Concord they discussed the weather and the crops, but not philosophy, nor religion, nor politics. Oftener they were silent, as great men, who know each other as such, can afford to be. Tennyson and Carlyle once sat together of an evening for three hours, smoking, and neither uttering a word, except Carlyle's good-night: "Come again, Alfred; we have had a grand time." This aloofness from men, and at the same time this power of dragging to light the hidden secrets of their souls, is the inexplicable gift of genius; it has an eye of its own; one glance, and it looks the man through and through. He mingled frequently with the North Adams frequenters of the village tavern,

but he was off on the mountain-side, among the limekilns, weaving the threads of Ethan Brand. He spent a year at Brook Farm, but spoke lightly of its socialism and of his own part as "chambermaid to the oxen," — a wasted year, but it gave us the Blithedale Romance, which Mr. James places at the head of his works. He hated Socialism, but Puritanism, its opposite, — being spiritual and social individualism, — won in him no following save as it furnished him standing ground and materials for his work. Had he lived anywhere where conscience and law had full recognition and sin was possible, he would have written in the same strain, — as in the Marble Faun, where Donatello serves his purpose as well as Dimmesdale. The crime and its effect in each belong to the general field of ethics, where sin reveals its nature in soul experiences that are common to all men. Indeed, he has but one deep and permanent interest: the play of conscience under sin. He is a student of the soul. He watches its play as a biologist watches an animal under varying conditions; but in each case it is the study of a soul, — not degraded, but only wounded, as it were, and while it is keen to feel, and while the good and evil in it are full of primal energy.

It is sometimes said, in halfway derogation of Hawthorne's genius, that his tales are parables. Why should they not be so regarded? It is not easy to escape the parable, in literature or in life. What are the world and humanity but parables of the Eternal Mind? The only question in literature is, are the parables well told? If they are, the witness of a vast company of great authors in all ages and tongues is theirs. Hawthorne was full of dreams, fantasies, symbols, and all manner of spiritual necromancy, — turning nature into spirit and spirit back into nature, but — however wild the play of his imagination — the idea underlying it always has three characteristics: it is real, and true, and

moral. Hence, the *Scarlet Letter*, — devoid of history and of probability; illusive; nature transformed to create and to receive meanings; personality sunk in ideas and ideas made personal; so far away that our hearts do not reach it with sympathy, and it is read with unwet eyes, but with thoughts that lie too deep for tears; — still it is one of the truest and most moral of books, because the human soul that lies behind it and plays through it is true to itself whether it does good or evil. Hawthorne knew evil under its laws. Neither sentiment, nor art, nor dogma deflected him from seeing the thing as it is, and setting it down with relentless accuracy. His claim to genius would be impeached if it were not accurate; and the reason why it stands clear and unquestioned is because no taint of morbidness nor Puritan inheritance lessens the absolute veracity of his estimates. Each may have had something to do with the selection of his subjects, but nothing whatever with his own ethical opinions. His literary art and execution, faultless as they are, would not alone secure for him the admiration and reverence of all lovers of good literature. For, at last, it is truth alone for which men care; and truth only is strong enough to win unquestioned and universal verdicts.

And yet he is criticised on the score that the *Scarlet Letter*, especially, is sad, and sometimes it is added that it is pessimistic. So are Lear and Balzac's *Alkahest* sad, but neither deserves the latter term. Nothing in literature is pessimistic that accurately describes a violation of the order of the world and of human life, if it be in the interest of truth and justice. Dimmesdale and Hester could not escape the pangs they suffered; they were not going through their parts in a world of pessimism, but in a world of order which they had violated, and for which they were undergoing inevitable yet redemptive penalty. There is no pessimism so long as the just

laws of society are working normally, — the very point on which Hawthorne insists, — however hard they are bearing on the individual. Pessimism is an indictment of the moral order of the world, and is essential atheism. Hawthorne stood at the opposite pole. His main function in literature was to illustrate the tragical consequences of broken law when the law was fundamental in character or in society. He was almost slavishly logical, — putting Dimmesdale into the lowest hell of the Inferno, and Hester in Purgatorio, where penalty purifies and makes the sufferer glad.

Absolute as was his insight, and perfect as was his art, he has not escaped criticism. There is general agreement that his pages are overcharged with symbolism. But which flower will you uproot in that garden "of a thousand hues," though "Narcissus that still weeps in vain" blossoms too often there?

Graver criticism is sometimes heard, — as that he has no sympathy with his characters in their suffering. So far as it touches the *Scarlet Letter* it should be sufficient refutation to read what he himself says in his English Note-Books, in comparing Thackeray's "coolness in respect to his own pathos," with his own emotions when he read the last scene of the *Scarlet Letter* to his wife, just after writing it, — "tried to read it rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm."

It is not well to search an author too closely as to his feeling over the creatures of his imagination. You may find nothing or everything, according to temperament or literary sense. The great author hides himself behind his canvas. Hawthorne, the most reticent of men and with the keenest sense of literary propriety, is the most impersonal of writers in his greater works. He tells us nothing except what may be inferred from characteristics constantly recurring throughout his pages. Now nothing is more re-

vealing in an author than his style; it is almost a better witness to his character than his assertions. It is like the voice in conversation that speaks from the soul rather than the mind. There are in Hawthorne's style four invariable features, — reverence, sincerity, delicacy, and humanity; each is nearly absolute. Together they stand for heart. No matter how silently it throbs, a writer who puts these qualities into his pages is to be counted as one who pities his fellow men even when most relentless in tracing their sins. It may also be set down as a general principle, that truth is akin to pity, as pity is akin to love. The great virtues do not lie far apart.

The criticism is oftenest urged in connection with Hester, who is both the centre of interest and of the problem. Hawthorne takes utmost pains to make it clear how she lived. Whether she was happy or not he did not undertake to say; he would not raise so useless a question. The tragedy is pitched at too high a key for happiness. Possibly there may be victory after slow-healing wounds, but there can be no amelioration by circumstance or by deadening of sensibility. Study the thirteenth chapter — Another View of Hester — if you would seek an answer to the question whether in her case the book gravitates toward despair or points to recovery and life.¹

This exquisite rehearsal of Christian service and temper might well win for her canonization. It is the picture of a saint. The very things that Christ made the condition of acceptance at the last judgment she fulfilled; and the graces that St. Paul declared to be the fruit of the Spirit were exemplified in her daily life. Plainly, this is not a picture of despair, nor even of suffering, except that which necessarily haunts a true soul that has done evil. God forbid that it should be different with any of us! Forgiveness is not lethean. To forget

¹ Note, particularly, pages 194-196 of the Riverside Edition.

our past would defraud the soul of its heritage in life. The *Scarlet Letter* faded out and even acquired another meaning. Her life came to blessed uses, with rewards of love and gratitude from others that reached even unto death. The logic of this tender picture of a saintly life — a gospel in itself — must not be overlooked. Hawthorne certainly did not mean that the reader should miss the point. How could recovery from sin be better told, or be more complete? When Peter had denied his Lord and wept bitterly over it, all he was told to do was to feed his Master's sheep. Hester's forgiveness did not shape itself in the form of ecstatic visions, but of service in the spirit of Him who bore witness to the truth; and by herself bearing witness to it she won the reward of its freedom.

To the last touch of his pen Hawthorne keeps up the symbolism that both hides and reveals his meaning, and leaves

us in such a mood as when, on some autumn day, we watch mountain and river and sky faintly shrouded in haze until we wonder if these and life itself be real, — an experience tenderly rendered by Longfellow in his poem on Hawthorne. He lived in his dreams, but his dreams were as real as the earth and as true as life.

Strangers in Boston still search the burial ground of King's Chapel for the grave of Hester Prynne: so true a story, they think, must be true in fact. If it had been found they might have asked, What does the armorial device mean?

"ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE LETTER A, GULES."

Does the scarlet letter stand for sin or for cleansing? Is the epitaph a word of despair or of hope? In what direction did Hawthorne intend to lead our thought? If asked, he would have said, Read out of your own heart.

Theodore T. Munger.

THE NEW AMERICAN TYPE.

WITHIN a few months there has been an exhibition of portraits in New York of unusual interest. In the first place, as the great sign over the entrance averred, the portraits were "worth millions;" in addition to this cynosural quality, some of them were painted by very famous painters. A third reason, neither practical nor artistic, must serve as the excuse for this little essay. The collection included portraits old and new; most of the old were of English men and women of the end of the eighteenth century; most of the new were present-day pictures of living Americans, both men and women. No one who climbed the stairs of the American Art Galleries, and wandered through those rambling halls, intended by the architect for an exhibition where light was less to be wished

than shade, could keep his thoughts in artistic leash, and not let them stray from their proper office of looking on paintings as paintings only; no one, I mean, of the noble army of volunteer critics. It was impossible to look first at the group of portraits painted a hundred years ago, and then at the group painted to-day, and stand undisturbed. Every spectator enacted again the comic tragedy of Rip Van Winkle. An astonishing change had taken place in men and women between the time of President Washington and that of President McKinley; bodies, faces, thoughts, had all become transformed. One short stairway from the portraits of Reynolds to those of Sargent ushered in change as if it had stretched from the first Pharaoh to the last Ptolemy. Enmeshed in bewilder-

ment the spectator rubbed his eyes, and asked the guardian at the desk, if there were no mistake, if this were really the exposition "worth millions," and not rather some biological hoax. Upon reflection it was apparent that there had been no pre-arrangement, no contrived purpose to confound the spectator; the ladies and gentlemen who got up the exhibition had been bent merely on giving pleasure to the eye, instruction to the mind. The show was honest beyond dispute. The first supposition which occurred to everybody was that Reynolds's Italian-cultivated and old-time craft was one aspect of excellence, the technical power and modern craft of Sargent another, and, therefore, that this extraordinary contrast appearing between century and century was in truth only between painter and painter. This hypothesis soon proved untenable. The questions how and why it was untenable had better be left to answer themselves, as I recount the way in which the facts, with their inevitable connotations, were presented to the spectator's mind. Naturally where facts hang on the wall, arranged not to illustrate a biological truth, but to economize the time of the picture hangers, they are seen in inconsequent succession, and need some rearrangement in the mind's eye before they express their real meaning. With some rearrangement, as slight as may be, I shall briefly discuss the tell-tale portraits, making, as I go, certain obvious deductions, which, in the interest of brevity, I substitute for elaborate pictorial analyses. Of course I treat the pictures not as works of art, but as biological witnesses, — not unscathed by natural shame at the Philistine effrontery of the attempt.

A hundred years ago a British type of body, face, and mind prevailed from Massachusetts to Virginia; there were many individuals and sundry communities of other bloods, but most of our ancestors of Revolutionary times were featured and complexioned like British men.

Of these men there were in the galleries several portraits painted by Trumbull. There was John Adams, a short, ruddy, choleric little man, with the free bearing of an English yeoman, ready, perhaps over-ready, to defend his curtilage and cowyard, his ploughed fields and fallow, against tax-gatherers, Cavalier squire, or even the lord of the manor; an honest, healthy man, untroubled by any doubts as to possible encroachment by his boundary lines. Near him hung Alexander Hamilton, of more aristocratic type, open, generous, high-spirited, a sort of dashing gallant, yet of steadfast serenity; his mind resting solidly on reason and principles, an ardent English gentleman. There was James Madison, not over-imaginative, not noble, with a touch of English bulldog in his jowl, shrewd, stable; and hard by, *sovra gli altri com' aquila*, the sober, godly, righteous face of Washington, calm, almost severe, a man of purpose inwardly sustained. There was also Major-General Samuel Osgood, of somewhat Southern aspect, a hawklike keenness in the nose and eyes, woodsman in youth, soldier in manhood, a hardy, out-of-doors kind of man. There were some Gilbert Stuarts, too: Egbert Benson, a keen, astute person, eminently a gentleman, dignity blending with calm; Chief Justice Jay, a dreamy, speculative, far-seeing man with curving lip; and Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, a sly, foxy gentleman. Both the French blood and the Dutch, as well as the English, displayed the quiet and equilibrium which attend an orderly maintenance of peace in the body and mind of man.

Neither Stuart nor Trumbull was a great painter, but both were faithful workmen with the talents allotted to them in Fortune's hugger-mugger distribution, and strove to paint what they saw. Whatever these painted faces may be to the artist, to the common eye they look like clauses from the Constitution, paragraphs from the Declaration of Independence, maxims from Poor Richard, com-

pendia of definite beliefs and accepted principles. There is no need further to describe their looks; everybody knows them. They were not limber-minded men, not readily agnostic, not nicely skeptical; they were, neither more nor less, excepting the sprinkling of foreign bloods, eighteenth-century Englishmen. Of course I have nothing to do with history neither framed nor hung; I merely render a *procès-verbal* of the testimony delivered by the portraits in this gallery.

In the main hall, into which the spectator, having paid his toll, entered directly, most of the English portraits were hung. There were Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs, Hoppners, Romneys, and others, as well as a few Van Dycks, and two of that "right noble Claudio," sur-named Coello. The English painters must take our exclusive attention. Reynolds, of right, comes foremost. In the corner hung Colonel Cussmaker, a handsome, haughty young person of quality, not without dignity, *nez retroussé*, mouth well curved; he stands carelessly, clad in red jacket and white breeches, by the side of his horse, embodying leisure, — eminently a person of a class apart. Certainly he has poise of mind and properly balanced physical constitution. The Reynolds young women are right-minded, healthy, simple beings, not indifferent to their own loveliness, with the naturalness of flowers and somewhat of their grace; all of them, matron and maid, of pleasing mien and soft, curving lines, all compact of serene dignity and calm. No man ever made a happier comment on happy life than Reynolds's soft, sweeping, feminine line from ear to shoulder. These ladies led lives unvexed; natural affections, a few brief saws, a half-dozen principles, kept their brows smooth, their cheeks ripe, their lips most wooable. Even the coquettish little actress, Miss Kitty Fisher, is as much of a country girl in mind as any of them. At first the admirer takes this serene loveliness, this quiet leisure, this simple pensive

pleasantness, to be the genial nature of Sir Joshua Reynolds, put by him upon his canvases. If, however, we take a step or two, and look at Gainsborough's ladies, at Romney's, or Hoppner's, we find the same attributes, in almost wearying repetition, of calm, of simplicity, of dignity, of leisure; all lovely ladies led into the ways of peace and pleasantness by simple right-mindedness, homely principles, ancestral precepts, and natural affections. Inasmuch as I refer to Reynolds's portraits as scientific facts, it may not be out of place to refer to Ruskin's criticism of him: — "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him . . . the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper."

If this group of portraits brought together in the American Art Galleries be deemed too small — haphazard though it is, and of most interesting pecuniary value — to serve as the basis of any hypothesis, a brief visit to any well-stocked gallery will bring confirmatory evidence. For example, in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, besides several very charming Sir Joshuas, there are a number of other English portraits of that epoch. There is a portrait of Lady Hardwick, by Francis Cotes, a gentle, graceful, tranquil, happy figure of feminine leisure; there is Mrs. Reid, as Sultana, by Robert Edge Pine, — happy the seraglio so presided over, no envy, no malice, no faint praise, no hidden sneer; there is Gainsborough's Mr. Burroughs, a well-bred, pleasant, vacant-minded gentleman; there is Sir William Beechey's portrait of a young lady, tranquil as an English landscape. These are all of one placid family, dwellers, as it were, in a garden of foxglove and honeysuckle. Even the fashionable sprightliness of Sir Thomas Lawrence's sitters, with their airs and graces, such as the luckless Mrs.

Gibbon floating like a pantomimic Ariel to an *éternité chantante*, does not conceal the fundamental qualities of the type. It is also worth while to notice the portraits of Johann Zoffany, R. A., whose testimony is the more valuable as coming from a foreigner, and Hoppner's painting of Mrs. Bache, Franklin's daughter, steady and dignified, as was necessary, being so fathered. This last picture and such portraits as Copley's serve as connecting links, if any were needed, between the eighteenth-century English type in England and the like type here.

In setting forth these facts there is the danger, not wholly to be avoided, of merely cataloguing; I will abridge the record as far as I can, and yet I must refer, very briefly, to a few French pictures of the same period. In the American Galleries was the portrait of a *notaire*, M. Laidequine, by de Latour, a placid, round-cheeked, amiable man, capped ornamentally after the fashion affected by baldish men, of a good digestion, — capon on feast days, turbot on fast, — undisturbed by red notarial tape and the rumblings of '89; a plump, sleek man, of pure French blood, of plain ideas, of philosophic calm. He is of the bourgeoisie, but the next portrait is of the blood royal. M. Nattier's portrait of the dauphin, son to Louis Quatorze, depicts a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, pleasant young gentleman with a little mouth and a petulant expression, and yet furnished with that same inward gentleness, which — so it was objected — might proceed from the geniality of Reynolds, but in truth proceeds from a stable physique and a well-ordered, logical, dogmatic philosophy. Another portrait, Le Chevalier Eusèbe de Montour, by Vanloo, is a youth of dignified aspect, in spite of his snub nose and narrow mind. Further on, the Princesse Lamballe has the air of one who has lived in a doll's house, most of the time with her hair-dresser, a weasel-like little lady, whose head befitted a milliner's block better than a guillotine.

All these portraits, American, English, French, make a most happy and attractive picture of life in the eighteenth century. They chant a chorus of praise for national character, for class distinctions, for dogma and belief, for character, for good manners, for honor, for contemplation, for vision to look upon life as a whole, for appreciation that the world is to be enjoyed, for freedom from democracy, for capacity in lighter mood to treat existence as a comedy told by Goldoni. Such a self-satisfied *benedicite* irritated the susceptibility of that *nouveau riche*, the nineteenth century, itself not devoid of self-satisfaction, and drew from it a great deal of unsympathetic and unscientific criticism; in fact, the nineteenth century was more dependent on its own spectacles than any century of which we have record. We must endeavor to steer between the self-flattery of the one century and the jeers of the other, and briefly consider the traits and qualities revealed by the portraits.

They portray a pure national breed, wherein like bred with like in happy homogeneity, traits paired with consanguineous traits, racial habits and national predispositions mated after their kind; the physiological and psychological niceties, which sprang from the differentiation of races and nations, were protected from the disquiet and distress of cross-breeding, deep affinities herded together, and the offspring were saved from the racking strain and distortion that beset a hybrid generation. This physical stability begot mental calm; peace of body insured peace of mind. Likewise, but in less degree, class spirit, and smallness of numbers, aided to preserve fixedness and peace; especially the peasants, kith of the cattle, kin of the corn, laid a hardy animal foundation, preaching silently the great teaching of Nature that physical life shall dominate mental life.

The abundant praise of animal life, of healthy body, of beauty of face, shouted out by these portraits, does not, however,

exceed their testimony in favor of health of mind. The calm and quiet of Sir Joshua's age are scarcely more physical than moral. It is a period of the Ten Commandments, of belief, of dogma, of fixed principles, of ethical laws; to us it looks like a little world, such stress they laid on simple rules, on reverence, on the gradations of respect, on inherited morality, on denial of the democratic ethics that one virtue is as good as another. It had the merits of the village, — the gentleman of the big house, his inherited principles burnished by intercourse with his peers, the parson and the parson's wife, with old-fashioned Christianity, the circle round the tavern fire that concerned itself with what Dr. Johnson had pronounced, the group of critics in the store that threshed out a rough garnered morality under the lead of the schoolmaster, and all the influences which keep unobstructed the ancient highways of thought, principle, and conduct; — these are the more obvious symbols of the conservative forces which made the sitters to Gilbert Stuart, to Gainsborough, to Vanloo, what they were. No doubt the prevailing trait in the portraits cited is leisure, aristocratic leisure; but leisure is the substance, aristocratic hue merely the superficial coloring. If these eighteenth-century painters had painted peasants, their portraits would have manifested leisure, too. It is not leisure in our mercantile sense of intervals between paroxysms of money-getting, — moral mince pies at railway stops, — but mental leisure, the "content surpassing wealth, the sage in meditation found," the contemplation that brings peace, consequent upon a dogmatic orderliness of ideas and principles, an acceptance of that condition of body and mind to which it has pleased God to call men, the leisure that can express itself in poetry, in art, in good manners. Those quiet sitters had none of the perplexity and inconsequence which mark a generation that plays its game with no rules; their courses of con-

duct were all meted out by principle and maintained by authority.

My business was, not to analyze, but to describe, rather merely to sum up those random faces in general terms; and to give a composite account of them, and it is time to present the evidence concerning our American bodies and souls. Naturally enough Mr. Sargent's portraits by their immense dexterity, their truthfulness, their extraordinary combination of crudeness and refinement, of vigor and art, — he is the Barbarian Conqueror, the Tamerlane, of painters, — make the chief witnesses; but their evidence is so fully confirmed by men of markedly different qualities, that any objection to Sargent, as a man of peculiar temperament and genius, would be hypercritical. He was born to depict a hybrid people, vagabonds of the mind, to portray the strain of physiological and psychological transformation in the evolution of a new species. His talents dovetail with the exigencies of our epoch; hence his great historical importance.

The obvious qualities in his portraits are disquiet, lack of equilibrium, absence of principle; a general sense of migrating tenants, of distrainer and replevin, of a mind unoccupied by the rightful heirs, as if the home of principle and dogma had been transformed into an inn for wayfarers. Sargent's women are more marked than his men; women, as physically more delicate, are the first to reveal the strain of physical and psychical maladjustment. The thin spirit of life shivers pathetically in its "fleshly dress;" in the intensity of its eagerness it is all unconscious of its spiritual fidgeting on finding itself astray, — no path, no blazings, the old forgotten, the new not formed. These are signs that accompany the physiological development of a new species. Sargent's pictures, his handling of women, poor human documents, are too well known to justify further description.

Sargent, however, is not idiosyncratic ; his testimony is corroborated by the portraits of painters differing as widely from him as is possible. Take the portrait of a lady, by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, a most charming picture of a very attractive subject, but still exhibiting the drowsy insomnia of the soul, never all awake, never all asleep. Take a portrait by Mr. J. W. Alexander, in which we see the indefinite, unphysical charm of American womanhood, the eager pursuit of an unseen good, the restless pacing in the body's cage. The physique of these pictured women is as marked as the soul within. There is no semblance of the simple English type, like Sir Joshua's Mrs. Arnold, the blending of health and peace, of grace and ease ; none of twilight walks within a garden's wall ; the American woman's body, too slight for a rich animal life, too frail for deep maternal feelings, seems a kind of temporary makeshift, as if life were a hasty and probably futile experiment. In her, passion fades before self-consciousness, and maternal love, shriveled to a sentimental duty, hardly suggests the once fierce animal instinct, the unloosed vital bond between mother and child. American mothers are dutiful, but duty is a very experimental prop in a new species, to serve in place of instinct. One should compare Hoppner's Lady Burlington and Child, or Romney's Mrs. Carwardine and Child (the latter I have only seen in copies), with a Mother and Child by Sargent. Romney's mother bends over her child ; birth has caused no spiritual separation ; she and it are one creature ; her arm holds it, her hand woos it, her heart spreads its wings over it. In Sargent's picture the mother waits, as in an antechamber, for a formal introduction to the child ; coincidence of surname in the catalogue alone suggests a previous acquaintance.

American men, as seen in Sargent, or in almost any contemporary painter, exhibit a definite variability in this evo-

lutionary process. They have divested themselves of the old English traits, calm, poise, and the like, and show markedly adaptive characters. What the future type may be, if it ever become fixed, cannot be accurately predicted, but the process of specialization necessarily involves a casting off of certain old traits and the acquisition of new, often displaying curious instances of correlation of parts. Accompanying the mental process must go a corresponding physical change, by which certain parts of the system are expanded, while other parts stand still, or, perhaps, atrophy, until the old systematic affinity is broken up and another formed, much after the fashion of the process which took place when the unwinged animal put forth wings, or the paw evolved into the hand. Vivisection, even upon men of a different color, being prohibited by public opinion, or by what statesmen deem public opinion, the inward physiological changes can only be inferred from the new traits, outward indices of interior processes. These male portraits indicate that the logical, the intellectual, the imaginative, the romantic faculties, have been discarded and shaken off, doubtless because they did not tend to procure the success coveted by the nascent variety ; and, in their stead, keen, exceedingly simple powers of vision and action are developing. This type is found in Sargent, Frank Holl, Bonnat, Chase, Richard Hall. Perhaps the best example is the portrait of Mr. Daniel Lamont, by Zorn. Too great stress cannot be laid on the impression we make upon quick-sighted foreigners. This portrait represents a shrewd, prompt, quick, keen, compact man, well, almost brilliantly, equipped for dealing with the immediate present ; he has the *morale* of the tennis player, concentration, utter absorption, in volley and take. Of faculties needful to deal with the remote — imagination, logic, intellect, faith — there is no trace. Craft, the power that deals with a few facts

close at hand, is depicted in abundance; so are promptitude and vigor; reason, the power that deals with many facts, remote, recalcitrant, which require the mind to hold many pictured combinations at once or in quick succession, is not there. The portrait indicates the usual American amiability, domestic kindness, and aversion to cruel sights and cruel sounds. The logical faculty which compels a man to reconcile his theories, to unite religion and conduct, to combine principle and policy, to fuse the various parts of his philosophy into one non-self-contradicting whole, is entirely omitted. The chief trait in this typical portrait is ability to react quickly and effectively to stimuli of the immediate present, an essential quality in a prospering species; the chief lack is imagination. How such equipment will serve in the future, when the world shall have passed beyond the colonizing and commercial epochs of history, is of course wholly beyond the scope of this essay. There are a number of feminine portraits of this type, by Carolus Duran, by Mr. Benjamin C. Porter (an American painter), by Mr. Chase, which have the unimaginative look, the *terre-à-terre* spirit, the self-consciousness, of the male examples, although they commonly lack keenness and vigor.

The most interesting portrait for our purposes in the whole millionaire exposition, as a masculine example of that extreme variation which had seemed peculiarly feminine, is a painting entitled W. A. Clark (lent by Senator W. A. Clark), by M. Besnard, the famous French painter, whose method is sufficiently distinct from that of the other painters to give peculiar value to any corroborative evidence offered by him to facts testified by them. W. A. Clark (of the portrait) is a slim, slight man, with reddish hair of a decided color and curl, with beard and mustache of like appearance, all *hérissés*, like the fur of a cat in a thunderstorm; there is no speculation in the gray-blue,

glassy eyes; they and the thin, rather delicate nose are drawn and pinched together, chest and waist are narrow, fingers but skin on bones. The tightly buttoned frock coat, never worn before the sittings, abetted by the brand-new silk hat and gloves, makes a brave attempt, with its blue boutonnière, to suggest the air of a *boulevardier*. From hair *hérissé*, pinched face, crooked arm, and well-painted sweep of frock coat, emanates physical and mental distress, such as must accompany perturbations in Nature, when she, in desperate endeavor for a new type, hurls her wild experiments through the delicate organization of the human body, distorting all the nice adjustments of species and genus. No dogmas vex this nervous spirit, no principles chafe it, no contemplation dulls it, no discipline confines it; it ramps wildly in the strait compass of the present, knowing no past, unhampered by reverence or respect, foreseeing no future, unhindered by faith or upliftedness. It is an extreme example, but immensely interesting, for though it may be merely an erratic variation, it is near enough other examples of the type to indicate the characteristic traits of the new American nationality; or it may be an instance of that curious prophetic power of Nature, by which she creates an individual a whole generation ahead of his type. Nevertheless, a more conservative judgment would surmise that Zorn's portrait represents the normal type of the present generation, and Besnard's an exaggerated example of certain American traits.

Perhaps the most vivid of the impressions carried away from that picture gallery by the inartistic spectator was admiration for the adaptive power of Nature. In a hundred years, with simple means, taking a vast expanse of land, metaled and watered, for her work-table, with a not too extravagant use of Irish, Germans, Scots, Jews, French, and Poles for her tools, she has by delicate adaptive processes — keeping steady eye on her

purpose to create a mechanical, soulless engine — produced from a raw national type, — the Adamses and Hamiltons of

Washington's era, — the new type displayed in Zorn's and Besnard's pictures, the type of the McKinley era.

H. D. Sedgwick.

THE AGE LIMIT.

MATTHEW CURLEY and I lounged on a pile of lumber on the shady side of Muddy Brook breaker, while he instructed me in the facts of the coal-miners' strike. Although not without bias, his accounts of men and manners showed him laudably fair-minded, and his anecdotes had a charming way of coming to the point in a few words. Moreover, it is not every day that one can get the stories of the breaker, the engine room, and the shaft confidentially and at first hand.

"There's old Sandy Anderson, now," said he. "Maybe you'll know him? Well, he was a pious old fellow, that was fire-boss in this mine for goin' on forty years, till six months ago now. Did n't talk much; quiet an' sourlike; great one he was about his church, too, an' Y. M. C. A., an' timp'rance meetin's, an' those things. He'd give it to 'em hot if a fellow happened to swear when he was a-walkin' down the gangway an' heard it; even the Hungarians an' Polanders, that didn't know no English but swearin', he'd preach away at them, too. He got the name o' Deacon with the men long 'fore any of us was born. He knew his business, though, an' we liked him good enough. Sincet the new comp'ny bought the mine, though, he got treated dirty mean, an' fin'ly they give him the bounce with one week's notice. Not for nothin' wrong, nor 'xsplosions, nor caves, nor scraps with the men, but just 'cause he'd got to be sixty four years old. An' him knowin' the mine these forty year, every air-way an' door an' slope, as well as I know my shoes.

Yes, sir, it's a pretty old mine. Forty years 's pretty old for a mine, that's right; but ye see, 't was opened first by a slope by the hill yonder, an' then a shaft this side the bend o' the creek, an' then this openin'. But 't is all one mine, an' he'd been in it right along. An' him bein' a poor man, with a kind of spiteful old woman to home, made it worse. When he quit work, he had n't nowhere to spend his time. He seemed to quit goin' to meetin's 'bout that time, an' there just was n't nothin' to keep him busy.

"Him an' the engineer was the greatest friends; butties once when they was young, an' always thought a lot of each other. Day after he quit, old Sandy did n't show his head out o' doors; but the next day I s'pose things got hot at home. Anyhow, down he comes, partly sneakin' along, an' sits in the engine room all that day an' the next, too. The fireman told me afterwards the old Deacon just sat there an' mostly did n't open his mouth for a word, an' now an' then he'd be sittin' up there cryin' kind of slow and stupid-like, an' not seemin' right'y to know it at all.

"One time he heard him say to Jim that old men was no use in the world after the first o' May. 'Why, Jim,' says he, talkin' awful Scotch, 'I'm a verra strong man yet. Sure, I'm better at my wor-r-r-k than the young chap they have given it to, who is a fearful venturesome young man, and a profane swearer besides, to my own knowledge. Hark ye, Jim,' says he, 'I have served them faithful now for forty year, good

times and calamities an' all, an' now they put me to shame!' Then he sighed something awful.

"Pretty soon the bell rang from down the shaft for Jim to hoist away, an' when the engines started it seemed to make him feel worse again, an' the tears run down his beard somethin' pitiful. Soon 's he stopped the engines, Jim went over to him and tried to cheer him up, but he did n't really pay no attention.

" 'Mrs. Anderson send it verra hard,' says he, scared-like. 'She's verra worried an' verra much put about in the matter. She says that the man who provideth not for those of his own household is worse than a thief. We must go to the poorhouse in our old age,' says he. 'Business is that dull I cannot get me another place,' says he."

Here Curley paused to recline at ease along the boards. I scarcely dared stir, for fear of disconnecting the links of the story. Pen cannot do justice, unfortunately, to the composite dialect which distinguished the quotations.

"But presently, all along o' a little matter o' dockage, the men struck, an' the pump-runners an' firemen struck with them to be in the fashion. So the fans was stopped an' the pumps was stopped, an' gas an' water gathered in the work-in's unbeknownst, because there was n't no men down that week to take notice of it. 'T was a dry weather spell, an' had been for a long time, an' the mines were pretty dry, so the comp'ny's Super'intinent said he could wait for 'em two weeks to start the pumps, an' the mines not take no harm from it.

"Well, there come along a rain, an' a cloudburst, an' a flood, an' a runaway creek got down the shaft overnight, an' things was in an awful way. The water was anywhere an' everywhere. The new boss, he went down with a gang o' six men an' did n't dare to go away from the foot of the shaft, 'cause they heard the pillars goin' *whit-wheet*, chippin' something awful, an' the chunks o' top-rock

splashin' down into the water, way off down the gangway. There was n't no use runnin' round the mine, when she was actin' up that way, just on an excursion-like. When she's *workin'*, as we says, excursions is no use, an' ye want to send down props by the hunderds, an' do yer explorin' afterwards. So the new boss, he comes up an' he sends down all the props there was on hand, an' he telyphones the office for five hunderd more, — which was n't specially convenient, them bein' stood up in piles of fifties in the comp'ny's lumber yard ten miles away, 'cause the Super'intinent was such a partic'lar man 'bout 'system an' nateness.' The worse luck was, the Old Man himself was on hand in th' office, an' he telyphones back that the props 'ud come down on a special train soon 's they could be loaded, an' himself 'ud come down on a special engine ahead o' the props, to help 'em. Till he got there, they was to presarve the comp'ny's property, so he said. But the property was that water-soaked by that time, the rocks was just saggin' in, an' the pillars was chippin' to nothin' with bearin' up all that extra heft o' water. An' as for gas, the fans had been stopped eleven days an' nights, so there was a plenty; an' nobody could n't tell where it had gathered, 'cause there was all the water shovin' it round out o' its proper places.

"Afore he mounted up on his special engine, though, the Old Man had a spell o' workin' the telyphone lively with orders. He always was a great hand to get giving orders, anyhow. 'Bout the time he got there, he had engineers, an' pumpmen, an' fire-bosses, an' carpenters, an' inside bosses, an' miners, an' tools, an' lumber, an' powder, an' oil, an' Davy lamps, by the dozens an' carloads from all the comp'ny's other mines near by, an' even some men an' lamps borrowed from other comp'nies' works along the creek.

"The firemen an' engineers an' pump-runners was set to work firin' up an'

settin' the fans goin' all they could stand, to get up some o' the gas outen the work-in's. The Old Man ran around shoutin' out orders, an' prisently he had engineers at the fires, an' firemen outside nailin' up lumber for brattices, an' fire-bosses runnin' errands, an' sweatin' over the telyphone, an' carpenters fillin' an' cleanin' the safety-lamps, an' every Jack of us doin' some other man's work. The Old Man always loves to see things hum that way, an' the strikers just stood round an' laughed at the show. It was pourin' rain, too, an' had been for three days an' nights.

"In about two or three hours, the young feller, the fire-boss old Sandy said was so venturesome, had got all his props used, an' the new ones had n't come yet. Some o' the men, Dagos, come out after that, and would n't go back in again, because she was a-workin' something awful, an' the chips o' coal shootin' off the pillars every minute, an' the roof crackin', an' water drippin' where water never dripped when the mine was right, an' two rows of props round the pillars did n't seem to do no good, and they was scared. But the boss kept right on. When the props was gone, he left the men up by the shaft an' went lookin' round the mine a bit by himself. He always was one o' those you could n't kill. Nobody else was anxious to go.

"Pretty soon he comes back to them, an' says he, 'Anybody here that knows the air-ways of the old Rat-hole Slope? 'Cause our air-way on Five Gangway is got a fall o' clay an' top-rock to spoil its beauty,' says he, 'so, unless we can open into Rat-hole an' back again into ours under the fan, we can't get air into this gangway at all, nor get rid of the gas.'

"But there was n't a man there with him old enough to look back to the last days o' Rat-hole Slope. So up comes the boss an' the men, an' the boss begins to hunt for a man what knew the Rat-hole air-ways.

"Well, they told him old Sandy An-

derson was the only man, an' just then the Super'ntinent came buzzin' by an' heard it. 'Then get him!' he snaps. 'Send for him!'

"'He 's over in the engine room,' said somebody.

"'He won't go,' says the new fire-boss, 'not for nobody, nor if the whole mine fell in. You don't know old Sandy Anderson.'

"'He will too!' yelled the Super'ntinent, beginnin' to scold an' swear, an' makin' a bee-line acrost the yard towards the engine house. Everybody that heard what was up began to run for the engine house, too. Time I got there, there was old Sandy standin' in the doorway, glarin' down at the Super'ntinent an' talkin' solemn-like.

"'Ye discharged me the first o' May,' says he. 'Now ye may attend personally to yer own mines.' An' with that he turns his back to go in, an' all the crowd sets up a cheerin'.

"Then the Super'ntinent began to swear somethin' surpassin', standin' there an' shootin' off his words through the door. After a minute, Sandy comes to the window an' looks out at him.

"'Man!' says he, 'stop yer blaspheming! Ye 're on in life now, and ye 've enough to reckon for if ye should be called this night to yer account. Besides, it riles my temper.'

"'Will ye go down in the mine an' help open up the old air-way, then, ye stubborn old fool?' yelled the Old Man, lettin' off another string.

"'Ye discharged me the first o' last month. And I do not like to be swore at. I can have ye arrested,' says he.

"'Discharged you, did I? High time, too, I guess!' yells the Old Man. 'An' now I need ye, an' I'll hire ye again. Get back to your work, an' quit shirkin!'

"'I don't know if I just want the job,' says old Sandy; an' the crowd cheered him again.

"Then the Super'ntinent saw 't was no use, an' he changed his tone. 'Look

here, Anderson, you 're the only man that 's here now that knows the old Rat-hole air-ways. We 've got to open that air-way, and you 're the only one can manage it. Name yer own terms,' says he.

"Old Sandy just grunted an' looked out the window, an' did n't seem to hear the jawin' that was bein' done on his account. 'It ain't a very nice job,' says he, squintin' his eye. 'But yet, a man cannot be too partic'lar if he 's out of a job.'

"He waited awhile, an' then says he, 'If you 'll promise afore these here witnesses to pay me fifteen dollars a month the rest o' my lifetime if I don't get killed, or thirty dollars a month to Mrs. Anderson for her lifetime if I do, I 'll go down.'

"Gee! I thought the Super'intendent would bust or blow up afore he could let out his feelings on the Deacon! An' yet it was n't such an awful nervy offer as it looked, seein' how Sandy had worked for them forty year.

"Then attend to it yerself,' said old Sandy, an' went an' sat down in the corner by the fly-wheel.

"Well, the men went down an' the props went down, an' they did the best they could, an' did n't accomplish nothin'. Pretty soon, in about two hours, there come a jolt, an' the fans was blown clean out o' the air-shaft. 'T was the gas exploded. The engineer sent down the cage double-quick, in case anybody should be down there to get on. After a couple o' minutes the bell rang to hoist away. There was another jolt afore he got them to the top, an' this time 't was the mine cavin' after th' explosion had shook it. There 's likely to be some cavin' after a 'splosion, specially if the mine had been workin' some beforehand.

"There was three men on, two o' them burned something awful to look at. The other was an Italian; he was shakin' an' silly, though he was n't hurt much. His English was clean jarred out o' him, an' he could n't tell nothin'.

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"We took the two fellows to the engine room, against the ambulance should come. — Funny how a man that 's burnt bad gen'lly feels the cold, ain't it? — They was just awful lookin'. Old man Shea, he walked in of himself, an' fell down, and says he, 'Boys, you want to get the rest of 'em damn quick. Drown'd-in' an' gas an' cavin' an' top-rock,' says he, an' went off in a dead faint. His eyes was about all of him that was n't burnt, being how he could n't lie down flat in the gangway for the water that was knee-deep, an' so he just covered 'em with his hands an' let the rest of himself go to cinders.

"The other fellow was n't hurt all over, but he was blinded, an' we had to carry him across to the engine room. He hollered an' cried when we touched him, an' begged us for God's sake throw him back down the shaft to be out o' his pain. 'The skin o' his one arm come off in my hand when I touched him. It 's an awful thing to see a man burnt like that.' Curley stared off at a gleam of blue river, and seemed to lose interest in his own story.

"Were the rest all dead?" I asked, after an interval.

"No. Not but we thought they were, though, then. We got him in 'longside o' old man Shea, an' give him some whiskey, and asked him did he know if any other o' the boys was alive down there, and where was they. Jim stood there, listenin', listenin', to hoist away the minute he got the signal, so 's there was anybody down there to give it.

"Old Sandy Anderson was there, too, a-shakin' all over, an' kind of chokin' when he'd try to speak out, an' sayin' over to himself: 'The young fool! The venturesome, foolish young man! Thretty men's lives, because of a fool and his folly! Thretty lives! Myself, I'd not 'a' had them inside this day.'

"But when the fellow that was hurted began tellin' as how the boss an' nine men was just leavin' the shaft after th'

explosion, an' ought to be near the foot somewheres, he quit talkin' an' listened. In a minute he had his white shirt an' collar off, an' was strippin' to the waist. 'Gimme your shirt, Jim!' says he, 'an' somebody gimme another. Two 's none too many when we don't know where the gas is.'

"'Delany,' says he to a man standin' in the doorway, 'get me eight men to go down an' get the boss, the young fool!' says he. 'And be partecular to wear two shirts,' says he.

"So there was a great strippin' all round out in the yard, 'count of lots of us bein' on strike an' dressed up good, an' not a stitch of a woolen shirt on lots of us. Them as had on a thick wool shirt was tryin' to get another, an' other men tryin' to pull that offen them instead. And not a man would Delany hear to that wore a bit of cotton on him, nor a thin shirt, because a thick wool shirt has saved many a man's life from fire, an' he knew it. Myself, I had to wear old Sandy's shirt through the streets that night till I could get home; an' took it over to Mis' Anderson after dark.

"When Delany had got his eight men, he come to the door an' told Sandy.

"'Who 've ye got?' says Sandy; and Delany, he told him. They was all men that knew Sandy, and that 'ud worked in the mines twenty years an' over.

"'Man!' says Sandy. 'Don't ye know they 're all out on strike?'

"'Strike be damned!' says Delany. 'That don't cut no ice now. It's the men we're after. My own cousin's down there now.'

"'So's my son,' says a man with a red shirt on over a black one; and I seen it was the young boss's father, that had n't spoke to the young fellow for a month on account of his not strikin' with the rest. Old Sandy finished talkin' with Jim just as some o' the boys come runnin' up with the tools an' four safeties. He was just turnin' around when into the door came the old Super'ntindent, half crazy.

"'Sandy Anderson!' says he, with no swearin' at all, 'I want volunteers to go down with me. My men are down there. I sent 'em, but you must help me get 'em out!'

"Sandy, he hardly looked at the Old Man; he just went on towards the door.

"Then the Super'ntindent he talked faster an' worse 'n I ever heard him before, an' he ends up a-sayin', —

"'I'll take your blame, mud-suckin', money-lickin' offer, you cold-blooded old penny-pinchin' mongrel!' — an' other decorations. — 'Ye shall grow fat doin' nothin', an' cut your false teeth on your pension money the rest of your life, you slow old skunk!' He was goin' on to say more when Sandy stopped him.

"'Verra weel,' says he, lookin' round. 'It's a contract between us, an' these persons are my weetnesses. Jim, I name you my executor, to see to it for Mrs. Anderson if I do not come out.'

"The Old Man began again, but he did n't say two words.

"'Hold that jaw!' says Sandy. 'I'll maybe be face to face wi' my Maker in half an hour, an' I will not go to Him wi' my ears full o' your profane oaths. An' as for the love o' money, — good God, man, I'm goin' for the lives o' thretty men! I was goin', anyhow. — Get out o' my road!' Then he just shoved the Old Man one side an' ran out, sayin' over his shoulder, 'The Lord forgive ye, ye have made me begin to swear myself!'

"The Super'ntindent ran out too, but bein' fat an' old he did n't get to the shaft till the cage with Sandy an' the men was started down. But we heard Sandy call up, 'There was competent weetnesses' —

"'The damned Scotchman!' says the Old Man, an' went back an' began telyphoning for all the ambulances from the other mines, besides the hospital."

"Did they need them all?" I asked.

"They did," said Curley. "Though when Sandy's gang went down we really did n't think anybody 'd come up again, nor even need the undertaker. There was

another cave that night ; but before that, Sandy had sent up twelve men alive an' four bodies, an' Delany an' the eight men got up just in time.

"Sandy did n't come, nor the young boss, neither. The last cavin' jammed the cage in the shaft, some way, part way down, as Jim was lowerin' it, so there was n't nothin' more we could do for him.

"Jim was feelin' awful bad, an' he would n't even leave the engine house though the night-shift man had come on ; but he hung round an' waited, though he did n't know what for. An' sure enough, 'bout eleven o'clock, in came old Sandy, dirty and tired, but not hurted.

" 'Jim,' says he, just as plain an' natural as anything, 'I 've not had time to get any supper yet. It's late now, an' Mrs. Anderson is very prompt to put away the supper at seven o'clock. Have you or Harry a bit o' somethin' in your pails that I could stay my stomach on before I go away home ? I 'm a verra strong man yet, but I 'm sixty-four years old, an' I 'm free to say I am just faint wi' hunger.'

"So they got the watchman's pail, an' the fireman's, and they come in too, and while he ate up all their three pails he told 'em how he 'd found the young fire-boss wedged behind a timber, an' got him out, an' both come out by some o' the old workin's beyond Rat-hole. He had n't lost no appetite, neither, nor got so much as a scratch on him."

Curley stood up, stretched, and climbed down from the pile of timbers, as much as to say that he had finished the story. I followed with a question.

"What became of the old man ? Two

people cannot live on fifteen dollars a month."

He eyed me with a peculiar smile. "It 's been done, afore now, to my knowledge," said he. "But he did n't have to. Jim, he rung up the telyphone exchange an' told them, while Sandy was eatin' the fireman's cold pie ; an' then he rung up the comp'ny's office an' told *them* ; an' the telyphone girls, they must 've told a thousand people an hour, 'cause the whole town was crazy to get news. Anyhow, the next day, the Super'ntident comes round, an' 'bout noon he posts a notice at the breaker that Sandy Anderson is made 'consultin' fire-boss,' with his old salary back again."

"What is a consulting fire-boss ?" I asked.

"There ain't no such thing, but they called him that because he was over the age limit. He don't have nothing to do unless they send for him to come to one of the collieries ; there 's weeks when he don't do a thing ; then there 's weeks when he works as hard as ever."

"So he did n't get his pension," I remarked, as we strolled past the chutes of the breaker.

"You bet he did !" responded my informant with vigor. "First pay-day, he got just his sixty dollars, and he told them he 'd sue for the fifteen if they did n't give it to him peaceable. Why, the Union even made him an honorary member, I b'lieve, the ways *they* could push the thing through if he needed them. But he gets it, all right. They know a corporation has no show before a jury, now'days ; and then Sandy has his witnesses. Oh, he's fixed fine, I tell you !"

E. S. Johnson.

AN ODD SORT OF POPULAR BOOK.

MULTIPLICITY of editions does not make a book a classic. Otherwise Worcester's Dictionary and Mrs. Lincoln's Cook - Book might almost rival Shakespeare. Nevertheless, when a work which has little but its literary quality to recommend it achieves sudden and permanent popularity, it is safe to assume that there is something about it which will repay curious consideration. As to the popularity of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* there can be no dispute. "Scarce any book of philology in our land hath, in so short a time, passed through so many editions," says old Fuller; though why "philology"? The first of these editions appeared in 1621. It was followed by four others during the few years preceding the author's death in 1640. Three more editions were published at different times in the seventeenth century. The eighteenth century was apparently contented to read Burton in the folios; but the book was reprinted in the year 1800, and since then it has been issued in various forms at least as many as forty times, though never as yet with what might be called thorough editing.

Quantity of approval is in this case well supported by quality. Milton showed his admiration, as usual, by imitation. Sterne conveyed passage after passage almost bodily into *Tristram Shandy*. Southey's odd book, *The Doctor*, follows Burton closely in manner and often in matter. Dr. Johnson said that *The Anatomy of Melancholy* was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise; large commendation surely, and I have never found any other, even of the most devout Burtonians, quite ready to echo it. Lamb was a reader, adorer, and imitator; Keats, the first two, at any rate. Finally, Mr. Saintsbury assures us that "for reading either continuous or desultory,

either grave or gay, at all times of life and in all moods of temper, there are few authors who stand the test of practice so well as the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*." For all that, I would not advise the general reader to buy a copy in too great haste. He will, perhaps, find it easier to read about the book than to read it.

What we know of the life of Robert Burton is a very small matter, as is the case with so many of his greater contemporaries. He was born at Lindley in Leicestershire in 1577, thirteen years after Shakespeare, four years after Ben Jonson. He was at school at Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire and at Nuneaton till he was seventeen. He then went to Brasenose College. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ Church. In 1614 he received the degree of B. D., and in 1616 he became vicar of St. Thomas in the west suburb of Oxford. About 1630 he added to this cure the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire. Besides the *Anatomy* he wrote a Latin comedy, *Philosophaster*, unusually clever and brilliant in its kind. He died in 1640, and was buried in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral. The little bit of gossip narrated by Wood is amusingly illustrative of the mythical character so apt to attach itself to the solitary scholar. It seems that Burton's death occurred at or very near the time which had been foretold by himself from the calculation of his own nativity; in consequence of which "several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." With the exception of a few other bits of doubtful gossip and of the full text of his will, this is all of importance that has come down to us about the author of

the Anatomy. It is rather brief, certainly, when one realizes that, if he had lived two hundred and fifty years later, he would probably have been honored with two solid volumes of so-called biography, like many another much less worthy of it.

Far more than most great writers, however, Burton left the reflection of his life and character in his work, and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* may be called one of the most intensely personal books that were ever written. To be sure, the author does not constantly and directly refer to himself and his own affairs. Nevertheless, the impress of his spirit is felt on every page.

Several of the biographical facts above mentioned are derived from casual remarks dropped here and there throughout the book. Of his mother, Mistress Dorothy Burton, he says that she had "excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, aches, etc.," and that she had "done many famous and good cures upon divers poor folks that were otherwise destitute of help." He gives us a reminiscence of his boyhood: "They think no slavery in the world (as once I did myself) like to that of a grammar scholar." He speaks with a grain of bitterness of a younger brother's lot: "I do much respect and honor true gentry and nobility; I was born of worshipful parents myself, in an ancient family; but I am a younger brother, it concerns me not."

He gives us many glimpses of his lonely scholar's life. In his youth he was ambitious: "I was once so mad to bussell abroad and seek about for preferment, tyre myself, and trouble all my friends." But the world is cold, friendship formal and touches not the heart: "I have had some such noble friends, acquaintance, and scholars, but most part they and I parted as we met; they gave me as much as I requested and that was —." His habits are those of the recluse and ascetic: "I am a bachelor myself and lead a monastic life in a col-

lege." "I am *aque potor*, drink no wine at all." Yet he loves the sweet of nature too, if the bitter thirst of knowledge would permit: "No man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fishponds, rivers, etc." Force of circumstance, lack of opportunity, younger brotherhood, timidity, have kept him secluded within the walls of great libraries, have piled huge dusty tomes on the human beating of his heart. "I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life in the University, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study." Yet if the Fates had willed otherwise, the man would have been consenting. Let us note right here that this is the whole charm of Burton and his great book. It is no dry treatise of a gray-haired pedant, thumbing contentedly forever dull volumes of mouldy tradition. For all its quaint garb and thorny aspect, it is a great human document, the work of a man whose bodily life was passed in his study, but whose senses were all keenly, pantingly alert to catch the motion of the wide world beyond. Beauty — he adores beauty. "This amazing, confounding, admirable beauty; 't is nature's crown, gold, and glory." Love — Oh, how he could have loved! "I confess I am but a novice, a contemplator only," he writes of it; "yet *homo sum*, I am a man, and not altogether inexpert in this subject." Like Flaubert, he doubtless leaned forth from his study window on many a moonlit night, and heard a company of revelers with merry song and pleasant jest, and caught the dim flutter of a white gown, and found all his books and learning mere dust beside the laughter and the passion of the world.

And so he grew melancholy, as often happens in such cases. When a man gets these fits on him, he may either rush out into active life for the sake of contrast, he may marry, or go into politics, or do

something even more rash and criminal ; or he may cut his throat ; or he may write a book. On the whole, the last method is the most to be recommended. Burton adopted it ; and, with homœopathic ingenuity, he wrote a book on melancholy itself. "I write against melancholy, by being busy, to avoid melancholy. . . . Shall I say, my mistress melancholy, my Egeria, or my evil genius?"

The loose and literary sense in which Burton uses the word melancholy is characteristic of the tone of his book. Without really attempting any precise definition, or, rather, having confused the reader with a multitude of definitions taken from all the authors under the sun, he proceeds to include every form of nervous depression, from a mere temporary fit of the blues to acute or chronic mania and insanity. At the same time, being a man of a logical and systematic turn of mind, he imposes on others, and perhaps on himself, with a great show of formal and scientific treatment. The work is mapped out into divisions, partitions, sections, members, subsections, arranged in as awful order of deduction as Euclid or the Ethics of Spinoza. But let no one be alarmed. This is pure matter of form. The author speaks of what he likes, when he likes. Occasionally he takes the pains to recognize that he is digressing, as in the delicious chapters entitled *A Digression of Spirits*, *A Digression of Air*. And then, with a sigh, he tries to call himself back to the work in hand : "But my melancholy spaniels quest, my game is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow." The game leads him into strange places, however. The vast and checkered meadow of the human heart is his hunting-ground. Melancholy is the skeleton in the closet, always popping out at odd times and in unexpected corners ; but he keeps it wreathed with bright flowers, and made sweet with strange and subtle savors, and brilliant and sparkling with jewels of quaint wit and wandering fancy. Never-

theless, when he does discuss his subject itself, he has bits of sound common sense, useful to-day and always, like his recommendation of "the three Salernitan Doctors, D. Merryman, D. Diet, and D. Quiet, which cure all diseases."

Some one may object that this saying is quoted and not Burton's own invention. Certainly, Burton is the greatest quoter in literature, far surpassing even Montaigne. His mind was full of the thoughts of others, and he poured them forth together with his own in inextricable mixture. He was a man drenched, drowned in learning, not learning of the quick, smart, practical, modern type, which enables its possessor to give interviews on the inhabitants of Mars and testify on poisons at a murder trial, but mediæval learning, drowsy, strange, unprofitable, and altogether lovely. In the discussion of these melancholy matters all preceding literature is laid under contribution, not only the classics, but countless writers of the Middle Ages, doubtless respectable in their own day and possibly in Burton's, but now so dead that the reader stares and gasps at them and wonders whether his author is not inventing references, like the Oracle in the *Innocents Abroad*. Melanelius, Ruffus, Aëtius describe melancholy "to be a bad and pievish disease." Hercules de Saxonia approves this opinion, as do Fuchsius, Arnoldus, Guianerius, and others—not unnaturally. Paulus takes a different view, and Halyabbas still another. Aretæus calls it "a perpetual anguish of the soul, fastened on one thing, without an ague." In this brilliant but hazy statement the absence of ague is at least a comfort. It is disquieting, indeed, to find that "this definition of his Merrialis taxeth ;" but we are reassured by the solid support of Ælianus Montaltus. And so on.

Pure pedantry, you will say. Well, yes. It would be, if Burton were not saved from the extreme of pedantry by a touch of humor, which makes you

somehow feel that he does not take all this quite seriously himself. Yet it is very hard for him to look at anything except through the eyes of some remote authority. We have heard him speak of his mother's excellent cures. It seems that one of her favorite remedies was "an amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk," super-sovereign for the ague. Burton finds it hard to swallow this; it was "most absurd and ridiculous; for what has a spider to do with a fever?" Ah, but one day "rambling amongst authors (as often I do) I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Aldrovandus. . . . I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets." I can see from here Mistress Dorothy Burton's lovely scorn at being confirmed by Dioscorides. What did she care for Dioscorides? Did she not have the recipe from her great-aunt, and has she not proved it a dozen times herself?

This trick of constant quoting has led some shallow people to set Burton down as a mere quoter and nothing else. There could be no greater mistake. It is the activity and independence of his own mind which make him so eager to watch and compare the minds of others; and while he profited by their thinking, he was abundantly able to do his own, as every page of his book shows. One need ask no better specimen, of strong, shrewd, satirical reflection than the sketch of a Utopian commonwealth in the introduction which purports to be by Democritus Junior; and of many other passages we may say the same.

Nor was our author lacking in deep, human sympathy, although his solitary life and keen intellect disposed him to be a trifle cynical. The celebrated bit with the refrain "Ride on!" — so brilliantly imitated by Sterne — shows a pitiful appreciation of sorrow and misery, which, indeed, are abundantly recognized everywhere in the *Anatomy*.

But perhaps the most characteristic illustration of Burton's intense appetite for humanity is his frequent reference to common daily life and manners. M. Anatole France tells us that the author of *The Imitation* must certainly have been a man of the world before he betook himself to his lonely cell and pious meditation. If Burton never was a man of the world, he would certainly have liked to be one. He peers out from behind the bars of his cell and catches every possible glimpse of the curious things which are shut away from him. Shreds of fashion, hints of frivolity, quips of courtiers, the flash of swords and glittering of jewels, — he will find a place for them. Woman fascinates him especially, — that singular creature who apparently cares nothing for books and study, laughs, weeps, scolds, caresses, without any reasonable cause whatever. Certainly no philosopher should take any notice of her, — yet they all do. And he exhausts himself in cunning heaps of observation, vain interrogations of mysterious boudoirs: "Why do they make such glorious shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsel, cloth of gold, silver, tissue? With colors of heavens, stars, planets; the strength of metals, stones, odors, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africk, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry of man can afford? why do they use such novelty of inventions; such new-fangled tires; and spend such inestimable sums on them? . . . Why is it but, as a day-net catcheth larks, to make young men stoop unto them?" And old philosophers also, he might have added.

I have taken this passage from the section on Love Melancholy; for Burton devotes a large portion of his work to that delightful subject. He feels it necessary to make some apology for entering upon it. Some persons will think it hardly becoming in so grave, reverend, and dignified a gentleman, — a clergy-

man too. But he has good authors on his side: "I excuse myself with Peter Godefridus, Valleriola, Ficinus, Langius, Cadmus Milesius, who writ fourteen books of love." Surely, he would be very critical who should ask more than this.

The apology once made, with what gusto he sets forth, how he luxuriates in golden tidbits from love's delicate revels! "A little soft hand, pretty little mouth, small, fine, long fingers, 't is that which Apollo did admire in Daphne." "Of all eyes (by the way) black are most amiable, enticing, and fair." "Oh, that pretty tone, her divine and lovely looks, her everything lovely, sweet, amiable, and pretty, pretty, pretty." Is it not the mere ecstasy of amorous frenzy? Again, he gives us a very banquet, a rosy wreath of old, simple English names, a perfect old-fashioned garden: "Modest Matilda, pretty, pleasing Peg, sweet, singing Susan, mincing, merry Moll, dainty, dancing Doll, neat Nancy, jolly Jone, nimble Nell, kissing Kate, bouncing Bess with black eyes, fair Phillis, with fine white hands, fiddling Frank, tall Tib, slender Sib, etc." Do you not hear their merry laughter, as he heard it in his dim study, a dream of fair faces and bright forms twisting, and turning, and flashing back and forth under the harvest moon?

Yet, after all, love is a tyrant and a traitor, a meteor rushing with blind fury among the placid orbs of life. What is a man to make of these wild contrasts and tragical transitions? At one moment the lover seems to be on the pinnacle of felicity, "his soul sowed, im-paradised, imprisoned in his lady; he can do nothing, think of nothing but her; she is his cynosure, Hesperus, and Vesper, his morning and evening star, his goddess, his mistress, his life, his soul, his everything; dreaming, waking, she is always in his mouth; his heart, eyes, ears, and all his thoughts are full of her." But then something goes wrong and the

note is altogether changed. "When this young gallant is crossed in his love, he laments, and cries, and roars downright. 'The virgin's gone and I am gone, she's gone, she's gone, and what shall I do? Where shall I find her? whom shall I ask? what will become of me? I am weary of this life, sick, mad, and desperate.'"

It becomes the sage, then, to be clear of these toys. If he is to write about Love Melancholy, let him cure it. Let him hold up a warning to the unwary. What is the use of days and nights spent in toiling over learned authors, if the young and foolish are not to have the benefit of one's experience? If only the young and foolish would profit! If only the unwary would beware! Still we must do our part. Let us remind them that beauty fades. It is a rather well-known fact, but youth is so prone to forget it. "Suppose thou beholdest her in a frosty morning, in cold weather, in some passion or perturbation of mind, weeping, chafing, etc., riveled and ill-favored to behold. . . . Let her use all helps art and nature can yield; be like her, and her, and whom thou wilt, or all these in one; a little sickness, a fever, small-pox, wound, scar, loss of an eye or limb, a violent passion, mars all in an instant, disfigures all." Then let us exalt the charms of a bachelor's life. It has its weak points, as I feel, writing here alone in the dust and chill, with nothing but books about me, no prattle of children, no merry chatter of busy women. But what then? It is quieter, after all. "Consider how contentedly, quietly, neatly, plentifully, sweetly, and how merrily he lives! He hath no man to care for but himself, none to please, no charge, none to control him, is tied to no residence, no cure to serve, may go and come when, whither, live where he will, his own master, and do what he list himself." Nevertheless, it all sounds a little hollow, and as I sit here in the winter midnight with my old pipe, I

wonder if it might not have been otherwise.

I have made my quotations with very little skill, if the ingenious reader does not by this time feel that Burton was in his way a great master of style. His skill and power as a writer, more than anything else, show that he was not a mere pedant or Dryasdust. It is true, he himself disclaims any such futile pre-occupation. He has not "amended the style, which now flows remissly, as it was first conceived." His book is "writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms." But the facts belie him, and one shudders to think what must have been his idea of the big words he does not use. A careful collation of the first edition of the *Anatomy* with the last published in the author's lifetime not only shows a great number of additions and alterations, but proves conclusively that these changes were made, in many cases, with a view to style and to style only. Take a single instance. In the first edition Burton wrote: "If it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we all lunatic within." Later he amplified this as follows, with obvious gain in the beauty of the phrase: "If it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we also giddy, vertiginous, and lunatic within this sublunary maze." Amended, I think, but oh, for the "big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms"!

Yes, Burton was a master of style. He could bend language to his ends and do as he willed with it. If he is often rough, harsh, wanton in expression, it is simply because, like Donne, he chose to be so. Does he wish to tell a plain story? Who can do it more lightly, simply, briefly? "An ass and a mule went laden over a brook, the one with salt, the other with wool; the mule's pack was wet by chance; the salt melted, his burden the lighter; and he thereby much eased. He told the ass, who, thinking to speed

as well, wet his pack likewise at the next water; but it was much the heavier, he quite tired."

Does he wish to paint the foul and horrible? I know of nothing in Swift or Zola more replete with the luxury of hideousness than the unquotable description of the defects which infatuated love will overlook, — a description which Keats tells a correspondent he would give his favorite leg to have written. Here, as in so many passages I have quoted, Burton piles up epithet after epithet, till it seems as if the dictionary would be exhausted, — a trick which, by the bye, he may have caught from Rabelais, and which would become very monotonous, if it were not applied with such wonderful variety and fertility.

Then, at his will, the magician can turn with ease from the bitter to the sweet. When he touches love or beauty, all his ruggedness is gone. His words become full of grace, of suave, vague richness, of delicacy, of mystery, as in the phrase which Southey quotes in *The Doctor*: "For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never traveled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case, that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still; still, still the same, the same." Or, to take a more elaborate picture, see this, which might be a Tintoretto or a Spenser: "Witty Lucian, in that pathological love-passage or pleasant description of Jupiter's stealing of Europa and swimming from Phœnicia to Crete, makes the sea calm, the winds hush, Neptune and Amphitrite riding in their chariot to break the waves before them, the Tritons dancing round about with every one a torch; the sea-nymphs, half-naked, keeping time on dolphins' backs and singing Hymenæus; Cupid nimbly tripping on the top of the waters; and Venus herself coming after in a shell, strawing roses and flowers on their heads."

I have dwelt thus long on Burton's

style because it is absolutely characteristic, and because it proves by its eminent artistic qualities that he was not simply a compiler and quoter, but a thinking and feeling man, a strong, shrewd, passionate temperament, gazing with intense interest out of his scholastic windows at the strange and moving spectacle of life. In his fullness and abundance he, more than any other English author, recalls Montaigne, whom he quotes so frequently: he has less fluidity, more conventional prejudice, but also more sincerity, more robust moral force. Again, he in a certain sense resembles a greater than Montaigne, his own greatest contemporary, Shakespeare, whom he also quotes enough to show that he knew and loved his writings, at any rate, if not himself. Shakespeare's work is like a glorious piece of tapestry, a world of rich and splendid hues, woven into a thousand shapes of curious life. Burton's is like the reverse side of the same: all the bewildering wealth of color, but rough, crude, misshapen, undigested.

One of the characteristic oddities of Burton's style is his perpetual use of the phrase *etc.* When his quick and fluent pen has heaped together all the nouns or adjectives in heaven and in earth, and in the waters under the earth, he completes the picture with the vast, vague

gesture of an *etc.* Take an often-quoted passage in the introduction, in which he describes his own life as an observer and contemplator: "Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals, burials, death of princes, new discoveries, expeditions, now comical, then tragical matters; to-day we hear of new lords and officers created, to-morrow of some great men deposed, and again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, etc."

So we may sum up *The Anatomy of Melancholy* in an *etc.* The general tone of the book, with its infinite multiplicity, reminds one of nothing more than of the quaint blending of mirth, mystery, and spiritual awe so deliciously expressed in Stevenson's baby couplet, —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Only Burton would have laid a mischievous and melancholy emphasis on should.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

CONTENT.

WHEN of this flurry thou shalt have thy fill,
The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then:
The heavens repeat themselves in waters still
And in the faces of contented men.

John Vance Cheney.

WHEN I PRACTISED MEDICINE.

THE manner of my initiation was this. There was living in the town of Wheatland an old man who knew everybody in the county, for indeed he had helped a good part of the inhabitants into this vale of tears, and, to speak truly, I fear had hastened the departure from it of not a few. This was the celebrated Dr. John Claggett, the greatest story-teller, the best companion with whom to share a mint julep, the welcome guest at every wedding, the friend of every child, the good physician, whose presence was worth a moderate sickness. For he brought the latest news from the farthest borders of the county; he had stories new as well as old; he played practical jokes in, as it seemed, the presence of death itself, and drove pain off with hearty human laughter. Perhaps the wit was rather too Elizabethan for the taste of to-day. Here was one that the country people liked more than the aroma of humor; they wanted to taste it, and thought that a joke, like whiskey, improved with age. Mother, and then daughter, had listened to it without shame. It is a wedding, — not complete without the Doctor. Two, three, perhaps more, glasses of apple-jack have been drunk; it's time to break up, but first the Doctor must salute the bride. This he does, and adds, with a meaning look, "I'll see you later," answered by a push and a "La, Doctor!" from the buxom bride, and a fatuous giggle from the embarrassed groom. I fear we were not a refined people, but then, on the other hand, we were not divorced and married again the same day!

It came to pass, then, that this man — now, as I say, growing old — saw one day in the village street a child whom he did not know. And as that was a most remarkable thing, he stopped him and easily learned that he had not long been

there, and that he lived on the Hill next to the Academy. Whereupon, Dr. Claggett remembered that he was on his way to that very house to see a lady there, — which was strange, for he was going in an opposite direction when the child met him. However, they returned to the house, the child about seven, and the man nearly ten times as old.

What talk went on behind the Venetian blinds in the parlor the little boy — swinging on the gate until the reappearance of his new friend — did not learn till years after, but when the Doctor reappeared he heard, "No books nor school, — give him to me and he'll live, and I'll make a man of him."

Next morning at nine o'clock I stood before the Doctor's house, — red brick, with a high stoop built along the front. An alleyway, arched over, gave protection to a little brown mare, hitched to a staple in the wall, and kept the rain from a buggy that was splashed to the top with cakes of yellow mud that had dried and made the whole vehicle almost invisible at a distance, so near was it to the color of the crossroads. In this vehicle I was destined to ride for the next two years, every day save Sunday, as the companion, the friend, and, as he said, the colleague of the man who had the largest practice in the county. In that way I began to practise medicine.

The little brown mare, named Lucy, turned to the right, and, passing through the square, turned to the right again on the Sharpesburg pike, then to the left, and stretched herself comfortably eastward on the Frederick road toward the blue mountains, shining like a long turquoise in the early winter sun.

"Do you know where you are going?" said my new, indeed my first friend.

"No, sir."

"Well, you are going to Jerusalem across the river Jordan."

Oh, the terror of that drive! It must be death, or at least endless exile, that affronted me. "Jerusalem and Jordan" — I knew the names. Indeed, they represented all I knew of geography. They were far away, I knew. Could I ever return? I think here I should have wept had I not been roused from my sad forebodings by Lucy's stopping at the toll gate. A wonderful place, that! What authority resided here! Why, even the tow-headed boy sitting on the fence could swing that bar to, and all the traffic would cease. "There wa'n't nobody dasen't go through when the bar was swung in." I did not know that then, but I learned it later from the same tow-headed boy, when he became my friend. The toll keeper was a shoemaker, too, and well-mannered people drove close to the step, so that he had only to reach out a hand to take the fare. A woman came through the orchard, where she had been feeding hens, to have a chat with the old Doctor.

"Why, my sakes, Doctor, where did you get that child? He ain't one o' yourn, be he?"

"No sir-ree," was the emphatic answer. "This is a celebrated doctor from Virginia, and he's going to practise medicine with me from the Blue Ridge to the Connococheague, and to-day we are bound 'cross the Jordan to Jerusalem."

They all laughed, and I whispered pitiously to the woman, —

"Is it far?"

"No, honey, 'tain't no ways now. And don't you mind the old Doctor. He ain't happy 'less he's foolin' somebody."

Here the Doctor laughed, too, and clucked to Lucy, and we climbed the long hill, from the top of which are seen, directly below, the sluggish yellow waters of the Antietam, spanned by a single arch of blue limestone, the wooden covering of the bridge's wall painted bright red. The sycamore trees growing on the

banks touched their outmost branches at midstream, and the old red brick flour mill shook with the whirl of the wheel, the yellow stream became white and creamy as it fell over the fall, and beyond the mill lay Funkstown, a hamlet without a comely building, and yet made beautiful by stately silver poplars which bordered the street, and gardens surrounding every house.

"There! This is Jerusalem, and that is the river Jordan, that we've crossed; and, yes, there they are, — in that window, bull's eyes, — two for a penny, — and soon we shall be going home."

Oh, how proud the child was that he had not cried! He laughed, too, with a new sensation. He had become conscious of thought! This wise old man had taken a child, who needed rousing and an interest to make it seem worth while to life to keep in its delicate frame, and plunged it into the cold water of apprehension, and now it was tingling with the reaction of satisfaction. Like many puzzles, the explanation was simple. The Dunkers had a yearly baptism in the Antietam, hence the Antietam became Jordan, and Funkstown, Jerusalem. A parable, if you will, of the power of faith. For, as the early Italian painters dressed the Magi and the Holy Family in the gorgeous robes of Venice or Verona, and saw no incongruity, so these simple-minded peasants, — for they were little more, — in the illustration of the great experience, saw the insignificant stream changed to the river that cleansed Naaman, and the mean little village into the city of the great King.

This was the beginning of an education, impossible in school, of course, but most important. I mean the education of teasing. It is like teaching a puppy to jump by holding the dainty a little higher than he can reach. It is a sort of mental tickling, that may indeed become cruel, but is, in kindly hands, a delicious experience. And I think, in all the pharmacopœia of that day there was

no better medicine than that of which I learned in my first day's practice.

This day was typical of hundreds of days, when we drove briskly, for five or six miles, over the well-kept pikes, and then turned to some "dirt road," to follow it perhaps for three or four miles, sometimes fairly good in dry weather, until the red dust choked us, then deep in mud, when the frost broke up the ground. I can hear it now, the slow suck of the wheel out of the mud, the splash, the jar, as we sank to the hub in some deep hole. No better trade could be followed than that of blacksmith and wheelwright. Wheels would go down into that mud and come out crumpled like paper. Slowly, on three wheels and a rail under the axle, taken from the snake fence, we would crawl back to the pike, where we would find some sort of wheel to take us home.

But if the roads were bad, they were beautiful. Deep groves of hickory, up and down which scampered gray squirrels, while their poor relations, the chipmunks, flashed along the rail fences, and in a twinkling were gone. In wide woods of oak and chestnut the jay birds would scream and show their colors, like an angry woman shaking a petticoat; the catbird would sing from the walnut tree, while off in the field would be heard the red-headed woodpecker, tapping, tapping with insistent stroke.

I was shown, too, the great buzzard, the filthy scavenger, — which whoever killed would be fined five dollars, — resting as securely on the air as a duck on the water, motionless as a cloud.

The Doctor would whistle "Bob White," until the partridges, as we called them, answering from the stubble field, showed where the covies were hid.

But we must not linger on the road. The farmhouse to which we are bound is across the stream. Bridges span it on every pike, but the dirt roads run to the ford and stop. I soon thought nothing of driving into the stream when

the water was so deep as to cover the floor of the buggy, when I had to sit on my feet, and the Doctor placed his on the dashboard. Then would come a queer feeling as the jar of the horse's motion suddenly ceased, and it was swimming.

I saw a vast deal of practice, I assure you. Beside children's diseases, we had quinsy sore throats and congestion of the lungs, as well as pneumonia, and what I wrongly pronounced "Chilson fever." But generally we diagnosed the case as liver trouble, and treated accordingly. Sometimes we gave calomel in pills, but we thought we got better effects from powders; the pills were so large and were so unevenly covered with a bitter powder, — and, though I became expert in rolling them, still they would bulge and stick and gag the people, who either could not swallow them, or else had later accidents, — that, as I say, we thought best of powders. And when I say powders, have you in mind a dainty paper with a pinch of salt, as it were, within its ingenious folds? Go to! Do you think we were mere homœopathists? We gave it in a teaspoon filled from a frequently replenished bottle carried in the Doctor's capacious side pocket!

This was the favorite medicine with patient and physician. No more grateful compliment came to the professional ear than the familiar "I tell you, Doctor, that last dose took hold right smart," received with the complacent "Well, I reckoned it would." When salivation ensued, and the poor wretch had not a yellow tooth that did not rattle as he praised our skill, and the rebellious stomach refused to assimilate juicy spare ribs and the hot Sally Lunn, we gave him bumpers of bicarbonate of soda mixed with Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger. He was taught that the disease was working out of the system, and that the ghastly symptoms were the inevitable *sequelae* of a mysterious dispensation, which they probably were!

Calomel was our favorite, I must admit; but we had others. I think jalap stood next highest in our estimation. We gave it once with curious results. As I have retired from practice, I am happy to share the results of my experience with my *confrères*.

We were called to see a little boy suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. Poor little chap, when asked what the trouble was, he said he had "a short leg." We cut long strips of linen, and having steeped them in a cold solution of bicarbonate of soda, wrapped the limb firmly, and gave directions to have them changed frequently. I dare say we left a little paregoric to ease the pain at night, and started to go. But before we reached the door, the Doctor paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. It was unusual, for, as a rule, he was quick in his decisions. Then he drew forth a bottle of jalap and returned to the bed. "Which do you like best, scraped apple or currant jelly?"

"I hate 'em both!" cried the poor little mite, who knew what was coming. Perhaps we decided on scraped apple. This was my department. I scraped out a little and spread it in a spoon, then the powder was poured on, and after that there was a covering of apple, but the weight would cause the powder to ooze out on the sides, so that an idiot would not have been deceived. The child, small blame, would not open his mouth. The Doctor held the nose, compressing the nostrils so that the lips must open to gasp, then the spoon was slipped in, and being deftly turned upside down and slowly withdrawn, not a particle of this precious dose was lost.

When we paid our next morning visit, the child looked to me as one dead, but the Doctor felt his pulse and skin and said he was better. But the mother was angry. She said suddenly: "That child liked to died in the night. He nigh had a spasm. He was that sick to his stomach he could n't speak, and I

don't hold with givin' no such doses to no child, — so there!"

"Well," said the Doctor slowly, "I've seen a heap of rheumatism in my time, and the best thing for it is exercise. That child could n't exercise, and that little jalap just stretched all his muscles a bit when it was acting, and now he's going to get well. He don't need any more medicine, but keep those wet bandages on his leg."

We gave bushels of quinine, in tea to women, in whiskey, more plentiful than tea, to the men. I have spoken of calomel as the trump card which we played in the game with death, but I am not sure that we did not oftener take the trick with the lancet. We were hampered by no modern septicæmic fears. The little instrument, arranged with an ingenious spring to prevent its opening, was carried in the vest pocket along with a plug of tobacco, a toothpick, and odds and ends of every sort. I doubt if there was a day we did not find use for it. We bled for headaches and fevers; we bled for congestion of the lungs; we bled the negroes for their ills, generally designated by the generic term "misery."

The first day there was bloodletting I was given a basin, and told if I dropped it I should be bled. I did not drop it, but had I been bled, I doubt if blood could have been found in my scared little body! Once we bled a negro woman who must have weighed nearly three hundred pounds. I can see now her great arm like polished ebony! The Doctor asked me if I knew what blue blood was. I said I did.

"I suppose you think you have it?"

With dignity, I answered, "Yes."

He laughed and said, "Well, I'm going to show you real blue blood." And he did!

I squatted on the floor, caught the blood in a yellow earthen dish, while the Doctor — his back to the patient — began one of his marvelous stories to an admiring group collected on the back

porch. I caught, "We've got the clearest air in the world right here in this county. Why, last October I was on the Blue Ridge, and, standing on Black Rock, I looked to the town, ten miles away as the crow flies, and on the roof of the Lutheran Church I saw two pigeons, and the air was so clear I could make out which was white and which was purple!" — A delighted murmur of "Oh, Doctor!" — "It's the truth; I'll explain it." But he never did.

The poor soul I was watching had by this time lost so much blood that the ebony had become like ashes, her head lolled from side to side, and I heard her murmur, "I'se going, honey, for shore." I burst into tears, the Doctor turned quickly, called for whiskey, bound up the arm, and the danger was over. May I never come so near to murder again.

It was a strenuous life the old man led. I shared only the forenoon practice, but often I saw him pale and heavy-eyed in the morning, and learned that he had driven twenty miles in the night. Yet he was always cheerful.

He was fond of betting, and he introduced me to that fascinating pastime. I only remember my first bet, — but it was a sample of them all. We saw a field of potatoes which the farmer had gathered in heaps, and the Doctor said, —

"I suppose nothing sees so much as a potato."

"Why, Doctor, a potato can't see."

"Why not?"

"It has no eyes."

"Why, it has more eyes than you have, and if you don't believe me, I'll bet you a 'fip and a bit,' and leave it to your mother."

This seemed easy. My mother looked startled, but made no criticism, and the fascinating sport continued till I owed sixty-five cents. I saved with great difficulty seventeen cents, and was then compelled by my mother to offer it as an installment. The dear old man looked at me a moment with shining eyes, and said,

"Tell your mother the reason I'm rich is because I never receive partial payments."

I repeated the message, not understanding one word of it, but it was the end of my career as a gambler!

Of course we talked politics, and I understood the Doctor to say that he was an old "Lion Whig." So that I soon announced that I, too, belonged to that royal party. When the great election — the most momentous of all elections — was held, I repaired to the stable of the Washington House, where the embryonic statesmen, from ten years old to fifteen, had decided to vote. There was only one question asked by the tellers: —

"Breckinridge or Douglas?"

I answered, "Bell and Everett."

"Are you crazy or sassy?" they cried.

"I'm an old Lion Whig!" I roared.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, we'll Lion Whig you." And they did!

When I recounted with tears my experience to the Doctor, he shook his head.

"I reckon, sonny, now they've elected that Black Republican Abe Lincoln, you and I are the last of the 'old Lion Whigs.'" And as usual he was right.

Soon after this there was a bitter storm of sleet, and there was a case that kept us till late in the afternoon. We had dinner at the farmhouse. I was kept in the kitchen with the men, while the women and the Doctor stayed upstairs. All was very still, and later moaning and words of cheer, — then, a great cry that made my heart stand still. Finally the Doctor came.

"Is it over?" said a man who had not spoken all day.

"Yes, she'll pull through. It was twins, and the chloroform gave out."

But there was no buoyancy in his voice, and as he drove home he shivered more than once. The next morning he was too ill to move, and Lucy was led back to the stable.

It was etiquette with us that when a

doctor fell ill, the oldest physician in the town should have charge of the case, while all the others came in in consultation. There were thirteen in this town of less than three thousand inhabitants, and they all went through that sickroom, following Dr. Ireland, the dean, and looked wise. Then the Doctor sent for me. He said there was no luck in odd numbers, and, more than that, I understood his constitution! I spent many hours with him, and we talked of everything except medicine.

But he did not get well.

"I think some men have to get sick to get rested," he said one day, when my face must have showed what I feared, — for indeed I feared greatly, most of all because he took no medicine. So at last I spoke.

"Doctor," I said, "would calomel or jalap do? Or, I know how to bleed."

All the old fun flushed his face as he said, —

"Doctor, it would n't be etiquette without Dr. Ireland. Besides, dear little boy, burnt brandy would n't help me now." The next day he died.

The town was as full of spring carts and buggies and saddle horses the day he was buried as if it had been the day of the county fair. The negroes, breaking the bonds of their Protestantism, prayed aloud in the streets for his soul, — and the clergyman said: —

"This man sought neither riches nor honor, but gave himself for others. Fifty years from now his name may be a faint memory, but I think he was one of those whom God depends upon to keep the world good, and to bless little children by his gentleness and purity and cheerfulness."

And all the people said, "Amen."

Leighton Parks.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

BYWAYS OF LITERATURE.

MR. HENRY JAMES once said of Thoreau, "He was more than provincial; he was parochial." The remark has so much the air of finality, it is so obviously a statement of fact, that one's first instinct is to bolt it without ado. Presently, it may be, that mild inward monitor which does so much to conserve the eupeptic mind suggests that fact is not truth, and that the morsel will bear reconsideration. What is it to be provincial? and what is it supposed to do or undo for a man or his work? One has heard it said that London itself is provincial. Certainly Mr. James's cosmopolitanism has not kept him from dwelling among and upon a class of Londoners whose local preoccupation, if this were the point at

issue, is quite equal to that of a New England villager. But local preoccupation is not the point; to be provincial is to be in a sense unrepresentable, to hail patently, as we may fancy Mr. James saying, from an ineligible somewhere.

The cosmopolitan idea has apparently given us a new standard of eligibility. People used to take the grand tour for their souls' good; but they "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain." They traveled to become more worthy of staying at home. They did not dream that absenteeism would come to be held actually a state of grace. They would hardly have seen the point of that witty comment upon Mr. James, "To be truly cosmopolitan a man must

be at home even in his own country." It is something, after all, to be indigent. Thoreau had his own simple philosophy as to home-staying. "There is no more tempting novelty," he writes, "than this new November. No going to Europe or to another world is to be named with it. Give me the old familiar walk, post-office and all, with this ever new self, with this infinite expectation and faith which does not know when it is beaten. We'll go nutting once more. We'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theatres and all other sight-seeing are puppet-shows in comparison. I will take another walk to the cliff, another row on the river, another skate on the meadow, be out in the first snow, and associate with the winter birds."

I.

It is surprising how many books which the world preserves are built upon local observation and anecdote. Natural historians have not a few to their credit; there seems to be some property in this gentle trade which gives especial kindliness to the pen. The printed word of a Thoreau, a Jefferies, a John Muir, has a richness and mellowness which seem to come direct from soil and sun. Even when a naturalist's facts are discredited by later authority, his writing is likely to be cherished as literature. Gilbert White was one of the few careful observers of his time, and is still much more than a name to naturalists, his swallow speculations to the contrary. Nevertheless, the editor of the latest reprint¹ puts the case for White in a way which can hardly be disputed: "'Tis as a literary monument, therefore, I hold, that we ought above all things to regard these rambling and

amiable Letters. They enshrine for us in miniature the daily life of an amateur naturalist in the days when the positions of parson, sportsman, country gentleman and man of science were not yet incongruous." Mr. Allen has treated the text successfully from this point of view, marking here and there a point of error, but for the most part confining his notes to the suggestion of additional facts about the man or the place.

Richard Jefferies was White's most notable English successor. His work has not the background of a serene existence like White's. It is more tense, more imaginative, more consciously endowed with the quality of literature. *Wild Life in a Southern County*, one of the best of Jefferies's books, has just been reprinted in Boston, — with an unfortunate change of title.² As a study of the author's native habitat it bears some analogy to Thoreau's *Walden*. Its range of subject is broader, however, for Jefferies was as keen an observer of rustic human types and manners as of the objects more commonly admitted to be within the province of the natural historian. He was the son of a Wiltshire farmer; early proved himself unfit for farm life, read much, became a journalist, and wrote a series of worthless novels; at last, as if by chance, hit upon his right vein, produced the five or six books upon which his reputation rests, and died at thirty-nine. His distinguishing trait is a sort of brooding quietude, a gentle poignancy of attitude toward the visible world and its creatures. He is, it seems, never very far from the elegiac mood: "Just outside the trench, almost within reach, there lies a small white something, half hidden by the grass. It is the skull of a hare, bleached by the winds and the

¹ *The Natural History of Selborne*. By GILBERT WHITE. Edited by GRANT ALLEN, and illustrated by W. H. NEW. London and New York: John Lane. 1903.

² *An English Village*. By RICHARD JEFFERIES. With Illustrations by CLIFTON JOHNSON, and an Introduction by HAMILTON W. MABIE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

dew and the heat of the summer sun. The skeleton has disappeared, nothing but the bony casing of the head remains, with its dim suggestiveness of life, polished and smooth from the friction of the elements. Holding it in the hand, the shadow falls into and darkens the cavities once filled by the wistful eyes which whilom glanced down from the summit here upon the sweet clover-fields beneath. Beasts of prey and wandering dogs have carried away the bones of the skeleton, dropping them far apart; the crows and the ants doubtless had their share of the carcass." Alas, poor Yorick! Just here the mourning note is obvious; elsewhere it is a mere over-tone, as in this impression of a moment in an old village belfry: "Against the wall up here are iron clamps to strengthen the ancient fabric, settling somewhat in its latter days; and, opening the worm-eaten door of the clock-case — the key stands in it — you may study the works of the old clock for a full hour, if so it please you; for the clerk is away laboring in the field, and his aged wife, who produced the key of the church and pointed the way across the nearest meadow, has gone to the spring. The ancient building, standing lonely on the hill, is utterly deserted; the creak of the boards under foot or the grate of the rusty hinge sounds hollow and gloomy. But a streak of sunlight enters from the arrow-slit, a bee comes in through the larger open windows with a low inquiring buzz; there is a chattering of sparrows, the peculiar shrill screech of the swifts, and a 'jack-daw-jack-daw'-ing outside. The sweet scent of clover and of mown grass comes upon the light breeze — mayhap the laughter of haymakers passing through the churchyard underneath to their work, and idling by the way as haymakers can idle."

Another characteristic of Jefferies is his strongly developed sense of color, which leads him to dwell often upon the purely pictorial quality of the

smaller landscape which he knows best. It may be the mosaic of an orchard with its many-tinted fruits; or the simpler chromatic scale of a ripening meadow: "All the summer through fresh beauties, indeed, wait upon the owner's footsteps. In the spring the mowing-grass rises thick, strong, and richly green, or hidden by the cloth-of-gold thrown over it by the buttercups. He knows when it is ready for the scythe without reference to the almanac, because of the brown tint which spreads over it from the ripening seeds, sometimes tinged with a dull red, when the stems of the sorrel are plentiful. At first the aftermath has a trace of yellow, as if it were fading; but a shower falls, and fresh green blades shoot up."

It is impossible, in short, to read this book without being conscious of impact with a nature singularly susceptible to impression and rich in expression. It is to be hoped that many American readers who may have remained ignorant of Jefferies will make use of this volume to scrape acquaintance with him.

II.

Within recent years several books have been produced in America which have done for one or another countryside much what Jefferies did for Wiltshire and Thoreau for Walden. Mr. Burroughs's *A Year in the Fields*,¹ so often reprinted, has been given another form. It is a record of what the seasons bring to an acute and genial observer on the Hudson. The book has the qualities of wholesomeness and simplicity which are so common in provincial writing, and which are not a little diverting to cosmopolitan critics. The reader, if he gives himself a chance, carries away a grateful sense of con-

¹ *A Year in the Fields*. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

tact with air and soil, of having given the slip, for the moment at least, to everything silly and morbid and insincere.

Mr. Torrey's ¹ natural laboratory lies farther east, and his field is suburban rather than rural. The present notebook is frankly and agreeably Bostonian in flavor. Dr. Holmes would have delighted in it, not only for its neighborhood lore, but for its suave and unobtrusive humor, its irrepressible undercurrent of (shall we say) Waltonian moralizing. The present commentator has had some acquaintance with Mr. Torrey's work for a long time, but he has never been so much impressed with its mellowness and individuality as in reading this volume. He confesses to having proceeded from cover to cover at one sitting,—not a fair way to treat a book, but not a bad tribute to it. This series of papers is a record not only of natural things seen, but of a natural flow of thought and feeling. The author's habit of ruminative discursus accounts largely for his charm; and the New England reader, at least, will find nothing to balk at even in serious passages like this:—

"A strange thing it is, an astonishing impertinence, that a man should assume to own a piece of the earth; himself no better than a wayfarer upon it; alighting for a moment only; coming he knows not whence, going he knows not whither. Yet convention allows the claim. Men have agreed to foster one another's illusions in this regard, as in so many others. They knew, blindly, before any one had the wit to say it in so many words, that 'life is the art of being well deceived.' And so they have made you owner of this acre or two of woodland. All the power of the State would be at your service, if necessary, in maintaining the title."

¹ *The Clerk of the Woods*. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

This would be dull enough—one would have the right to be resentful—if it were a text for some socialistic propaganda. But as a purely spontaneous speculation it has its effective value. The suggestion is made and dropped; it is a thought, not a theory. Mr. Torrey, in short, has several of the rarer qualifications of that rare person, the essayist.

Next to the Ground ² is another book which should have a fair chance of survival among books of this order. It gives a remarkably minute description of life, both natural and human, upon a large country place in Tennessee. It deals in an orderly but not mechanical way with methods of farming, with the habits of wild and domestic animals, with hunting, with trees and flowers, insects, local sounds and odors, with types of negro, poor white, and country gentleman. The author seems, indeed, the complete chronicler of the conditions of country life upon a large Tennessee estate. Her book, like all faithful studies of this sort which are fortunate enough to possess that rightness of expression which is called literary, is likely to appeal not less to outsiders than to Tennesseans. Of natural history proper the chronicle contains not a little. It is all presented in a vigorous idiomatic style,—a style full of local flavor, and embellished here and there with delightful provincialisms, or rather (for most of them are as old as Shakespeare) archaisms. Here is an interesting bit of wood-lore; the passage may serve as a fair example of the author's matter and manner:—

"Trees felled as the new wood is hardening give the very best timber, provided the trunks are at once lopped of boughs and branches. Should they lie as they fall, with all their leaves and twigs, the wood becomes brash and

² *Next to the Ground*. By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

lifeless. . . . Whether wind-felled, or ax-felled, the timber lasts twice as long as that cut in May or June. Big trees do not sprout after August cutting, and even tenacious shrubs like sassafras often die of it. Indeed, there is a short period in the month when woody things die almost at a touch. The stroke of an ax, a wheel jolting roughly over an exposed root, the wrenching of a branch, or a slight wound to the bark may be fatal then to the tallest, sturdiest oak. Greenly alive to-day, to-morrow it may be withered to the tip, and next week dry and dead."

The American desert has had more than one chronicler of late. Mrs. Austin does more than any one else has done to make us feel the personality of this Land of Little Rain,¹ this Country of Lost Borders. Fiction has told us enough and more than enough of the mere horrors of desert experience. On the other hand, Professor John Van Dyke not long ago constituted himself a sort of champion of the desert. He wished to make us understand, more than anything else, the physical beauty of these waste places. He spoke, however, rather as an enthusiastic visitor than as one who knew his subject from long and intimate experience. He had an æsthetic appreciation of desert landscape, and an intellectual appreciation of the grandeur of the wilderness as a symbol. Mrs. Austin unmistakably loves it for its own sake; it is part of her life. It has, no doubt, colored her way of thought and feeling; there is a touch of grimness in both, not coming quite to pessimism, not quite to stoicism, but suggesting them. A morbid impulse well under control, yet not without its reactions upon a style almost too fine, almost too tense: something like this, whether or not her theme is responsible for it, one cannot

help feeling in Mrs. Austin's work. Several of these intimate interpretations (of which more than one originally appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic*) have to do with human life on the desert frontier. There is no attempt to make mannerly, or even to make picturesque, the rude conditions which the writer has to portray; but she does not find the life unintelligible: "It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to shear off what is not worth while. . . . Here you have the repose of the perfectly accepted instinct which includes passion and death in its perquisites. I suppose that the end of all our hammering and yawping will be something like the point of view of Jimville. The only difference will be in the decorations."

III.

Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall² is a book of pure description and anecdote, and one of the most delightful among masterpieces of parochial literature. It was first published some thirty years ago. Its author, R. S. Hawker, was for a long time vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, a zealous local antiquary, who had, before turning his hand to prose, gained some repute as a ballad-writer. The combination of functions is significant, for in the present papers it is hard to say whether piety or fancy plays the greater part. By the confession of his editor, indeed, the Hawkerian fancy does not scruple now and then to assume the garb of fact. However, the point of fact is not the important one. The sketches are no doubt faithful enough to the detail of local color to which we moderns attach so much importance. For the rest, they possess a style so forcible, so quaint, so engaging, as to make one content to waive all possible

¹ *The Land of Little Rain*. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

² *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall*. By R. S. HAWKER. London and New York: John Lane. 1903.

questions of authenticity. The Reverend Mr. Hawker's professed purpose was to arrange and set down the legends about certain ancient Cornish worthies, which he found still current in his neighborhood. Many of them have to do with wrecks or castaways hurled upon the wild Cornish coast. There, for example, is the story of Cruel Coppinger, skipper of a Danish vessel driven ashore during a famous tempest. Never was there a more dramatic entrance for a villain: "A crowd of people had gathered from the land, on horseback and on foot, women as well as men, drawn together by the tidings of a probable wreck. Into their midst, and to their astonished dismay, rushed the dripping stranger: he snatched from a terrified old dame her red Welsh cloak, cast it loosely around him, and bounded suddenly upon the crupper of a young damsel, who had ridden her father's horse down to the beach to see the sight. He grasped her bridle, and, shouting aloud in some foreign language, urged on the double-laden animal into full speed, and the horse naturally took his homeward way." Cruel Coppinger appropriately marries the damsel, maltreats her and everybody else, his name becomes a by-word throughout the countryside, and he finally disappears to a satisfactory accompaniment of thunder and lightning. The book is not all in this vein, be it understood. There are passages of measured description, records of personal experience, the varied annals of an ancient and in the main a quiet neighborhood.

*Highways and Byways in South Wales*¹ is a book of a different kind, but of equal interest and charm. It is founded on local observation upon a larger scale; it covers a considerable sweep of country, and studies the personalities of ancient villages and streams

¹ *Highways and Byways in South Wales*. By W. C. BRADLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

as well as of ancient men. The author has produced similar volumes on North Wales and the Lake District, which have been extremely popular in England. The writer comes to his present task, therefore, not as an amateur observer, but as a trained and tested professional guide. We might expect the result to be equally edifying and tiresome, a heavy drag of text brightened here and there by a facetious anecdote, or a sally of guidebook sprightliness. But Mr. Bradley has an unusual endowment of virtues, the greatest of which is an unaffected love for his theme. He has not gotten it up in a few months because there happened to be a market for the get-up. He is a student of Welsh topography, history, legends, literature, manners, and fish, of many years' standing; and he draws upon his various stores of learning with well-bred ease, never in the least emphasizing a point of erudition for the sake of display. "These pages," he says, "are intended for the armchair as well as for the traveler," a concession to the sedentary person which may relieve him of unnecessary shame in never having beheld South Wales or wished to behold it. He will get from this book all that other men's eyes can give him; for to the vivid descriptions of the text are added some illustrations by Mr. F. L. Griggs, which, for their suggestion of mass and color-value, and for their expression of light, are very remarkable.

Mr. Bradley's style is urbane, idiomatic, leisurely, now and then falling into a pleasant garrulousness. He never seems to have exhausted his subject; yet he knows when it is time to leave off. One has no sense of his being busy over his itinerary; it is easy traveling with him from first to last. It does not matter that the pages bristle with Welsh proper names which offer some obstruction to the Western eye. Bare feet can make a tolerable episode of a stubble field if they do not

go too gingerly. Llwynderw, Gwrthreynion, nay, Porthdyfendigaiad, — if one marches boldly with his head up and thinks of clover, it is soon by. We are, at all events, in excellent company, and shall have, in the main, excellent “going:” “Here, too . . . the Welsh border seems marked by a sudden growth in stature and boldness of the hills and a louder note in the music of the streams. For the Black Mountains on the further or Southern side of the valley begin here to loom up into the imposing shapes and altitudes their name and reputation seem to demand. We on our sides are again in Radnorshire, skirting its southern bound, and indeed a road hereabouts comes plunging down to our smooth highway, which has struggled painfully from Kington, but eight miles distant, over the rugged semi-civilized ridges of Brilley Mountain.” So goes the way-side talk; the passage is taken quite at random. Here are a few sentences which perhaps illustrate better the quaint fluency of Mr. Bradley’s speech: “It is a trite saying that a mountain-bred pony will keep himself and his rider out of trouble in a bog. But a dry summer will sometimes make both the mountaineer and his pony a little over-confident on doubtful ground; and again the horseman on a strange mountain may get himself into a labyrinth of morass, and in casting about for an outlet, lose touch with the route he came in by and spend a grievous time, only trusting that the sun may not go down on his endeavors, if the day should by any chance be far spent.”

The present reviewer does not know how it may have been with others, but for him four hundred pages of this kind of discourse, on a subject of which he knew nothing and in which he had no especial interest, have not been too many. It has been one of those experiences which feelingly assure him

that, dim as the beacon of literature may now burn upon the high places, there are yet a hundred torches, tipped with the true fire, glowing steadily here and there among the byways of a busy world.

H. W. Boynton.

THE history of State and Church, Letters and Philosophy, during the first half of the seventeenth century, in a country which was Shakespeare’s England when those years began, and Milton’s England when they ended, has continuously employed the pens of innumerable ready writers, some of whom are known of all men. Unknown of many, even of those from whom better things might be hoped, are the private chronicles of a time peculiarly rich in such memorials. From these, — autobiographies, memoirs, and intimate family correspondence, — Elizabeth Godfrey has most skillfully and happily compiled a delightful volume,¹ giving a graphic description of the home life of English people of condition (for they alone left these records) in those momentous years which witnessed the passing of the old order and the stormy beginning of the new. It need hardly be said that to most of the American readers likely to be attracted by the book, that England is the one nearest to them by kindred ties, the England which nurtured the adventurers for Virginia, and the men and women who made New England.

The author naturally begins her survey with the nursery, not so easy a matter to treat as may be supposed, for the child (not yet *The Child*) was far from being a centre of interest, and even in the letters of affectionate mothers was taken very much for granted. Still, we are given interesting glimpses of baby life and of early education, which began betimes with Dutton & Co.; London: Grant Richards. 1903.

¹ *Home Life under the Stuarts, 1603-1649.* By ELIZABETH GODFREY. New York: E. P.

hornbook and sampler in the years which we should consider infantile. There is no difficulty in following the boy to the public school and later to the university, — he was but a boy when he went there, — and more than one of his sisters has left a description of her education, all very like Anne Murray's, whose mother "had masters for teaching my sister and me to write, speak French, play on the lute and virginals, and dance, and kept a gentlewoman to teach us all kinds of needlework. . . . We were instructed never to neglect to begin and end the day with prayer, and orderly every morning to read the Bible, and ever to keep the church as often as there was occasion to meet there either for prayers or preaching." This last scarcely needs to be quoted, for it was an age of intense religious feeling in both parties in the Church, and religious instruction was of paramount importance in all education, public and private. And England was still the musical country it had been in the Queen's days, — music was a necessary part of the training of boys as well as girls. Says one of the pupils at Merchant Taylors': "I was well instructed in the Hebrew, Greek and Latin tongues. [My master's] care was also to encrease my skill in musique, in which I was brought up by daily exercise in it, as in singing and playing upon instruments." But boyhood and girlhood were soon over. Very youthful marriages were the rule, usually matters of parental arrangement, though the children generally acquiesced readily enough. Occasionally there were those who chose for themselves, like Dorothy Osborne of adorable memory; and of both kinds of union the book gives, we had almost said, modern instances, so full of living, breathing life are the records left, often by women, — many of whom were veritable, and most unconscious, heroines when the days of trial came.

But there was a very real heroism,

long before the years of war, which is not noticed here. The author explains that the comparatively small attention given to Puritan life comes only from lack of material. It is to be regretted that the letters of John and Margaret Winthrop, and such other memorials as remain of the family at Groton, do not seem to have fallen in her way. To be sure, these letters give few domestic details, but they show very vividly the spirit which animated one Puritan gentleman's household, and the high level in thought and life, and the mutual trust and devotion of a husband and wife, who in middle age were self-exiled from the pleasant places that had known them to a painful wilderness. It should be said that Miss Godfrey does not carry the contests of the time into her story of its home life, and she strives bravely to write impartially, — "at least as far as she is able." Recognizing this effort, even the reader, who in no wise shares her sentiment regarding "the murdered king," loiters over the book with great content; for throughout it is marked by good taste and sympathetic insight, and informed by the historic sense. The volume is attractive in make-up, and the illustrations are well selected. But though the temptation to use the portrait of the little Arabella Stuart as a frontispiece was doubtless strong, it should have been resisted. Long after the child had ceased to play with her doll, England, including her hapless self, was emphatically under a Tudor.

S. M. F.

THE orators and literary historians who must soon look to the *Biographical* sources of preparation for the Hawthorne centenary will be confronted with no embarrassment but that of riches. To all the autobiography of his own volumes the members of Hawthorne's immediate family and his closest friends have steadily added what they could. In Hawthorne and His

Circle¹ Mr. Julian Hawthorne appears for the second time as his father's biographer. Hawthorne Abroad would have been a little more accurate title for the volume, since four fifths of it has to do with the years of the Liverpool consulship and foreign travel. These, for the author of the present volume, were the years between seven and fourteen. The remembered observations of a youth of this age would of course have scanty value; but one need not read far to learn that the boy's memory has been abundantly reinforced by the man's study of his father's Note-Books and other important memorials of the period. It cannot, then, be said that the book contains much that is at once new and important. The story of Hawthorne climbing the nut tree at Lenox produces, for example, a vivid sense of the fellowship between the father and his children; but the same sense has already been produced by the same anecdote in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife. There are such occasional traces of carelessness as the unhappy conversion of Bennoch into Bannoch in the name beneath a good man's portrait, and the grave omission of an index. It is to be feared also that Mr. Hawthorne is careless in saying (page 52) that the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter* was destroyed by James T. Fields's printers. There is, on the contrary, excellent authority for the statement that when Hawthorne, who gave Mrs. Fields the manuscript of another novel, was asked what had become of *The Scarlet Letter*, he said, "Oh, I put that up the chimney, and now I wish I had n't." But these — in any larger view of the book — are trivial matters. Taking it for precisely what it is, — the embellished remembrances of the first fourteen years in the life of a great writer's son, — it has its own

distinct value, together with an individual and positive interest. It confirms for those who are familiar with existing records many delightful impressions of Hawthorne through an important period of his life. To others it will clearly bring these impressions for the first time. The lapses from good taste are infrequent, and the book as a whole is eminently readable.

It needs no approaching centenary to give a quality of timeliness to General Gordon's *Reminiscences*,² for it seems only yesterday that the illustrated papers were helping the country at large to realize how solemnly the state of Georgia mourned one of her foremost soldiers and legislators. If one's knowledge of later American history had no deeper background than that which General Gordon's own book provides, it would still be possible to understand his holding so secure a place in the affections of the South; for in his own portrait he cannot help drawing a lovable man. Relate him, however, — merely through a list of the great military events in which he bore a part, — to the history of the cause for which he fought, and the deeper significance of his life stands clearly forth. But it is less for any of the momentous facts which he records than for the temper of his record that his volume is exceptional. It has become the custom to ascribe every manifestation of a national spirit in a Confederate soldier to the Spanish war, and to detect even in the color of khaki a blending of blue and gray. The spirit of General Gordon's *Reminiscences* bears the marks of a slower growth. It is not an acquired generosity toward a foe which his pages reveal, but something of sympathy and understanding which were a part of the man at the very time when the martial virtues might have been forgiven for blotting

¹ *Hawthorne and His Circle*. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

² *Reminiscences of the Civil War*. By General JOHN B. GORDON of the Confederate Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

out all others. He displays a rarely human quality in recognizing the same weaknesses and strengths in the soldiers, high and low, of both armies. For all the inherence of this unusual temper, it may be doubted whether any one could have written just such a book twenty-five years ago. At that time it might have done incalculable good. Yet the day of its usefulness is by no means past. It is precisely through such utterances of a common feeling that the new South and North must come to understand each other better.

It is not often that one who deserves so full and satisfactory a biography as *The Life of Horace Binney*¹ is left so long with the biography unwritten. Mr. Binney died in 1875, ninety-five years old. The story of his active life might have been written some years before that time. He had long held in Philadelphia the place, as it were, of an historic figure. His triumphs at the bar — notably in the defense of Stephen Girard's will — had won him the highest distinction in his profession. He was not of the class which established for the "Philadelphia lawyer" that reputation for "smartness" which, in its accepted sense, was not wholly flattering. He represented rather the dignity, the scholarship, the high tradition of the legal calling. His Federalist dislike for Jefferson found its utterance in a declaration which also reveals a fine jealousy for the law: "He has been the steady, undeviating, and but for his recent death I would say insidious enemy of my profession in its highest walks, the bench, the judiciary." When the Federal party disintegrated, Horace Binney joined himself to no other, but,

with a rare independence through a long period of keen partisanship, held himself free — like the Mugwump of a later day — to vote as he might choose. Sympathizing the more frequently with the Republican party, after its formation, he could yet, at the age of ninety-four, stand up against the unworthy candidates of the local "machine." As his biographer well says: "The sight of an aged Federalist in a Republican stronghold, braving the chill of a wintry day to vote the Democratic ticket for lack of a better, was a striking lesson in non-partisanship." In the last analysis is not such independence the peculiar attribute of the gentleman, — the man whose standards are carefully chosen and do not admit of compromise? The portrait of Horace Binney which his grandson has drawn in this volume is preëminently the portrait of a gentleman. It is drawn with the reserve and sense of proportion which the subject demands. It shows him in the various departments of life, professional, domestic, religious, intellectual, patriotic, which the well-rounded men of the nineteenth century impartially adorned; and the total impression is that of a type which our civilization should be loath to leave behind. *M. A. DeW. H.*

OF the three biographical studies² upon which we are to venture some **Three Eng-
lish Writers.** brief comment, Mr. Dobson's *Fanny Burney* is, on all counts, the most important. For one thing, his subject lies toward the hither boundary of the period of which he has so curious a knowledge, and which he has been able to invest with charm for many persons who might, lacking his offices, have remained

¹ *The Life of Horace Binney.* With Selections from his Letters. By CHARLES CHAUNCEY BINNEY. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

² *Fanny Burney.* By AUSTIN DOBSON. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Crabbe. By ALFRED AINGER. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Thackeray. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. Modern English Writers Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

perfectly indifferent to it. Nobody is more punctilious in erudition, or more genially human in interpretation, than Mr. Dobson. One comes to have a weakness for his footnotes, and more than toleration for his amiable foible for dates. Indeed, his dates, like Milton's proper names, take on a sort of talismanic value; in the end, one is not able to see how the text could get on properly without them: "On the 6th of July, 1786, the Public Advertiser announced that — 'Miss Burney, daughter of Dr. Burney, is appointed Dresser to the Queen, in the room of Mrs. Hoggadore, gone to Germany.' The last three words were premature, for further notifications, with much pleasing and ingenious variation of Mrs. Haggerdorn's name, made it clear that the lady in question only took leave of the Queen on the 13th, and retired to her native Mecklenburg on the 17th." The date of Mrs. Haggerdorn's departure cannot be said to be in itself of very great importance to the narrative; but somehow the little pedantry, if such it be, is rather engaging than otherwise.

Mr. Dobson's manner as a biographer is a model of literary breeding. He never allows himself to be merely clever or witty, though wit and cleverness are, as we have abundant reason for knowing, very much at his disposal. He takes it for granted that his readers are interested in his subject, and not in himself. The calm audacity of Mr. Birrell and the brilliant effrontery of Mr. Chesterton are equally remote from his method. He chooses to throw a steady beam upon his subject rather than a series of flashes. Yet the good rule holds: by losing himself he comes to his own. It is his personality, after all, which gives his work its effectiveness.

To write a new life of Fanny Burney was a task of delicacy and importance. Most persons who remember her at all probably remember her by way of Ma-caulay, if not directly from him. That spirited but not altogether reliable Edin-

burgh essay stands a little between us and a direct view of the object. We see the young Fanny the least trifle more charming and ingenuous than she was, and watch with dismay her metamorphosis into the prim and Johnsonian Madame D'Arblay. We harbor, perhaps, an unwarrantably violent grudge against the well-meaning queen and her stupid Haggerdorn. We feel some resentment toward the altogether admirable M. D'Arblay, and can hardly forgive his wife for having been merely happy with him for a quarter of a century. There is no denying that Miss Burney's work was done before she reached middle life. So was Miss Austen's; yet who can forbear the wish that she, too, might have had twenty-five years more of life to throw away upon some man as good as M. D'Arblay?

Mr. Dobson employs frequent quotations from the Diary in the course of his narrative. What he has to say about it specifically is very brief; is to be found, indeed, in his final paragraph. His main contention is indisputable: that Miss Burney's fame must rest upon the Diary rather than upon the two novels which made her a great figure in her own day. "It has all the graphic picturesqueness, all the dramatic interest, all the objective characterization, all the happy faculty of 'making her descriptions alive,' — which constitute the charm of the best passages in *Evelina*. But it has the further advantage that it is true; and that it deals with real people." The short of the matter is that your true diarist has a very different method from that of the novelist; he makes use of actual events and persons as material for his kind of creative writing. There is no doubt that Miss Burney found her proper literary strength in the intimate letter and the still more intimate journal; while Miss Austen, whose letters serve mainly to endear her to us as a woman, found it in fiction.

Mr. Ainger's *Crabbe*, in the same series, is another admirable example of

condensed critical biography. Crabbe's life was of the quietest, and there have been no new data of importance for the present biographer to unearth. His facts, almost without exception, have been derived from the life written by FitzGerald's friend, the younger Crabbe, and prefixed to the first collected edition of the poet's work, which was published shortly after his death. That was a biography both filial and judicial; it contained, perhaps, a single conscious suppression, — the word misrepresentation could not be used. This is of so interesting a nature that Mr. Ainger is justified in discussing it somewhat at length. Crabbe wrote three or four poems which, though powerful, are altogether unlike the work which gave him his audience. Mr. Ainger gives good reasons for his surmise that their source was like that of the *Dream-Fugue* and *Kubla Khan*. The younger Crabbe admits that for many years his father used opium, "and to a constant but slightly increasing dose of it," he says, "may be attributed his long and generally healthy life." A marginal note against this passage in FitzGerald's copy suggests that the opium "probably influenced his dreams, for better or worse," and adds, "See also the *World of Dreams* and *Sir Eustace Grey*." Mr. Ainger draws an interesting parallel between the imagery of *Sir Eustace Grey* and that of certain passages in the *De Quincey Confessions*. He might also have called attention to the striking resemblance to that other famous opium-eater in the sound and savor of such passages as this: —

They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierced my frame with icy wound;
And all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.

Of course this is a matter of inferior moment. The substance of Crabbe's work, his most characteristic poetry, was

in a vein altogether different from that of any of his contemporaries; though in its inequality of workmanship it bore a certain analogy to the poetry of Byron and Wordsworth.

There are curious points of contrast in Crabbe's life and work which would have been fair game for Macaulay if the Edinburgh commission had fallen to him instead of Jeffrey. (Macaulay admired Crabbe, but mentions him only once in the essays, and then merely by way of throwing the villainous literary figure of a luckless Mr. Robert Montgomery into blacker relief.) There never was a better chance for paradox. His verse is monotonous and slipshod, his knowledge of human types is varied and exact. He judges women like an Ecclesiastes, and describes them like a Tom Moore. He is a sentimental pessimist; an opium-eating realist; a stern critic of clerical shortcomings, and an absentee pluralist: and so on. The really important fact is that with much of provinciality in the substance of his work, and much of imperfection in its form, he did somehow succeed in producing poetry of permanent value. The *Parish Register* is a record not only of local events, but of universal experience; the *Borough* and the *Tales* make up a picture of universal society. Sir Leslie Stephen's remark may fairly be taken as the world's verdict thus far: "With all its short- and long-comings, Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can."

Of Mr. Whibley's Thackeray one must speak with a good deal of qualification. It is not without vigor, it is not without discernment, but it seems by this or by that to lack roundness and soundness. The critical biographer is probably more open to error than others of the critical trade; for it is harder to be impartial in interpreting a man than in interpreting a work of art. One has no quarrel with Mr. Whibley for having decided opinions about Thackeray, and for

stating them frankly. A critic will not escape the charge of folly by being too fearful in treading his ground. He must, quite as much as a "creative" artist, give himself away; he must offer his strength and his weakness for inspection. If he is strong enough to command the serious attention of his audience, whether it agrees with him or not, he will have exposed himself not altogether vainly; but the best criticism is not only frank, it is true. Mr. Whibley does not quite convince us that truth is ready to his call.

His method is not simple enough; he is too clever by half. He says a good many brilliant things, and not a few witty ones. He has a pretty turn for epigram. He "illuminates" his subject with a capable arrangement of artificial lights. The method has its value in reaching toward a just estimate of some writer so recent that the question of his greatness or mere prominence can be determined only by time. We have had half a century for making up our minds about Thackeray; and we have come to a pretty general understanding of his limitations. But the trial is not finished for Mr. Whibley: he here undertakes to sum up the case against Thackeray, and

to recommend a verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances. Here are some of the counts in the indictment: (1) Thackeray is "a gentlemanly Philistine, who esteems *ton* higher than truth;" (2) he is a sentimentalist, "who unto the end of his career delighted somewhat naïvely in the obvious emotions;" (3) "he is too often a man and a brother; he forgets the impartiality of the artist, and goes about babbling with his own puppets;" (4) "his style lacks distinction, though it gives a general impression of gentlemanly ease." There is nothing really novel in the substance of these charges; but they have hardly been given heretofore such a hard glittering surface. Every century contributes a few great personalities to the world's cherished store. Thackeray was one of these; and the breath of him is not to be found in the ingenious manikin which Mr. Whibley has constructed, and which he neatly anatomizes for us. The *dissecta membra* look much like those of a Christian or an ordinary man. Thackeray himself, — the big, worldly, warm-hearted gentleman whom FitzGerald and Tennyson and Carlyle loved, — the great artist in the intimate style, — does not appear.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

New Conditions in Reading. FIFTY years ago writers were literary men and women, those especially interested in ideas and their fitting garb of expression, and readers were people of their own kind, in whom the literary impulse reached to the leaf of appreciation, though unable to flower in creation; they, too, cared for ideas, and found a joy in the suitable garment of word and phrase. To-day, the readers are the people, the masses, and writers are in the main those who

supply them with what they want. Stupendous change! What does it mean? Whither are we tending?

As a result of the rapid development of wealth and general but scanty education, an immense reading public has sprung into being. They are not the least bit literary; they want to read because they know how, have found it a way of escape from being alone and dull; because they have the time to read and the money to buy reading matter. As

to the kind of reading, they don't anxiously consult the experts on that point. They read what appeals to them, — what they can grasp without laborious effort, what amuses, takes them out of the ruts of daily life, or makes that life more interesting. Men like to learn useful facts, to hear what is going on in the world, what has to do with their own and their neighbors' business, to get in a nutshell, in easy readable form, the results of scientific research, travel, and exploration, and to know something of popular interest about famous people in various lines. Some women like these things, too, but more prefer to be ushered into a world where faculties in themselves, to which their prosy lives give little play, may get a sort of exercise; their hunger for the romantic, the sentimental, and thrilling feeds upon novels and romances beyond number. And all the tribe of young folks from school like much the same sort of thing, only writ larger, — both parents and children manifesting the natural, untutored taste, untroubled by literary verdicts or standards. O hard fate of a classic, to fall into such hands as these! No halo around the head, no laurel wreath crowning the brow, no medals of honor on the breast, no silver locks of age, make the slightest difference to its judges, and it must stand with the rabble and be put to the test. Is the author's style difficult? Then he is dismissed without a hearing. Has it delicate beauties? They go for nothing; they are not perceived. Has he treasures of deep thought? These things are too remote; life is too hurried. Can he tell a good story? Then he will pass; but he must expect to find himself with strange bedfellows in his reader's approval, and often be forced to take a seat below some scribbler at whose name his gorge has ever risen. Can he say shrewd, sensible things about life, real life, and put them in terse, telling shape? Then he will pass; but here again he will find himself in company

with solemn-faced venders of musty platitudes, soul-wearying commonplaces, without one redeeming touch of grace in the utterance. For a discriminating taste is the product of slow growth, of hereditary influences, home environment through many a year, reading and wise teaching, and study long continued, — except in the few cases of people born, it would seem, with a natural literary bent. Would that we could believe that an essential soundness of taste dwells among the masses, and that in due time, having educated themselves out of their crude preference for poor stuff, they will emerge from their chrysalis a glorious literary constituency! But while the light of civilization is destined to shine farther and farther down the sides of the pyramid of humanity, the base is ever enlarging. While a few chosen ones are emerging from the mass with tastes purged, innumerable recruits are swelling the density below, necessarily children in taste and judgment. No, we must face the fact that hereafter the literary class will form only a small part of the great reading public, the people who demand the "popular." We are not at the end, but at the beginning of the era. The people have arrived, and they have come to stay.

And now, turning from the realm of demand to the realm of supply, another set of facts is patent. Writers have arisen to match the readers, — writers who knew not Joseph. Their aim is simple, — to make books to supply the market demand. Their ears have been trained to keenness to detect what there is a call for, since great are the prizes to him who best succeeds in pleasing. And what they produce their publishers have learned how to sell to the best advantage of writer and seller. The advertisement of books has become a business for the expert. Book reviews seem to exist mainly, not to guard the reader from what is not good literature, but to help the writer sell his book. The foremost

of principles is to convince that "*everybody is reading*" a certain book. Our non-literary reading class are eager to read what the many like; for the one word that describes their taste is *popular*.

Who knows but this arrival in the field of a great untutored natural hunger, and this eager pressure to supply it, may eventually reinforce our literary life with fresh blood, and usher in an Elizabethan era of rich and vigorous life, a creative period?

But though literature may be in the end the gainer, time and the world-forces, the great processes of evolution, will settle that. For us as individuals, here and now, hasty selection and cheap admiration are the great overhanging dangers to be faced and fought. We must be on the defensive, in a condition of things fraught with danger to reading and writing habits.

Let the lovers of good reading dare to go counter to the crowd; let them support one another in the resolve to be unfashionable, to plead ignorance of much that is being talked of. In reading, as in material possessions, there is a wholesome poverty that develops character, — the reading of the *very best* that man has written, with reflection thereupon; and there is an enervating wealth, — hurried, unthinking, indiscriminate reading, the mere tickling of the intellectual palate, that becomes a matter of habit and a craving.

THERE is a certain clock-tick that is **Clock-Ticks**, as religious as a church bell, — more religious than some church bells. It goes with a big, sunny room, where it is always afternoon, with a rag carpet on the floor, and chairs set carefully against the wall. The clock stands high on a shelf, — at the end of the long mantel across the chimney, — and there it ticks away the sleepy time. . . . Tock-tock, tock-tock, comfortable and slow. No need for hurry. The family are all away. You are alone in the house, — except for

the gray cat, purring by the stove, — alone in the world, — alone in time. . . . Tock-tock, tock-tock, slow and sure. The sun pours in at the windows and bars the carpet. It shifts, silently as the stillness. And the slow, swinging tocks lift your soul out of space, out of time, and lay it gently back upon the infinite. Tock-tock. It soothes you like a dream — and a promise. Home-home, rest-rest, home-home. . . . Time was not made to do things in, but for being. Is there anything you could do, by chance, that would amount to as much as this slow, sleepy afternoon, with its touch on the soul and its long, unnumbered tocks? They hold one deep through the years and come creeping back, at unawares. Above the roar of the street and the toss of the wind — listen, you can hear them now. . . . The house sinks silent about you, and the long afternoon holds you. You did not guess how deep it was, nor how true. The place was not home, — some farmhouse, perhaps, where you passed the days and waited for life. And now you understand that you have never lived, except in a few still hours, — careless, full-fraught moments lifted out of the days and nights and set forever in a sunny place.

It is a very common room where the old clock ticks. Four chairs and a sofa and table. No pillows, no rugs, and no hangings to smother the sound; and no pictures and bricabrac to shatter it to bits. Have you heard, perhaps, a modern French clock — Clackety-clack, clackety-click, Push-push-push? There are always ornaments on the shelf where it stands, and ornaments on the table, and on the floor. It has gilt on its face and jewels on its hands, and it lives very fast, — sixty minutes to the hour and twenty-four hours to the day, — hurried hours, breathless minutes, crammed to the brim with excitement. . . . Clackety-clack, clackety-click, Push-push-push, Quick-quick-quick! When I find one in the chamber where I am to sleep, I always

look carefully about for some safe hole in which to bestow it. If no other offers, my traveling-bag will at least muffle its strenuous voice till the coming of the morn. But alas, if the clock be small and round and easily hidden from sight in stray corners of the bag! Twice have I borne away the timepiece offered for my delectation. Twice has it fallen to my lot to explain to an energetic hostess my peculiar conduct. Now I always put it under the mattress. If I go away and forget it, I am only regarded as a little crazy, which is surely better than rolling up a reputation for kleptomania.

Not till all the clocks of modern times are drowned in the depths of the sea shall we recover peace and serenity. Clackety-clack, on a thousand walls they beat, — filled with alarms and strikes and whirs, breaking your sleep snap in twain, with dreams half done. In our ears they click, day and night. On our souls they dance; and their tune is the tune of death.

I swing back into the past. I catch its rhythm, slow and sure. There is no hurry but the hurry of the heart that runs to meet its own, and no power to compel us but the power of love.

RECENT discussion on the ancient subject of quotation seems to me a little reckless, as likely to make people lose sight of the fact that the world is still in danger of pedantry even in these quick times. In certain quarters the old tradition lingers that quotations or bookish allusions will give the look of literature to any printed page. Perhaps it is on the chance that scraps from the works of better writers may somehow tide the reader over when the man's own thought gives out. Sometimes it is to show that he is a man of varied reading, each quotation serving as an apothecary's diploma that none may deny that he has graduated from the book. At all events, it often has

the air of deliberation, as if the quotation had not come to the man, but the man had gone to the quotation. In the old days there were some involuntary quoters, to wit, Burton, in the Anatomy, who could not help bubbling over with queer, outlandish sayings that he had picked up just for fun. But the typical quoter was a university man, who, before he wrote a paragraph, went on a pot-hunt among the Latin poets in order that he might cite triumphantly twenty-four lines of Virgilian metaphor beginning, "Not otherwise a Nubian lion with his tawny mane." They multiplied like Australian rabbits, and it was not till the middle of the last century that English literature began to drive them out. Nowadays we are comparatively safe from them, and no writer with any natural spring of mind ekes out his thought with other people's phrases. The rule of to-day is neither to shun nor to seek.

But here and there the tawdry old precedent is still followed, and only the other day we read in a newspaper article, "If a thing is right, it ought to be done, said Cobden," recalling the old gibe that water was wet on the authority of Beza. We have noted the same bit of Latin nine times in one newspaper, and each time could see the paragraph writhing to get it in. The Vicar of Wakefield's friend, with his two stock phrases from the classics, seems almost a burlesque, but he was not, and he is not even to-day. There are men now living who will use a French word when there is an exact English equivalent, and then add the equivalent in parenthesis. There is a *per contra* man, and an *ad hoc* man, and a wretch who will quote you Pascal for the sentiment that truth will prevail. "Corrupt politics are not good politics," says Burke, and "Life is a struggle," says Seneca, and "Dare to do right," says Cobden, and "Law is the bulwark of liberty," as the Lord

Quotation
and Allu-
sion.

Chief Justice of England once remarked. The hardened quoter cares only for the name, and when pressed for time, will often forge it. That is why you see so many dull sayings with great names attached, — poverty-stricken minds displaying a bogus indorsement from the well-to-do. But many, of course, are genuine, and toilsomely gathered for use on the day of literary deficit, when the style needs a ringlet from Longfellow, or a boost from Samuel Johnson, or an orotund boom from Burke. Often the sentence quoted is one of the great man's worst.

When young and helpless I once fell in with a terrible family that lived by the bad old rule. They made it a daily duty to study up things to quote, and every Sunday morning at breakfast each would recite a passage memorized during the week. The steam from the coffee vanished into literary air, and the muffins, when we had attained them, seemed to be bound in calf. They said it helped to fix the thing in mind, and though they had no present use for it, they thought something might happen to make it apropos. And they saw to it that something did happen, and out it came to the end. They lived in a sort of vicious watchfulness. On wet days they conned over their rain verse in order to whip out a stanza in the midst of weather talk, and if they drove through the country

they saw nothing for constantly mumbling what Wordsworth would have said. They would graciously say the passage was doubtless familiar, but relentlessly repeat every word. Large blocks of poetry would suddenly fall athwart the conversation, no one knew whence, while with bowed head the startled Philistine would wait for the seizure to pass. So busy were they remembering, they never had time to think, and life was a book of clippings, and nature a table of contents, and friendship their opportunity, till the friend found means to escape. There was nothing in that family that you could not somewhere read, and the people who once knew them now either visit the libraries or turn to an album of song. To be sure it was somewhat unusual, but it shows there is life in the old temptation, and what havoc it still may work. And the belief is by no means unusual that the literary quality is a thing to be pitchforked in, that the fruit of reading is its samples, that the proof of a mind's adventures is a list of the things that it ate. Hence many a thought goes zigzag to take in a well-authored phrase, and many a man stops thinking for the sake of a learned look; and that which would be delightful if it came of its own accord gives the painful impression of being brought in with a scuffle to serve on the witness stand.